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THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

VOLUME V.

CONTAINING,

THE SIXTEENTH, SEVENTEENTH, EIGHTEENTH, NINETEENTH, AND PART OF THE TWENTIETH NUMBERS OF HIS JOURNAL.

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AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. XVI.

FROM SEPTEMBER 2, 1770, TO SEPTEMBER 12, 1773.

SUNDAY, September 2, At five in the evening, I preached in the natural amphitheatre at Gwenap. The people covered a circle of nearly four-score yards diameter, and could not be fewer than twenty thousand. Yet, upon enquiry, I found they could all hear distinctly, it being a calm, still evening.

Monday 3, Between eight and nine, while I was preaching at Truro, we had only a few light showers, although a few miles off there was impetuous rain, with violent thunder and lightning. About noon I preached at Mevagizzy, in a vacant space near the middle of the town, and strongly applied those words, *Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?* At six I stood at the head of the street in St. Austle, and enforced, on a large and quiet congregation, *Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*

After visiting Medros, Plymouth, and Collumpton, I came, on Friday 7, to Taunton. Presently after preaching I took horse: the rain obliged us to make haste; but in a while the saddle came over his neck, and then turned under his belly. I had then only to throw myself off, or I must have fallen

under him. I was a little bruised, but soon mounted again, and rode to Lympsham, and the next day to Bristol.

Sunday 9, My voice was weak when I preached at Princes-street, in the morning. It was stronger at two in the afternoon, while I was preaching under the sycamore-tree in Kingswood: and strongest of all at five in the evening, when we assembled near King's-square in Bristol.

Tuesday 11, In the evening I preached at Frome, but not abroad, as I designed, because of the rain. The next evening I preached in the adjoining meadow, to as quiet a congregation as that in the house.

Sunday 16, The appointed preacher not coming in time, I preached myself at five: at eight in Princes-street; at two in Kingswood; and near King's-square at five in the evening.

It was the day before that I first observed a very uncommon concern in the children at Kingswood-School, while I was explaining and enforcing upon them, the first principles of religion.

Tuesday 18, Most of them went to see the body of Francis Evans, one of our neighbours who died two or three days before. About seven, Mr. Hindmarsh met them all in the school, and gave an exhortation suited to the occasion. He then gave out that hymn,

"And am I born to die,
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?"

This increased their concern, so that it was with great difficulty they contained themselves till he began to pray. Then Al—r M—r and R——d N—e cried aloud for mercy; and quickly another and another, till all but two or three were constrained to do the same. And as long as he continued to pray, they continued the same loud and bitter cry. One of the maids, Eliz. Nutt, was as deeply convinced as any of them. After prayer, Mr. H. said, "Those of you, who are resolved to serve God may go and pray together." Fif-

teen of them did so, and continued wrestling with God, with strong cries and tears, till about nine o'clock.

Wednesday 19, At the morning prayer many of them cried out again, though not so violently. From this time their whole spirit and behaviour were changed; they were all serious and loving to each other. The same seriousness and mildness continued on Thursday, and they walked together, talking only of the things of God. On Friday evening their concern greatly increased, and caused them to break out again into strong cries. Saturday 22, they seemed to lose none of their concern, and spent all their spare time in prayer.

Sunday 23, Fifteen of them gave me their names, "being resolved," they said, "to serve God." In the afternoon I gave them a strong exhortation, and afterward Mr. Rankin. Their very countenances were entirely changed. They drank in every word.

Tuesday 25, During the time of prayer in the evening, they were affected just as they were the Tuesday before. The two other maids were then present, and were both cut to the heart.

Wednesday 26, "I rode," says Mr. Rankin, "in the afternoon to Kingswood, and went up stairs in order to retire a little. But when I came up, I heard one of the boys at prayer in an adjoining room. I listened a while and was exceedingly struck with many of his expressions. When he ceased, I went in, and found two others with him; just then three more came in. I went to prayer. The power of the Lord seemed to rest upon them all, and pierced their hearts with deep conviction. The next morning I spent some time with all the children; and then desired those who were resolved to save their souls, to come up stairs with me. I went up, and nine of the children followed me, who said, they were determined to flee from the wrath to come. I exhorted them never to rest till they found peace with God; and then sung and prayed. The power of God came down in so wonderful a manner, that my voice was drowned by their cries. When I concluded, one of them broke out into prayer, in a manner

that quite astonished me. And during the whole day a peculiar spirit of seriousness rested on all the children.

"After spending some time in the school on Friday, I desired those I had spoken to the day before, to follow me, which they did, and one more. I pressed each of them severally, not to rest till he had a clear sense of the pardoning love of God. I then prayed, and the Lord poured out his Spirit, as the day before; so that in a few minutes, my voice could not be heard, amidst their cries and groans."

"On Friday 28," says Mr. Hindmarsh, "when I came out into the ground, ten of the children quickly gathered round about me, earnestly asking, 'what they must do to be saved?' Nor could I disengage myself from them, till the bell rang for dinner. All this time we observed, the children who were most affected, learned faster and better than any of the rest.

"In the evening I explained to all the children the nature of the Lord's-Supper. I then met twelve of them apart, and spoke to each particularly. When I asked one of them, Simon Loyd, 'What do you want to make you happy?' After a little pause, he answered, 'God.' We went to prayer. Presently a cry arose from one and another, till it ran through all, vehemently calling upon God, and refusing to be comforted, without the knowledge and the love of God.

"About half an hour after eight I bade them good-night, and sent them up to bed. But Loyd, Brown, and Robert Hindmarsh slipped aside, when the rest went up, being resolved they would not sleep, nor rest, till God revealed himself to them. When they began to pray, some of the others heard them, and one and another stole down, some half dressed, some almost naked. They continued praying by turns, nearly three-quarters of an hour, in which time, first one, then a second; and before they concluded, two more found peace with God. I then went to them, and asked Bobby Hindmarsh, 'Why did you slip aside?' He said, 'Simon Loyd, and Jacky Brown, and I, had agreed together, that we would not sleep till the Lord set us at liberty.'

After I had prayed with them, and praised God, till about half an hour past nine, I desired them to go to bed. They did so; all but those three, who slipped away, and stayed with Richard Piercy, who was in deep agony of soul, and would by no means be persuaded to rise from his knees. The children above, hearing them pray, in a few minutes ran down again. They continued wrestling, with still increasing cries and tears, till three more found peace with God. About a quarter past ten I went to them again, and, observing some of them quite hoarse, insisted upon their going to bed, which all of them then did. But quickly one, and then another, stole out of bed, till, in a quarter of an hour, they were all at prayer again. And the concern among them was deeper than ever, as well as more general; there being but four of our five and twenty children that did not appear to be cut to the heart. However, fearing they might hurt themselves, I sent one of our maids to persuade them to go up: but Jacky Brown catching hold of her, said, 'O Betty, seek the salvation of your soul! Seek it in earnest! It is not too late; and it is not too soon.' Immediately she fell upon her knees, and burst out into tears and strong cries. The two other maids hearing this, ran in, and were presently seized as violently as she. Jacky Brown then began praying for Betty, and continued in prayer nearly three-quarters of an hour. By that time there was a general cry from all the maids as well as the boys. This continued till past eleven. My wife and I, and Mr. Keard, then went in, and fearing some of them might be hurt, with difficulty prevailed upon them to go to bed, and went up with them. The maids continued below in much distress. We talked with them a little, and left them praying. But it was not above a quarter of an hour before Betty broke out into thanksgiving. Going in, I asked her, 'Now is the love of God free?' She answered, 'Free as air: blessed be God, that ever I came under this roof.' The other two remained on their knees, praying as in an agony. I desired them to go into their own room, and they did: yet would not go to bed, but continued in prayer.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

VOLUME I.

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any other in England. The late fire began in a place where no one comes, just at low water, and at a time when all were fast asleep: so that none can doubt its being done by design. It spread, with such amazing violence, among tow, and cordage, and dry wood, that none could come near without the utmost danger: nor was any thing expected, but that the whole dock would be consumed, if not the town also: but this God would not permit. It stopped, on one side, close to the Commissioner's house; and, just as it was seizing the town on the other side, the wind changed and drove it back: afterwards the fury of it was checked, by water, by sand, and by pulling down some buildings; and yet it was full five weeks before it was wholly put out. Saturday 13, I set out at two, and in the afternoon came to the Foundry.

Monday 15, I set out for Oxfordshire, and was throughly wet in my way to Wallingford. The congregation was large and deeply serious. Tuesday 16, I preached at Witney, in the new house, and again on Thursday morning. After service, many crowding with me into the house, I spent some time with them in prayer: it was a happy opportunity; and many praised God for the consolation they received.

We had afterwards a fair and pleasant ride to High Wycombe. For many years we had little prospect of doing good here; but now the seed, which had been so long dead, springs up into a plentiful harvest. Friday 19, I conversed particularly with several who believe God has saved them from sin; and their lives, I find, are suitable thereto, and do in no wise dishonour their profession. Saturday 20, I returned to London. So rainy a week I have seldom seen: yet we have not had one shower while we were abroad, except on Monday morning. Poor reasoners! who think any instance of Providence too *small* to be observed or acknowledged!

Monday 22, I took horse a little before five, in an exceedingly thick fog: but it was gone by noon. The rain which was suspended all day, began again when we came to

Whittlebury, where, notwithstanding the rain and boisterous wind, the room was filled, both in the evening and morning. On Tuesday noon I preached at Towcester, and in the evening at Weedon. Here I heard a remarkable account: An eminently profane man, two or three days ago, was swearing to his companions, that he should out-live forty of them: instantly he began vomiting blood, and in ten minutes was stone-dead.

Wednesday 24, I preached at Weedon at five, and about nine at Kislingbury, where I was obliged, by the largeness of the congregation, to stand in the open air. At first, the sun on the side was full warm, as it was about noon at Harlston. Thence I rode to Northampton, where we had now a more commodious place to preach in, formerly used by the Presbyterians: the people heard with great attention; and many of them came at five in the morning. Thursday 25, about ten I began at Brighton, where likewise the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad. About two I preached at Haddon, to a far greater multitude, in a delightful meadow: nor did I find any want of strength when I concluded the day by preaching and meeting the society at Northampton. On Friday I preached at Bedford; on Saturday noon at Hertford, and in the afternoon went on to London.

Monday 29, I rode to Colchester, and on Tuesday to Norwich. Wednesday 31, in applying those solemn words, *As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death*, my heart was enlarged and my mouth opened, both to convince and comfort. Surely, in spite of the marvellous ignorance which prevails among the generality of people in this city, and the uncommon stumbling blocks which have been thrown in their way, the work of God will not only continue, but increase.

Thursday, November 1, I rode to Yarmouth, a dull, cold place; yet, this evening we had a remarkable blessing, as also the next evening. Lord, thy thoughts are not as our thoughts! Thou wilt work; and who shall hinder?

Sunday 4, At seven I met the society at Norwich, and

administered the Lord's-Supper to about a hundred and fourscore persons. Monday 5, I met the leaders, and enquired into the state of the society. In all England I find no people like those of Norwich: they are eminently *unstable as water:* out of two hundred whom I left here last year, sixty-nine are gone already! What a blessing is knowledge when it is sanctified! What stability can be expected without it? For let their affections be ever so lively for the present, yet what hold can you have upon a people, who neither know books, nor men; neither themselves, nor the bible; neither natural nor spiritual things?

Wednesday 7, I read and abridged an old treatise, on "The Origin of the Soul." I never before saw any thing on the subject so satisfactory. I think he proves to a demonstration, that God has enabled man, as all other creatures, to propagate his whole species, consisting of soul and body.

Thursday 8, I set out for London. It rained almost all the day; and, in the afternoon, so impetuously, (the rain being driven upon us by a furious wind) that it was with difficulty we reached Lakenheath. Here we found Mr. Evans just worn out, a picture of human nature in disgrace. He had not only no more strength than a little child, but no more understanding. Friday 9, about ten I preached at Bury, and at Braintree in the evening. Finding I was among stocks, I was obliged to strike with all my might; and, I trust, God did strike some of the flinty hearts.

Saturday 10, I returned to London, and had the melancholy news of Mr. Whitefield's death confirmed by his executors, who desired me to preach his funeral sermon on Sunday the 18th. In order to write this, I retired to Lewisham on Monday, and on Sunday following went to the Chapel in Tottenham Court road. An immense multitude was gathered together from all corners of the town. I was at first afraid, that a great part of the congregation would not be able to hear: but it pleased God so to strengthen my voice, that even those at the door heard distinctly. It was an awful season: all were still as night: most appeared to

be deeply affected; and an impression was made on many, which one would hope will not speedily be effaced.

The time appointed for my beginning at the Tabernacle was half an hour after five; but it was quite filled at three; so I began at four. At first the noise was exceedingly great; but it ceased when I began to speak: and my voice was again so strengthened, that all who were within could hear, unless an accidental noise hindered here or there for a few moments. O that all may hear the voice of him, with whom are the issues of life and death: and who so loudly, by this unexpected stroke, calls all his children to love one another.

Friday 23, Being desired by the trustees of the Tabernacle at Greenwich, to preach Mr. Whitefield's funeral sermon there, I went over to-day for that purpose; but neither would this house contain the congregation; those who could not get in made some noise at first, but in a little while all were silent. Here, likewise, I trust God has given a blow to that bigotry, which had prevailed for many years.

Monday, December 3, I took a little journey into Kent. In the evening I preached at Chatham, in the new house, which was sufficiently crowded with attentive hearers. Tuesday 4, I preached at Canterbury. Wednesday 5, we went to Dover, where with some difficulty we climbed to the top of Shakespear's Cliff. It is exceedingly high, and commands a vast prospect both by sea and land: but it is nothing so terrible in itself, as it is in his description. I preached to a very serious congregation, in the evening, as well as in the morning: the same, likewise, we observed at Canterbury; so that I hope to see good days here also. Friday 7, I preached in Feversham at nine, and in the evening at Chatham. Thus we go through water and fire: and all is well, so we are doing or suffering the will of our Lord.

Wednesday 19, About noon I preached at Darking. The hearers were many, and seemed all attention. About a hundred attended at Ryegate in the evening, and between

twenty and thirty in the morning: dull indeed as stones: but cannot God *out of these stones raise up children unto Abraham?*

Tuesday 25, This was a day full of work; but, blessed be God, not tiresome work. I began in the Foundry at four: the service at West-street began at nine. In the afternoon I met the children at three, preached at five, and then had a comfortable season with the Society.

Monday 31, We concluded the year at the chapel, with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. How many blessings has God poured upon us this year! May the next be as this, and much more abundant!

Tuesday, January 1, 1771, A large congregation met at Spitalfields in the evening, in order to renew, with one heart and one voice, their covenant with God. This was not in vain: *the Spirit of glory and of God*, as usual, *rested upon* them. Wednesday 2, I preached in the evening at Deptford, a kind of funeral sermon for Mr. Whitefield. In every place I wish to shew all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man.

Thursday 3, I spent an hour and a half in beating the air, in reasoning with an infidel of the lowest class. He told me roundly, "I believe God is powerful, and the Creator of all things: but I am nothing obliged to him for creating *me*, since he did it only for his own pleasure: neither can I believe that he is good; since he can remove all the evil in the world if he will; and, therefore, it is God's fault, and no one's else, that there is any evil in the universe." I am afraid we could not deny this, if we allowed, that God had "from all eternity, unchangeably determined every thing, great and small, which comes to pass in time."

Monday 7, I had an hour's conversation with that amiable young man, Mr. de C—, whose opinion has not yet spoiled his temper: but how long will he hold out against its baleful tendency? I fear, not to the end of the year.

Tuesday 15, I dined at Mr. M—'s, an upright man, willing to know and to live the Gospel. I cannot but

think, he would be an eminent Christian if he were not rich.

Sunday 20, While I was opening and applying at West-street chapel those comfortable words, *He knoweth whereof we are made; he remembereth that we are but dust;* it pleased God to speak to many hearts, and to fill them with strong consolation: now let them *walk as children of the light*, and they shall no more come into darkness.

Wednesday 23, For what cause I know not to this day, —— set out for Newcastle, purposing "never to return." Non eam reliqui: non dimisi: non revocabo. Friday 25, I revised and transcribed my will, declaring as simply, as plainly, and as briefly as I could, nothing more and nothing else, but "what I would have done with the worldly goods which I leave behind me."

Sunday 27, I buried the remains of Joan Turner, who spent all her last hours in rejoicing and praising God, and died full of faith and of the Holy Ghost at three years and a half old.

Thursday, February 7, I met with that ingenious tract, "A Dialogue between Moses and Lord Bolingbroke." It contains many striking and beautiful thoughts; yet some things in it are not quite clear. It is not clear, that Moses includes in his account neither more nor less than the *solar system:* probably he speaks, either solely of the creation of the *earth*, and of other bodies as related thereto: or of the *universe; the* fixed *stars* (mentioned Gen. i. 16) including their satellites also: but, be this as it may; is it well, thus to run down all that differ from us? Doctor Pye is an ingenious man: but so is Doctor Robinson also: so are twenty more, although they understand Moses in a quite different manner.

Thursday 14, I went through both the upper and lower rooms of the London Workhouse. It contains about a hundred children, who are in as good order as any private family: and the whole house is as clean from top to bottom as any gentleman's need be: and why is not every workhouse in London, yea, through the kingdom, in the same

order? purely for want either of sense, or of honesty and activity in them that superintend it.

Tuesday 19, I preached once more at Welling, to a larger congregation than I have seen there for many years: and many seemed to be uncommonly affected, particularly one young gentlewoman, who had never heard any preaching of this kind before this evening: after struggling some time, she cried out aloud, and could not be comforted, although her mother told her "how good she was, nay, and had been all her life."

Wednesday 20, We never, that I remember before, had such a congregation at Wapping, either of hearers or communicants; and very seldom such an outpouring of the Spirit. Saturday 23, we had the greatest number of communicants at Snowsfields that we have had since the chapel was built. It seems as if God were about throughly to heal the wound which we received here in the house of our friends.

Monday 25, I shewed a friend coming out of the country the tombs in Westminster-Abbey. The two with which I still think none of the others worthy to be compared, are that of Mrs. Nightingale, and that of the Admiral rising out of his tomb at the resurrection: but the vile flattery inscribed on many of them, reminded me of that just reflection,

"If on the sculptur'd marble you rely,
Pity that worth like his should ever die.
If credit to the real life you give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!"

Sunday, March 3, After preaching at the chapel, morning and afternoon, in the evening I preached at Brentford, the next evening at Newbury, and on Tuesday at Bristol. Friday 8, I went over to Kingswood, and found several of the boys still alive to God.

Monday 11, I set out with John Pritchard in a severe frost, and about two came to Stroud. Being desired to preach a funeral sermon for good old Mr. Arundel, I willingly complied, and enlarged on *These are they that come*

out of great tribulation, and have washed their garments white in the blood of the Lamb.

Tuesday 12, The frost changed into rain. About noon I preached at Tewksbury; and at Worcester in the evening. Wednesday 13, I had the pleasure of spending an hour at Kidderminster, with that good man Mr. Fawcet. I reached Shrewsbury but a few minutes before the time of preaching. The mob were quieter than usual, as they were likewise the next night. Friday 15, being desired to give them a sermon at Wem, and, finding no house would hold the congregation, I stood in Mr. Henshaw's yard, where I opened and strongly applied those words, *The disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.* We were more at a loss what to do with the congregation at Whitchurch in the evening: at length we desired all that could to squeeze into the house; the rest stood quietly without; and none, I believe, repented their labour; for God was eminently present.

Saturday 16, Between nine and ten, I began at Cardinmarsh. I have not seen the bulk of a congregation so melted down since I left London. In the evening we had a Sunday congregation at Chester; and many were filled with consolation.

Both on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, all our congregations were uncommonly large; otherwise I should have regretted staying so long, while the weather was pleasant and the wind fair. Wednesday 20, having agreed with a captain, who promised to sail immediately, we went down to Parkgate; but, the wind turning, I preached in the evening to most of the gentry in the town. I preached likewise, morning and evening, on Thursday. Friday 22, I embarked on board the Kildare, abundantly the best and cleanest ship which I have sailed in for many years; but, the wind failing, we could not cross the bar till about noon. Saturday 23, about one, the wind being high and the sea rough, I judged it was my best way to lie down and go to sleep: meantime, the ship went forty leagues in about twelve hours, and reached Dublin early on Sunday morn-

ing. Landing at the Key, I walked straight to the new room, very well, (blessed be God!) and very hungry.

I immediately set myself to enquire into the state of the society in Dublin: it was plain there had been a continual jar for at least two years last past, which had stumbled the people, weakened the hands of the preachers, and greatly hindered the work of God: I wanted to know the ground of this; and, that I might do nothing rashly, determined to hear parties, separately first, and then face to face: having already talked with the preachers, I talked this evening with the leaders at large; and, from the spirit which appeared in all, I had a good hope that all hindrances would be removed. On Wednesday evening I met the leaders again, and gave them an opportunity of explaining themselves further; and, on Friday I appointed an extraordinary meeting, at which some spoke with much warmth: but I tempered them on each side, so that they parted in peace.

Saturday 30, I preached at the new preaching-house, near the barracks, about six in the evening. Many attended here who cannot, and many who will not, come to the other end of the town: so that I am persuaded, the preaching here, twice or thrice a week, will be much for the glory of God. Sunday 31, the leaders, stewards, and preachers, spoke their minds freely to each other: I now saw the whole evil might be removed, all parties being desirous of peace.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I visited the classes, and found a general faintness had run through the society; yet, for several days, God has given a general blessing, and strengthened many of the feeble-minded. On Tuesday I preached again at the new house; and many were greatly comforted.

On Wednesday evening, I read over to the leaders the following paper.

1, That it may be more easily discerned whether the members of our societies are working out their own salvation, they are divided into little companies, called classes. One person in each of these is stiled The Leader. It is his business,

I. To see each person in his class once a week. To enquire how their souls prosper? To advise, reprove, comfort, or exhort them.

II. To receive what they are willing to give toward the expenses of the society; and,

III. To meet the assistant and the stewards once a week.

2. This is the whole and sole business of a leader, or any number of leaders. But it is common for the assistant in any place, when several leaders are met together, to ask their advice, as to any thing that concerns either the temporal or spiritual welfare of the society. This he may, or he may not do, as he sees best. I frequently do it in the larger societies. And on many occasions I have found, that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety.

3. From this short view of the original design of leaders, it is easy to answer the following questions:

Q. 1. What authority has a single leader? He has authority to meet his class, to receive their contributions, and to visit the sick in his class.

Q. 2. What authority have all the leaders of a society met together? They have authority to shew their class-papers to the assistant; to deliver the money they have received to the stewards; and to bring in the names of the sick.

Q. 3. But have they not authority to restrain the assistant, if they think he acts improperly? No more than any member of the society has. After mildly speaking to him, they are to refer the thing to Mr. W.

Q. 4. Have they not authority to hinder a person from preaching? None but the assistant has this authority.

Q. 5. Have they not authority to displace a particular leader? No more than the door-keeper has. To place and to displace leaders, belongs to the assistant alone.

Q. 6. Have they not authority to expel a particular member of the society? No: the assistant only can do this.

Q. 7. But have they not authority to regulate the temporal and spiritual affairs of the society? Neither the one

nor the other. Temporal affairs belong to the stewards; spiritual to the assistant.

Q. 8. Have they authority to make any collection of a public nature? No: the assistant only can do this.

Q. 9. Have they authority to receive the yearly subscription? No: this also belongs to the assistant. Considering these things, can we wonder at the confusion which has been here for some years. If one wheel in a machine gets out of its place, what disorder must ensue!

In the Methodist discipline the wheels regularly stand thus: the assistant, the preachers, the stewards, the leaders, the people.

But here the leaders, who are the lowest wheel but one, were got quite out of their place. They were got at the top of all, above the stewards, the preachers, yea, and above the assistant himself.

4. To this chiefly I impute the gradual decay of the work of God in Dublin.

There has been a jar throughout the whole machine. Most of the wheels were hindered in their motion. The stewards, the preachers, the assistant all moved heavily. They felt all was not right. But if they saw where the fault lay, they had not strength to remedy it.

But it may be effectually remedied now. Without rehearsing former grievances, (which may all die and be forgotten) for the time to come let each wheel keep its own place. Let the assistant, the preachers, the stewards, the leaders, know and execute their several offices. Let none encroach upon another, but all move together in harmony and love. So shall the work of God flourish among you, perhaps as it never did before: while you all hold the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

Dublin, March 29, 1771."

Saturday 6, I gave the sacrament at the widows' house, to four or five and twenty that are widows indeed; all poor enough, several sick or infirm, three bed-ridden, one on the brink of eternity. But almost all know in whom they have believed, and walk worthy of their profession. Sunday 7,

I was agreeably surprised to see the largest congregation to-day, which I have seen since I landed. The congregations used to be large for three or four days, and then gradually to decline: but they have now continually increased from first to last. This also is a token for good.

Monday 8, As the weather continued extremely cold, I judged it best to visit the inland counties and the south of Ireland first. So to-day I rode to Eden-derry; but was constrained by the keen north wind to preach within. The case was the same at Tyrrel's-pass, on Tuesday 9, where I preached in the shell of the new house. Wednesday 10, I preached in the court-house at Molingar, to a serious and decent congregation; but they seemed quite unconcerned. Those who met in the court-house at Longford in the evening were of quite another spirit. They drank in every word, while I explained, *Lord, are there few that be saved?* Who can despair of doing good in any place? None in this kingdom seemed so barren as Longford, and that for many years: after nearly twenty years labour we sought fruit, but found none: but on a sudden the seed, so long hid, is sprung up, and promises a plentiful harvest.

Thursday 11, I preached at Loughan and Athlone: Friday 12, at Aughrim. Saturday 13, I rode back to Athlone, where there is now no opposition either from rich or poor. The consequence of this is, there is no zeal, while the people dwell at ease. O what state upon earth is exempt from danger! When persecution arises, how many are offended! When it does not arise, how many grow cold and leave their first love! Some perish by the storm, but far more by the calm. *Lord, save, or we perish!*

Sunday 14, I designed to preach abroad, but the storm drove us into the house. This house was built and given, with the ground on which it stands, by a single gentleman. In Cork one person, Mr. Thomas Janes, gave between three and four hundred pounds, toward the preaching-house. Towards that in Dublin Mr. Lunel gave four hundred. I know no such benefactors among the Methodists in England.

Monday 15, I rode to Birr, through much hail and snow,

driven in our faces by a furious wind: so was the hail the next day, as we rode to Tullamore. Here likewise I lamented the want of zeal. So the society here also is no larger than it was two years ago.

On the following days I preached at Cooley-lough, Mountmellick, and Portarlington. Monday 22, I rode to Kilkenny: the new preaching-house was just finished, a neat and commodious building: but before we came to it in the evening it was filled from end to end: so it was the next evening. On Wednesday 24, I cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

In the evening I knew not where to preach at Enniscorthy, the wind being very high and very cold. But I was in some measure sheltered by the side of a house; and the people standing close together sheltered one another. Only a few careless ones were blown away.

Thursday 25, Two of our brethren from Wexford earnestly intreated me to go thither. I preached in the market-house at ten o'clock. The congregation was very large and very genteel, and yet as remarkably well behaved as any I have seen in the kingdom.

By hard riding we reached Waterford before six, where the house tolerably well contained the congregation: so it generally does the first night I am here. Friday 26, I laboured to calm the minds of some that had separated from their brethren: but it was labour lost. After two or three hours spent in fruitless altercation, I was thoroughly convinced that they would not, and ought not to be re-united to them.

Sunday 28, At eleven, and again in the afternoon, I went to the cathedral, where a young gentleman most valiantly encountered the grievous wolves, as he termed the Methodists. I never heard a man strike more wide of the mark. However, the shallow discourse did good; for it sent abundance of people, rich and poor, to hear and judge for themselves. So that the court, at the top of which I stood, was filled from end to end.

Monday 29, In the evening I preached in the market-

place at Clonmel, to a listening multitude. Some seemed inclined to disturb; but the serious, well-behaved troopers kept them all in awe.

Tuesday 30, I rode to Cork, and on Wednesday, May 1, to Bandon; but the north-east wind forbade my preaching in the street. I was the less concerned at this, because my business now lay chiefly with the society. Those who had been scattered I laboured to gather up; those who were drowsy, to awaken; those that were dead, to quicken; and to unite all together in following after peace and holiness.

Sunday 5, I returned to Cork, and would fain have preached abroad, but the violent wind would not suffer it. Monday 6, I spake severally to the members of the society. Two years ago they were reduced to about a hundred and ninety. They are now only a hundred and seventy; and yet the work of God deepens in those that remain. I found many growing in grace; many rejoicing in the pure love of God; and many more, who were earnestly panting after the whole mind that was in Christ.

Sunday 12, I assisted at the funeral of Susannah Pilson. She was one of the first members of this society, and continued firm in the hottest of the persecution. Upwards of twenty years she adorned the gospel, steadily and uniformly walking with God. For great part of the time she was a living witness, that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. After a lingering illness, she calmly resigned her soul into the hands of her faithful Creator.

Monday 13, We had an agreeable ride to Kilfinane. I designed to preach under the court-house, but was offered the use of the room above, where the church service has been for these two years, as the church lies in ruins. In a very short time we had a large and attentive congregation. If the parish ministers were zealous for God, the Protestants in Ireland would soon out-number the Papists.

Tuesday 14, I rode on to Limerick, and told the congregation plainly, "If, as is your manner, you attend three days and then fall off, I can bestow my time better elsewhere. But if you continue to come, I will stay with you

longer." They took me at my word; and continued to increase both morning and evening, as long as I stayed in the city.

Wednesday 15, A gentleman desired me to visit his daughter. I found a lovely, sensible woman, in the bloom of youth, scarcely one and twenty, in the last stage of a consumption. From that time I visited her every day. In two or three days she was considerably better: but, as I expected, when the hot weather came on, the sweet flower withered away.

Saturday 18, I dined at Mr. ——'s. Such another family I have not seen in the kingdom. He and Mrs. —— are in person, in understanding, and in temper, made for each other. And their ten children are in such order as I have not seen for many years. Indeed never since I left my father's house. May they never depart from the good way!

Sunday 19, (Whitsunday) The ground in the island being wet, I preached in the evening near the new custom-house, on *If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink.* I was not a little refreshed, observing so many who seemed to thirst for the living water. I preached there again the following evening to nearly the same number of hearers. I should have thought it well worth while to have come to Limerick were it only for these two evenings.

Wednesday 22, After preaching at Balligarane, I rode to Askeyton. There are no ruins, I believe, in the kingdom of Ireland to be compared to these. The old Earl of Desmond's castle is very large, and has been exceedingly strong. Not far from this, and formerly communicating with it by a gallery, is his great hall or banquetting-room. The walls are still firm and entire; and these, with the fine carvings of the window-frames, all of polished marble, give some idea of what it was once.

Its last master lived like a prince for many years, and rebelled over and over against Queen Elizabeth. After his last rebellion, his army being totally routed, he fled into the woods with two or three hundred men. But the pursuit was

so hot, that these were soon scattered from him, and he crept alone into a small cabin. He was sitting there when a soldier came in and struck him. He rose and said, "I am the Earl of Desmond." The wretch, rejoicing that he had found so great a prize, cut off his head at once. Queen Elizabeth and King James allowed a pension to his relic for many years. I have seen a striking picture of her in her widow's weeds, said to be taken when she was an hundred and forty years old.

At a small distance from the castle stands the old abbey, the finest ruin of the kind in the kingdom. Not only the walls of the church, and many of the apartments, but the whole cloysters are entire. They are built of black marble exquisitely polished, and vaulted over with the same. So that they are as firm now as when they were built, (perhaps seven or eight hundred years ago): and if not purposely destroyed, (as most of the ancient buildings in Ireland have been) may last these thousand years. But add these to the years they have stood already, and what is it to eternity? A moment!

Friday 24, I spoke severally to the members of the society in Limerick. I have found no society in Ireland, number for number, so rooted and grounded in love. We observed this as a day of fasting and prayer, and were much comforted together.

Sunday 26, The rain obliged me to preach within, at five in the evening. It was a season of solemn joy and sorrow. I took horse immediately after preaching, and rode through continued rain to Snugborough, about fourteen Irish miles from Limerick.

Monday 27, We pushed on through violent wind and rain, and reached Galway in the afternoon. About six I preached in the court-house, by far the neatest which I have seen in the kingdom. Abundance of the soldiers, who were to march for Dublin the next day, willingly attended: and not a few of the townsfolk; but, what is rarely seen in Ireland, five or six men to one woman. I was enabled to speak exceedingly close: and many were stunned, if not wounded.

The next evening the number of townsmen was doubled; among whom were the mayor and several other people of fashion. Again, I spoke with the utmost plainness, and could not but hope, there will be a work of God even in Galway.

Wednesday 29, Heavy rain, with furious wind, accompanied us all day. However, I reached Ballinrobe between twelve and one, and preached in the court-house to forty or fifty hearers. Five miles short of Castlebar we took shelter for a while in a little cabin. The poor man brought us the best thing he had, a glass of rum. We talked a little with him and his wife; sung an hymn, and went to prayer; and then, the rain abating, rode cheerfully on to Castlebar.

Thursday 30, I preached about noon at Cappavica, four miles from Castlebar. It is a lone house, but the people soon flocked together. Every one seemed to be exceedingly serious: six and twenty appeared resolved to work out their own salvation, and help each other therein. Friday 31, observing many fashionable people in the Court-house at Castlebar, I spoke with such closeness and pungency, as I cannot do but at some peculiar seasons. It is indeed the gift of God, and cannot be attained by all the efforts of nature and art united.

Saturday, June 1, This is the twelfth day that we have had continued rain, together with March winds. I dined at Rabin, near Castlebar, one of the pleasantest seats in Connaught. It was an old castle, standing between two loughs, with a river behind, and a wood before. And the inhabitants

> "Did like the scene appear;
> Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
> Soft fell their words, as flew the air."

O that the God of love may add to these amiable qualities, all the mind which was in Christ Jesus.

Sunday 2, In the evening I expounded the gospel for the day, the story of Dives and Lazarus. And now God opened both my mouth and the hearts of the hearers. His word

seemed to take fast hold on them, even on the gay and rich, many of whom had wandered in among us.

Monday 3, I rode to Sligo, and preached in our own room, to an exceedingly serious congregation, such as I have not seen here for many years. But the next evening a young officer, with several pretty gay things, behaved so ill, that I was obliged to reprove them. They took it well; but we could not recover the fervor which was before swiftly spreading through the people.

Wednesday 5, I rode to Ballyshannon, and preached in the assembly-room. I was acquainted with some of the chief persons in the town, but they were ashamed to own me. Only some of them sent their compliments to me, properly so called. Hence I wrote to Manor-Hamilton, and in the evening preached in a pleasant meadow to a very large congregation: but I found little life in the society.

Thursday 6, We came to Swadlingbar, and seemed to be got into another world. The people were all alive, full of faith and love, and panting after the whole image of God. The congregation in the evening refreshed me much, by their spirit, as well as their number: they made

"The hills and the dales
With praises resound;"

singing with the spirit and with the understanding also. I have heard no such voices since we left Cork, nor seen so earnest a people since we left Limerick.

Friday 7, About noon I preached at Tonnylammon, four miles short of Enniskillen, to just such another congregation, deeply athirst for the full salvation of God. In the afternoon we rode to Mr. A——'s at Sidare. Some time since, one of his neighbours, being angry that his sister resolved to save her soul, by the advice, as he supposed, of Nancy A——, came one Sunday in the afternoon while they were at prayers, burst into the room, struck a woman in the face, who would have stopped him, and, with his loaded whip, struck Nancy A—— on the temple, so that she lay as dead for several hours. He designed, it seems, to make an end of her at once. And indeed she never has been well since.

Here a tent was set up on a green, grassy place, amidst abundance of people, ripe for the gospel: so I cried, in our Lord's words, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* And it is not easy to express the thirst, the vehement desire which appeared in a great part of the congregation.

Saturday 8, We set out for Rusky, a little town near Macquire's-bridge: but, before we had gone nine miles, we found a congregation waiting in the street at Lismolaw, where I know not who had given notice that I was to preach. I at first thought of riding on, but, fearing it might hurt the poor people, I alighted and preached immediately. They were all attention while I explained, *Ye are saved through faith.* About noon I preached at Rusky.

In the evening we came to Augher. For several days we have been among some of the warmest Christians in the kingdom. All at once we came to a people cold as ice. Here *was* a lively people; but they have long grieved the Holy Spirit of God, and he seems to be departed from them. Knowing few would come to the house, I stood abroad, and had forty or fifty hearers, but unconcerned enough. Sunday 9, about eight, I had a few more, and about a hundred in the evening. I went to church at Clogher. The dean is one of the best readers I have heard, and one of the most easy, natural preachers: and the congregation was not only large, but remarkably well behaved.

I seldom look at the old castle at Augher, without thinking of the famous Sir Phelim O'Neale. In the beginning of the Irish rebellion, he called one night at one Mr. Kennedy's, an intimate acquaintance and foster-brother (a very sacred relation among the Irish) and said, "Rise, come away with me, that I may protect you, for fear some of my straggling parties should hurt you." Mrs. Kennedy, being very near her time, said, "Nay, Gossip, consider my condition, and do not take my husband from me." He replied, "You fool, it is for his own good." But soon after they were gone, Mrs. K. said, "My heart misgives me: whatever comes of it, I must follow them." So as well as she could, she walked

between her man servant, and her maid, an Irish girl. About sun-rise they came near Augher castle, where Sir Phelim was standing with his men. Just by him was her husband hanged on a tree. Sir Phelim seeing her, sent and ordered the man and maid to stand from her: the man did so: the maid replied, "No: I will die with my mistress." On this he ordered his men to fire: she fell, and two infants fell out of her. Such was the mercy of the Irish at that time! Such the spirit which their good priests infused into them!

Monday 10, I was surprized at the improvements made in this county within a few years. For above thirty miles, it is now cultivated like England, and sprinkled up and down with little new-built houses. A gentleman of Dermquin desiring me to preach there, I began without delay, at the end of his house. It being the fair-day, there was a numerous congregation; but not so numerous as that at Mallilough, where I preached about noon. Between six and seven, after riding more than fifty Irish miles, I reached Londonderry, and preached on *There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to men.* God spake by his word to many tempted souls, and comforted them over all their troubles.

Every morning and evening, on the following days, the congregations were larger than I ever remember, and several clergymen were present every evening. Thursday 13, I spoke severally to the members of the society: I found far more life among them than I expected: nearly one half of the sixty (that was the number of those that remained) I judged to be real believers. What a mischievous injustice it is, to represent all this people as *dead!* It has weakened the hands of the preachers much, and has greatly discouraged the people. The continually telling people they are dead, is the ready way to make them so.

Friday 14, I looked over a volume of Mr. Skelton's works. He is a surprising writer. When there is occasion, he shews all the wit of Dr. Swift, joined with ten times his judgment; and with (what is far more) a deep fear of God,

and a tender love to mankind. About noon I preached at the New Buildings, two miles from Londonderry. The people some time past bore a near resemblance to the colliers of Kingswood: they were equally without God in the world, and eminent for all manner of wickedness: but old things are passed away, and they are eminent now for the fear of God, and the love of their neighbour. I preached there again on Sunday 16, and administered the Lord's supper to the society. I think they were all in tears; but, with the greatest part, they were tears of joy and love.

Monday 17, I met the singers, for the last time. I joined them together two years ago; but, as the preachers following took no care or thought about them, they of course flew asunder: and no wonder; for nothing will stand in the Methodist plan, unless the preacher has his heart and his hand in it. Every preacher, therefore, should consider, it is not his business to mind *this* or *that* thing only, but *every* thing.

Tuesday 18, Cheerfully leaving Londonderry, I rode through the wild, dreary mountains to Cookstown. Here the scene was changed: the house at which I alighted was filled with whisky drinkers; and the whole town, it being the fair-day, was all hurry and confusion: however, about seven the tent was set up; the people flocked from all quarters, and, considering many of them were far from sober, behaved tolerably well. Wednesday 19, I preached at five and at twelve to a lifeless company, and then rode through a fruitful country to Stewart-town. A large congregation soon assembled in the court-house, most of whom behaved with decency; though very few of them appeared to understand any thing of the matter.

Thursday 20, We went on to Castle Caulfield. As we were walking in the afternoon, a horse that was feeding, turned short and struck me on the small of my back: had he been but an inch or two nearer, I should not have travelled any farther: as it was, I was well again in a few days. In the evening, I preached on the lovely green before the castle, to a serious and large congregation. This

was the first summer day we have had this year: and this was only warm, not hot. Friday 21, about eleven we had a still larger congregation, near the castle in Charlemount; whom I exhorted to be *not slothful in business*, but *fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.* At seven in the evening, I preached at Armagh, in Mr. Macgough's avenue: the congregation was in an arbour, the wide-spread trees quite overshadowing them; while

"The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost."

Saturday 22, I rode to Caledon, where, two years ago, Mr. C. was ready to put me in his bosom: but he did not know me now: so I preached in the street to an exceedingly quiet congregation, and rode back in the evening. Is it strange that men, or the moon should change? Sunday 23, in the evening, such a multitude of people assembled, and stood so closely together, that, though we were in the open air, the heat was almost insupportable. Surely God will have a people in this place! The poor, at least, will receive the gospel.

Monday 24, I preached about noon at a village, which takes its name from the Black-water in which the Irish papists drowned so many protestants in 1641. In the evening I preached at Clanmain, to a very dull congregation. It is well if the first are not last! Tuesday 23, I preached at Cock-hill in a delightful evening, under some shady trees. Many of the people were alive to God. Wednesday 26, I preached at the Grange, to a still livelier and larger congregation; but I found the liveliest of all at Derry-Anvil. Six or seven of this little society still rejoice in the pure love of God. Thus hath God his secret ones, in a little corner of the land, surrounded with bogs, and out of all road! Friday 28, I preached in the street at Portadown, to a serious, well-behaved congregation, and in the evening at Kilmaranty, to the largest congregation I have seen since we left Armagh.

This day I entered the sixty-ninth year of my age. I am still a wonder to myself: my voice and strength are the

same as at nine and twenty. This also hath God wrought. Saturday 29, I preached at the end of the market-house in Tandragee. Sunday 30, at nine, the people flocked from all parts; but much more at six in the evening, when we had a London congregation, both for number and seriousness.

Monday, July 1, I preached at Kilwarlin, where, a few weeks ago, Thomas Mott died in peace. In the evening I preached in the Linen-hall at Lisburn, to a numerous congregation. Tuesday 2, I preached on the green at Newtown; but the people had not the spirit of those at Lisburn. Wednesday 3, at ten, I preached to a small congregation, a mile from Belfast, and in the market-place there at twelve. I never saw so large a congregation there before, nor one so remarkably stupid and ill-mannered: yet, a few should be excepted, even gentlemen, who seemed to know sense from nonsense. I have found as sensible men at Dublin as at Belfast: but men so self-sufficient I have not found.

I preached at Carrickfergus in the evening, and Thursday 4, went on to Lurn, and preached at nine in the main street, to a very attentive congregation. Thence I rode to Glenarm. The preaching began here in an uncommon manner. Some months since, John Smith, now with God, was pressed in spirit to go and preach there, though he knew no one in the town: near it he overtook a young lady riding behind a servant, and, on her saying it was a very wicked place, he asked, "Are there no good men there?" She said, "Yes, there is one William Hunter." He rode into the town, and enquired for William Hunter's house. When he came to the door, a young woman was sweeping the house: he asked her name, and, being answered, "Betty Hunter," alighted, and said, "Betty, take my horse to an inn, and tell every one you meet, 'A gentleman at our house has good news to tell you at seven o'clock.'" At seven the house was well filled. John preached to them twice a day for nine days; but, when he took his leave, he had only three-pence; however, he asked the landlady, "What is to pay for my horse?" "Nothing,

sir," said the woman: "A gentleman has paid all; and will do, if you stay a month."

I preached near the market-house about noon, to a large number of decent hearers; but to a much larger in the market-house at Ballimena, in the evening. Friday 5, I rode to Ballinderry, and found an earnest, simple-hearted people. A great multitude here received the word, with all readiness of mind. A specimen of the society, consisting of about fifty members, I had in the house where I dined; wherein a father and mother, with a son and five daughters, were all walking in the light of God's countenance. Afterwards I prayed with an ancient woman, while a little girl, her grandchild, kneeling behind me, was all in tears, and said, "O grandmamma, have *you* no sins to cry for, as well as me?"

Saturday 6, After spending two hours very agreeably at Mayra, I rode on to Drumbanahar, and preached to a serious congregation. That at Newry, in the evening, was much larger: at nine in the morning it was larger still; but nothing to that in the evening: yet, I think, all heard, and most of them seemed much affected. Monday 8, I cheerfully left Newry, and, in the evening, preached at Dublin.

Having rested a day, on Wednesday 10, I went to Carlow, and preached in the session-house to a large, wild congregation. In the morning, I once more composed the differences of the poor, shattered society. About noon, I preached in the street at Baltinglass; in the evening, to a lovely congregation at Donard. Friday 12, I returned to Dublin, well satisfied with my little excursion.

On Monday and Tuesday, I revised the classes. The number of members in the society, is shrunk from upwards of five hundred, to beneath four hundred, in two years: but, I trust, they will now increase, as the offences are removed, and brotherly love restored.

On Thursday and Friday, we had our little Conference, a solemn and useful meeting. Sunday 21, at the meeting of the society, many were comforted; and all seemed deter-

mined to set out anew, and take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Monday 22, in the evening, I embarked on board the Nonpareil, for Parkgate, with a small, fair wind, so that the sea was as smooth as a looking-glass. Tuesday 23, as we went slowly on, the gentlemen (of whom we had many on board) desired me to give them a sermon: this I willingly did, and all were seriously attentive. We landed about seven on Wednesday 24, and took chaise for Liverpool. Thursday 25, I rode across the country to Whitchurch, and spent an agreeable evening with that lovely family. Friday 26, I went on to Shrewsbury, where Mr. Fletcher met me. Sunday 28, I preached at Madeley, morning and afternoon. The church could not nearly contain the congregation; but the window near the pulpit being open, those without could hear as well as those within. Monday 29, I went on to Worcester. Our brethren had chosen a place for me, in a broad street, not far from the cathedral, where there was room for thousands of people: and we soon had company enough; partly serious, part like the wild ass's colt; but, in a while, the serious part prevailed, and silenced or drove away the rabble, till we had a tolerable degree of quietness, and concluded in peace.

Thursday, August 1, I rode to Cheltenham, and preached near the market-place to a large and quiet congregation. Friday 2, I went on to Kingswood. Sunday 4, we had above six hundred and fifty communicants at Bristol. In the afternoon, I preached in St. James's Barton, to a huge multitude; and all were still as night.

Tuesday 6, We had more preachers than usual at the Conference, in consequence of Mr. Shirley's circular letter. At ten on Thursday morning he came, with nine or ten of his friends: we conversed freely for about two hours; and, I believe, they were satisfied, that we were not such "dreadful heretics" as they imagined, but were tolerably sound in the faith.

Monday 12, I set out for Wales, and, after preaching at Chepstow and Brecknock, on Wednesday 14, came to the Hay. Here I met with Dr. Maclain's translation of

Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History: certainly, he is a very sensible translator of a very sensible writer; but I dare not affirm, that either one or the other was acquainted with inward religion. The translator mentions, without any blame, Mr. Shinstra's letter against fanaticism, which, if the reasoning were just, would fix the charge of fanaticism on our Lord himself, and all his apostles. In truth, I cannot but fear, Mr. Shinstra is in the same class with Dr. Conyers Middleton; and aims every blow, though he seems to look another way, at the fanatics who wrote the Bible. The very thing which Mr. Shinstra calls fanaticism, is no other than heart religion; in other words, righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost: these must be *felt*, or they have no being: all therefore, who condemn *inward feelings* in the gross, leave no place either for joy, peace, or love in religion, and, consequently, reduce it to a dry, dead carcase.

In the evening, I preached in the new, neat preaching-house, to many more than it would contain. The next evening, I was constrained to preach abroad. Friday 16, I returned to Brecknock, and, after spending two comfortable days there, on Monday 19, rode to Caermarthen. The rain obliged me to preach within. Tuesday 20, I rode to Haverford-West, and, in the evening, preached in St. Martin's church-yard, to a numerous, and deeply attentive congregation. The next evening, I strongly applied the story of Dives and Lazarus; and many were *almost persuaded* to be Christians.

I rode, on Thursday 22, to Dale, a little village at the mouth of Milford-Haven. It seemed to me, that our preachers had bestowed here much pains to little purpose: the people, one and all, seemed as dead as stones, perfectly quiet, and perfectly unconcerned: I told them just what I thought: it went as a sword to their hearts: they *felt* the truth, and wept bitterly. I know not where we have found more of the presence of God. Shall we at last have fruit here also?

Friday 23, I preached at noon to a lovely congregation

of plain, artless people, at Houghton; and in the town-hall at Pembroke, in the evening, to many rich and elegant hearers. Sunday 25, at ten, I began the service at St. Daniel's: the church, as usual, would ill contain the congregation. In the afternoon, I preached in Monk-town church, (one of the three belonging to Pembroke), a large, old, ruinous building. I suppose, it has scarcely had such a congregation in it, during this century. Many of them were gay, genteel people; so I spake on the first elements of the Gospel: but I was still out of their depth. O! how hard it is, to be *shallow* enough for a polite audience!

Monday 26, I rode to Llanelly, and at six read prayers and preached in another large church, almost as ruinous as that at Pembroke. The congregation was numerous; yet most of them seemed to understand what they heard. Tuesday 27, we crept through a right Welch road, and reached Oxwych between twelve and one. The congregation had waited for some time: so I began without delay. The road to Swansey was a little better; so I reached the town in time, and at six preached in the yard, as our room would contain hardly a third of the people. Wednesday 18, I called at Neath on one of our friends, but, before I could sit down, was informed, a congregation was waiting for me. This I had no thought of; however, I gave them a short sermon, and hastened on to Coy church, near Bridgend. I preached as deliberately as possible, as great part of the audience were Welch: and, I believe, by this means all of them could understand at least the substance of the discourse. About six I preached in the town-hall at Cowbridge, to high and low, rich and poor; and the two next evenings in the court-house at Cardiff, to a still larger congregation. Afterwards we had a comfortable love-feast, which brought to our minds former days, when we praised God with Ann Jenkins, Arthur Price, and Thomas Glascott, before Thomas Prosser sowed the deadly tares among them.

Saturday 31, I returned to Bristol, and, in part of the following week, visited some of the neighbouring societies.

Friday, September 6, I spent an hour among our children at Kingswood. It is strange! How long shall we be constrained to weave Penelope's web! What is become of the wonderful work of grace, which God wrought in them last September! It is gone! It is lost! It is vanished away! There is scarcely any trace of it remaining! Then we must begin again; and, in due time, we shall reap, if we faint not.

Monday 9, I read over Dr. Cadogan's ingenious Treatise on Chronical Distempers. It is certainly true, that "very few of them are properly hereditary;" that most of them spring either from indolence, or intemperance, or irregular passions: but why should he condemn *wine, toto genere?* which is one of the noblest cordials in nature; yet, stranger, why should he condemn *bread?* Great whims belong to great men.

Tuesday 10, I preached at Bath: Wednesday 11, at Frome: Thursday 12, at Keynsham. Here too, the seed, which seemed lost for so many years, at length begins to spring up. After seeing so many instances of this kind, how can we despair of any people? Saturday 14, I preached abroad at Bedminster. Many horsemen stopped, and had strange things brought to their ears. Perhaps some of whom, we may hear by and by, were found of him they sought not.

Sunday 15, At eight, I preached on the Quay: at five, in St. James's Barton. Many strangers stopped at both places. Surely this is *casting our bread upon the waters!* This week I visited the rest of the neighbouring societies, and found them increasing both in grace and number. Thursday 26, I preached once more at Bath, to an elegant congregation, on *Knowledge puffeth up:* but, I trust, many of them can witness, that *love edifieth*, builds us up both in holiness and happiness.

Monday 30, I took leave of Bristol for the present, and, having preached at Pensford and Shepton-Mallet in the way, came to Shaftsbury, and preached to a numerous congregation, but wonderfully unconcerned. I scarcely know

a town in England, where so much preaching has been to so very little purpose.

Tuesday, October 1, I went on to Salisbury. Wednesday 2, I preached at Whitchurch: Thursday 3, at Winchester. I now found time to take a view of the cathedral. Here the sight of that bad cardinal's tomb, whom the sculptor has placed in a posture of prayer, brought to my mind those fine lines of Shakespeare, which he puts into the mouth of King Henry VI.:

"Lord cardinal,
If thou hast any hope of heaven's grace,
Give us a sign. He dies, and makes no sign!"

On Thursday and Friday evening, I preached at Portsmouth-Common. Saturday 5, I set out at two. About ten, some of our London friends met me at Cobham, with whom I took a walk in the neighbouring gardens, inexpressibly pleasant, through the variety of hills and dales; and the admirable contrivance of the whole: and now, after spending his life in bringing it to perfection, the grey-headed owner advertises it to be sold. Is there any thing under the sun, that can satisfy a spirit made for God?

On Monday and Tuesday, I preached at Whittlebury, Towcester, and Weedon. On Wednesday, at Kislingbury, Harlston, and Northampton. Thursday 10, I preached at Holmby-house, where poor King Charles was formerly lodged. It has been a noble pile of building, finely situated on a hill: but little is left, except the kitchens, which, however, give a strong idea of its ancient grandeur. Friday 11, in the evening, I preached at Bedford, and, on Saturday, returned to London.

Monday 14, In my way to Wallingford, I read Dr. Hodge's Elihu. It contains abundance of fine remarks, worthy of a scholar, and of a christian: but none of them prove his main proposition, that Elihu was the Second Person in the blessed Trinity. I preached at Wallingford in the evening, and at five in the morning. Many were moved: but who will endure to the end?

Tuesday 15, I went on to Witney. I am surprised at the

plainness and artlessness of this people. Who would imagine, that they lived within ten, yea, or fifty miles of Oxford? Wednesday 16, I preached at South-lye. Here it was that I preached my first sermon, six and forty years ago: one man was in my present audience, who heard it: most of the rest are gone to their long home. After preaching at Witney in the evening, I met the believers apart, and was greatly refreshed among them. So simple a people I scarcely ever saw: they did "open the window in their breast;" and it was easy to discern, that God was there, filling them with joy and peace in believing.

Thursday 17, About ten I preached at Oxford, in a room well filled with deeply attentive hearers, on part of the sermon on the mount, the noblest compendium of religion which is to be found even in the oracles of God. In the evening I preached at High Wycombe, the next at Chesham, where, our own room being too small, that friendly man, Mr. Spooner, willingly gave me the use of his meeting-house. I found the little society much alive; many knowing in whom they had believed; several enjoying, and others thirsting after the whole image of God. On Saturday I had a pleasant journey to London.

Monday 21, As I drove to Chatham, I read Mr. Hoole's fine translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered: allowed, I suppose, by most judges of poetry, to be not much inferior to the Æneid. But I wonder Mr. Hoole was so imprudently faithful, as to present protestants with all Tasso's popish fooleries: those excrescences might have been pared off, without the least injury to the work. In the evening I preached to a crowded audience, ripe for all the promises of God. How good is it for fallen man to earn his food by the sweat of his brow. Every where we find the labouring part of mankind the readiest to receive the gospel.

Tuesday 22, I went down to Sheerness, and preached in the new room: but it would not nearly contain the congregation: I believe, all that could hear found that God was there. Both morning and evening I warned them against being sick of opinions and strife of words, which has been

the main hinderance of the work of God here from the beginning.

Thursday 24, I returned to Chatham, and on Friday to London. Saturday 26, Mr. N. gave me a melancholy account of his dismission from the Tabernacle. Surely affairs will not stand thus at the Foundry, when my head is laid! If I thought they would, I would do just as I do now: all the good I can, while I live.

Monday 28, I rode to Staplehurst, to Mr. Ch—'s, a pattern of love and patience. One eye is quite lost by his late illness. His reflection upon it was, "I bless God that I had one eye to give him; and, if he call for it, I am ready to give him the other." I preached at six to a willing people, simply desiring to save their souls: and the next evening at Rye, to a far more numerous, but not more earnest congregation. Wednesday 30, I walked over to Winchelsea, said to have been once a large city, with abundance of trade and of inhabitants, the sea washing the foot of the hill on which it stands. The situation is exceedingly bold, the hill being high and steep on all sides; but the town is shrunk almost into nothing, and the seven churches into half a one. I preached at eleven in the new square, to a considerable number of serious people; and at Rye in the evening, where were many that are *not far from the kingdom of God.* Thursday 31, I preached at Robertsbridge. As yet the whole town is willing to hear; and we may hope, after the stony and the thorny ground hearers are deducted, some will *bring forth fruit with patience.*

Saturday, November 2, I returned to London. Monday 4, I went in the stage coach to Colchester, in which I met with two agreeable companions, whose hearts were quite open to instruction. Tuesday 5, in our way to Bury, we called at Felsham, near which is the seat of the late Mr. Reynolds. The house is, I think, the best contrived and the most beautiful I ever saw: it has four fronts, and five rooms on a floor, elegantly, though not sumptuously, furnished. At a small distance stands a delightful grove. On every side of this, the poor, rich man, who had no hope

beyond the grave, placed seats to enjoy life as long as he could. But being resolved none of his family should be put into the ground, he built a structure in the midst of the grove, vaulted above and beneath, with niches for coffins, strong enough to stand for ages. In one of these he had soon the satisfaction of laying the remains of his only child; and, two years after, those of his wife. After two years more, in the year 1759, having eat and drank, and forgotten God, for eighty-four years, he went himself to give an account of his stewardship.

In the evening I preached at Bury; and on Wednesday 6, rode on through heavy rain to Lynn. The people received the word with joy; though few, as yet, had any root in themselves. Thursday 7, I was desired by the prisoners to give them a word of exhortation. They received it with the utmost eagerness. Who knows, but one or two may retain it? In the evening, those who could not get in were noisy at first, but in a while they went quietly away.

Here I received a particular account of a poor, desolate one, Betty Fairbridge, formerly Hewerdine, of Whitby. For some time after she came to Lynn, she was cold and weary, quite choaked with the cares of the world. But this time twelve month, when she saw me, though she was in a deep consumption, her spirit revived. She began again earnestly to seek God; and he healed her backsliding. But her bodily weakness increased. So much the more did her faith and love increase, till prayer was swallowed up in praise, and she went away with triumphant joy.

Lynn seems to be considerably larger than Yarmouth; I believe it stands on double the ground: and the houses in general are better built; some of them are little palaces. The market-place is a spacious and noble square, more beautiful than either that at Yarmouth or Norwich. And the people are quite of another turn, affable and humane. They have the openness and frankness common throughout the county; and they add to it good nature and courtesy.

Saturday 9, I rode to Norwich. Sunday 10, our house was far too small in the evening. I suppose many hundreds

went away. To as many as could hear, I described the *strait gate.* I believe God applied it to their hearts.

Every day I found more and more reason to hope that we shall at length reap the fruit of that labour which we have bestowed on this people for so many years, as it seemed, almost in vain. In this hope I left them on Thursday 14, and preached at Lakenheath in the evening, with an uncommon blessing. Among them that attended at five in the morning, was poor A— R—, the man who first invited me to this town, but has for a long time forgotten every thing of the kind, seldom deigning even to hear the preaching. However, he felt it to-day, being in tears all the time that I was enforcing our Lord's words, *He who setteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God.*

I came to Mr. Smitheman's at Braintree, just as he had buried his daughter. So, on this occasion, we had, (what I never saw before) the house filled from end to end: I preached on, *The grass withereth; the flower fadeth; but the word of the Lord shall stand for ever.*

Sunday 17, I preached both morning and afternoon on the education of children. But, O! how few had ears to hear! Perhaps not ten mothers in the whole congregation.

Friday 22, I went over to Barnet, and paid my last debt to that excellent man Mr. John Shewell, by preaching his funeral sermon, from, *It is appointed unto men once to die.* All the time that I knew him he was a pattern of seriousness, piety, patience, and beneficence.

Thursday 28, I went to Staines, where a house is just fitted up for preaching. But it would not contain one half of the people who flocked together from every side. Those that could not get in were noisy enough; those that could were still as night.

Friday 29, We viewed the improvements of that active and useful man, the late Duke of Cumberland: the most remarkable work is, the triangular tower which he built on the edge of Windsor park. It is surrounded with shrubberies and woods, having some straight, some serpentine walks

in them, and commands a beautiful prospect all three ways; a very extensive one to the south-west. In the lower part is an alcove, which must be extremely pleasant in a summer evening. There is a little circular projection at each corner, one of which is filled by a geometrical staircase; the other two contain little apartments, one of which is a study. I was agreeably surprised to find many of the books not only religious, but admirably well chosen. Perhaps the great man spent many hours here, with only him that seeth in secret. And who can say, how deep that change went, which was so discernible in the latter part of his life?

Hence we went to Mr. Bateman's house, the oddest I ever saw with my eyes. Every thing breathes antiquity; scarcely a bedstead is to be seen that is not a hundred and fifty years old. And every thing is quite out of the common way; he scorns to have any thing like his neighbours. For six hours I suppose these elegant oddities would much delight a curious man. But after six months they would probably give him no more pleasure than a collection of feathers.

Monday, December 2, I went down with several of our friends to Gravesend, where a building, designed for an assembly-room, was employed for a better purpose. It was quite crowded, yet abundance could not get in. After reading prayers, I preached on part of the second lesson, Hebrews viii. 9, 10, 11. The room was pretty well filled at five in the morning. Fair blossoms! but what fruit will there be?

Tuesday 3, I preached at Canterbury. Wednesday 4, I rode to Ashford, one of the pleasantest towns in Kent. The preaching-house, newly fitted up, was well filled with attentive hearers. Hence we hastened to Dover, where the house was quickly filled with serious, well-behaved people. Here I found Lady H—'s preachers had gleaned up most of those whom we had discarded. They call them, "My Lady's Society," and have my free leave to do them all the good they can.

Thursday 5, I preached at Sandwich about eleven, and

at Canterbury in the evening. Friday 6, having preached to a small, but much affected company at Sittingbourn, I went on to Chatham. The large congregation here devoured the word; yet I hope they digested it too. We were strangely kept from this place for many years; at length there is an open door.

Saturday 7, In my way home I finished the first volume of Mr. Hook's Roman History. On this I remark, 1, That it is immeasurably too long, containing a thousand passages not worth relating: 2, That he relates abundance of contradictory accounts, often without telling us which is best: 3, That he recites at large the senseless tales of Cloelia swimming over the Tyber, Martius Scævola, and twenty more; and afterwards knocks them all on the head. What need then of reciting them? We want history, not romance, though compiled by Livy himself: yet, 4, I admire him for doing justice to many great men, who have been generally misrepresented: Manlius Capitolinus, in particular, as well as the two Gracchi. So that upon the whole, this is far the best history of Rome that I have seen.

I read to-day a circumstantial account of the late inundations in the north of England, occasioned by the sudden and violent over-flowing of three rivers, the Tees, the Were, and the Tyne. All these have their rise within a few miles of each other, in a mountain at the head of Teesdale and Weredale; on which there was nothing more than a little mizzling rain, till the very hour when the rivers rose, and poured down such an amazing quantity of water, as utterly astonished the people of Sunderland, at the mouth of the Were, overflowed all the lower part of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and filled the main street of Yarm, upon the Tees, with water nine or ten feet deep. Such an overflowing of these rivers none ever saw before, nor have we an account of any such in history.

Rain was not the cause of this; for there was next to none at the head of these rivers. What was the cause we may learn from a letter written at this time, by a clergyman in Carlisle. "Nothing is so surprising as what lately hap-

pened at Solway-Moss, about ten miles north from Carlisle. About four hundred acres of this moss, arose to such a height above the adjacent level, that at last it rolled forward like a torrent, and continued its course above a mile, sweeping along with it houses and trees, and every other thing in its way. It divided itself into islands of different extent, from one to ten feet in thickness. It is remarkable, that no river, or brook, runs either through, or near the moss."

To what cause then can any thinking man impute this, but to an earthquake? And the same doubtless it was, which about the same time, wrought in the bowels of that great mountain, whence those rivers rise, and discharged from thence that astonishing quantity of water.

Sunday 8, I read a little more of that strange book, Baron Swedenburg's Theologia Cælestis. It surely contains many excellent things: yet I cannot but think, the fever he had twenty years ago, when he supposes, he was "introduced into the society of angels," really introduced him into the society of lunatics. But still there is something noble, even in his ravings:

> "His mind has not yet lost
> All its original brightness, but appears
> Majestic, though in ruins."

Monday 16, I rode to Darking, where were many people; but none were cut to the heart. Tuesday 17, I went on to Ryegate-place. In King Henry the Fourth's time, this was an eminent monastery. At the dissolution of monasteries it fell into the hands of the great spoiler, Henry the Eighth. Queen Elizabeth, pleased with the situation, chose it for one of her palaces. The gentleman, who possesses it now, has entirely changed the form of it; pulling down whole piles of ancient building, and greatly altering what remains: yet, after all that is taken away, it looks more like a palace than a private house. The stair-case is of the same model with that at Hampton-Court; one would scarcely know which is the original. The chimney-piece in the hall is probably one of the most curious pieces of wood work now in the kingdom. But how long? How many of its once bustling inhabitants are already under the earth! And how

little a time will it be, before the house itself, yea, the earth shall be burnt up!

I preached in the evening to a small company, on *It is appointed unto men once to die.* All seemed moved for the present: they saw, that life is a dream: but how soon will they sleep again? Wednesday 18, I preached to another kind of congregation at Shoreham. Here we are not ploughing upon the sand. Many have received the seed upon good ground, and do bring forth fruit with patience.

Saturday 21, I met an old friend, James Hutton, whom I had not seen for five and twenty years. I felt this made no difference; my heart was quite open; his seemed to be the same. And we conversed just as we did in 1738, when we met in Fetter-lane.

Monday 23, and so all the following days, when I was not particularly engaged, I spent an hour in the morning with our preachers, as I used to do with my pupils at Oxford. Wednesday 25, I preached early at the Foundry; morning and afternoon at the chapel. In returning thence at night, a coach ran full against my chaise, and broke one of the shafts and the traces in pieces. I was thankful that this was all; that neither man nor beast received the least hurt.

Monday 30, At my brother's request I sat again for my picture. This melancholy employment always reminds me of that natural reflection,

"Behold what frailty we in man may see!
His shadow is less given to change than he!"

Wednesday, January 1, 1772, we met, as usual in the evening, in order solemnly and explicitly to renew our covenant with God. Sunday 5, I buried the remains of Elizabeth Hartland, an Israelite indeed! I know not that in thirty years she has ever dishonoured her profession, either by word or deed. Some of her last words were, *I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith.*

Tuesday 14, I spent an agreeable hour with Dr. S—, the oldest acquaintance I now have. He is the greatest genius in little things, that ever fell under my notice. Almost every

thing about him is of his own invention, either in whole or in part. Even his fire-screen, his lamps of various sorts, his ink-horn, his very save-all. I really believe, were he seriously to set about it, he could invent the best mouse-trap that ever was in the world!

Thursday 16, I set out for Luton. The snow lay so deep on the road, that it was not without much difficulty and some danger we at last reached the town. I was offered the use of the church: the frost was exceedingly sharp, and the glass was taken out of the windows. However, for the sake of the people, I accepted the offer, though I might just as well have preached in the open air. I suppose four times as many people were present as would have been at the room: and about a hundred in the morning. So I did not repent of my journey through the snow.

Friday 17, The usual road being blocked up with snow, we were obliged to take a by-road to Hertford. I found the poor children, whom Mr. A. kept at school, were increased to about thirty boys and thirteen girls. I went in immediately to the girls. As soon as I began to speak, some of them burst into tears, and their emotion rose higher and higher; but it was kept within bounds till I began to pray: a cry then arose, which spread from one to another, till almost all cried aloud for mercy, and would not be comforted.

But how was the scene changed when I went to the boys! They seemed as dead as stones, and scarcely appeared to mind any thing that was said; nay, some of them could hardly refrain from laughter: however, I spoke on, and set before them the terrors of the Lord. Presently one was cut to the heart; soon after, another and another: and in ten minutes, the far greater part of them were little less affected than the girls had been. Except at Kingswood, I have seen no such work of God upon children for above thirty years. I spoke exceedingly plain in the evening, on *The narrow way that leadeth to life*. But the men were widely different from the children; they were affected just as much as so many horses.

Saturday, February 1, I found an increase of the work of God even in Southwark. Those who so furiously opposed us some years ago, as though they would have swallowed us up quick, are now crumbled into nothing. Only the old chapel subsists, as a dull, useless dissenting meeting-house.

Friday 7, I called on a friend at Hampton Court, who went with me through the house. It struck me more than any thing of the kind I have seen in England, more than Blenheim house itself. One great difference is, every thing there appears designedly grand and splendid. Here every thing is quite, as it were, natural, and one thinks it cannot be otherwise. If the expression may be allowed, there is a kind of stiffness runs through the one, and an easiness through the other. Of pictures I do not pretend to be a judge: but there is one by Paul Rubens which particularly struck me, both with the design and the execution of it. It is Zacharias and Elizabeth, with John the Baptist, two or three years old, coming to visit Mary and our Lord sitting upon her knee. The passions are surprisingly expressed, even in the children: but I could not see either the decency or common sense of painting them stark naked: nothing can defend or excuse this; it is shockingly absurd, even an Indian being the judge. I allow, a man who paints thus may have a good hand, but certainly *cerebrum non habet!*

Sunday 9, I buried the remains of Heller Tanner: about thirty years he has adorned the gospel; diligent, patient, loving to every man, and zealous of good works.

Monday 10, In going to Darking I read Mr. Jones's ingenious tract, Upon Clean and Unclean Beasts. He really seems to prove his point, to make it reasonably plain, that there is a deeper design in that part of the Levitical law than is commonly understood: that God had a view throughout to the moral, rather than natural qualities of the creatures which he pronounced unclean; and intended it as a standing warning to his people, against the fierceness, greediness, and other ill properties, which so eminently belong to those beasts or birds that they were forbidden to eat or touch.

Tuesday 11, I casually took a volume of what is called,

"A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy." Sentimental! What is that? It is not English: he might as well say Continental. It is not sense; it conveys no determinate idea: yet one fool makes many. And this nonsensical word (who would believe it?) is become a fashionable one! However, the book agrees full well with the title; for one is as queer as the other. For oddity, uncouthness, and unlikeness to all the world beside, I suppose the writer is without a rival!

Wednesday 12, In returning, I read a very different book, published by a honest quaker, on that execrable sum of all villanies, commonly called the Slave-trade. I read of nothing like it in the heathen world, whether ancient or modern. And it infinitely exceeds, in every instance of barbarity, whatever christian slaves suffer in Mahometan countries.

Friday 14, I began to execute a design which had long been in my thoughts, to print as accurate an edition of my works as a bookseller would do. Surely I ought to be as exact for God's sake as he would be for money!

Monday 17, One gave me a very remarkable relation. A gay young woman lately came up to London: curiosity led her to hear a sermon, which cut her to the heart. One standing by observed how she was affected, and took occasion to talk with her. She lamented that she should hear no more such sermons, as she was to go into the country the next day; but begged her new acquaintance to write to her there, which she promised to do. In the country her convictions so increased, that she resolved to put an end to her own life. With this design she was going up stairs, when her father called her, and gave her a letter from London. It was from her new acquaintance, who told her, "Christ is just ready to receive you: now is the day of salvation." She cried out, "It is, it is! Christ is mine!" and was filled with joy unspeakable. She begged her father to give her pen, ink, and paper, that she might answer her friend immediately. She told her what God had done for her soul, and added, "We have no time to lose! The Lord is at hand:

Now, even now, we are stepping into eternity." She directed her letter, dropped down and died.

Friday 21, I met several of my friends, who had begun a subscription to prevent my riding on horseback; which I cannot do quite so well, since a hurt which I got some months ago. If they continue it, well; if not, I shall have strength according to my need.

Tuesday 25, I had an interview with T. M—, who seemed much to desire a re-union. But he only seemed; for when we explained upon the head I found he meant just nothing. Wednesday 26, I took my leave of that amiable woman, Mrs. Bl—. I doubt whether we shall meet again upon earth: but it is enough, if we meet in Abraham's bosom.

Friday 28, I opened the new preaching-house in Poplar; one might say, consecrated it: for the English law, notwithstanding the vulgar error, does not require, nay, does not allow any other consecration of churches than by performing public service therein.

Sunday, March 1, After the evening service I went to Brentford. Monday 2, I preached at Newbury; Tuesday 3, about noon, at the Devizes. The furious prejudice which long reigned in this town is now vanished away; the persecutors, almost to a man, being gone to their account. In the evening I preached at Bristol, and after having spent a few comfortable days there, on Monday 9, set out for the North. In the evening I preached at Stroud: here I had much conversation with one that, fifteen months ago, was clearly saved from sin; and immediately Satan was permitted to sift her as wheat. From that moment she was buffetted day and night, so that through the agony of her mind, sleep wholly departed from her eyes, and it was supposed she must soon lose her senses. But in the height of her distress God spoke, and there was a great calm. All was peace and love, and from that time she has been unspeakably happy.

Wednesday 11, About noon I preached at Tewksbury a funeral sermon, for one who had been a pattern of all holiness, till she was snatched away in the bloom of youth! In

the evening I preached in the new chapel at Worcester; it was thoroughly filled. For a time the work of God was hindered here by a riotous mob; but the Mayor cut them short; and ever since we have been in perfect peace.

Saturday 14, I left Worcester. The frost was exceedingly sharp, as it was last year just at this time. I preached in Bengeworth near Evesham, at eleven, and then took horse for Broadmarston. The north-east wind, uncommonly sharp, was exactly in our faces: but what is the pleasure or pain of this life? a moment, and it is gone!

Sunday 15, At six in the morning, and five in the evening, I preached in our own chapel; at eleven, in Quinton church; and between two and three at Honeybourn. Monday 16, as much snow had fallen in the night, it was with difficulty we reached Alcester, where I took chaise for Birmingham. Here our brethren walk in the fear of God, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost. And God has, at length, made even the beasts of the people to be at peace with them. All were quiet in the evening. And at five in the morning, although so much snow had fallen, that it lay mid-leg deep in all the streets, yet the house was nearly filled.

Tuesday 17, Partly in a chaise, partly on horseback, I made a shift to get to Bilbrook, and after preaching, to Wolverhampton. Thursday 19, I preached at Burton-upon-Trent; at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in the afternoon; and in the evening to a lovely congregation, in the new house at Loughborough. Here is a fair prospect; the last society in the circuit is likely to be one of the first. They increase continually, and are athirst to be, not almost, but altogether Christians.

Friday 20, I rode to Markfield, through violent rain. The church, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, was pretty well filled, not with curious hearers, but with earnest people, who sought only to save their souls. Some such we found at Leicester also, in the evening, together with many who had little thought about it; to whom, therefore, I spoke in a quite different manner, exhorting them to awake out of

sleep. I believe, God applied his word; for the house, large as it is, was nearly filled at five in the morning. And all seemed willing to receive that important truth, *Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.*

Saturday 21, About noon I preached at Hotoa; in the evening at Nottingham. Sunday 22, while we were crossing Sawley-ferry it rained in good earnest: but it was quite fair all the time I was preaching at Donnington. In the evening I preached at Derby: both the room and the yard were crowded enough, and yet abundance went away. After preaching, the people hung at the doors, and could not be persuaded to go away: so at length I suffered them to come in with the society, and strongly exhorted them to worship God in spirit and in truth.

Monday 23, A large congregation was present at five, to whom I spoke with all possible plainness. About nine I reached Ashbourn in the Peak; but the house would not hold a quarter of the people: so I stood in the market-place, and cried aloud, *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.* One or two walked to and fro quite unconcerned: but none offered the least rudeness; and the bulk of the congregation drank in every word. While I was dining at Leek, some gentlemen of the town sent to desire I would give them a sermon. As it seemed to be a providential call, I did not think it right to refuse. A large congregation quickly ran together, and were deeply attentive. We had a solemn congregation at Macclesfield in the evening, to whom I preached longer than usual: but I felt no more weariness when I had done, than I did at six in the morning.

Wednesday 25, We went on to Congleton, where all is now peace and love. None is now left to speak against the Methodists except Mr. Sambach the curate: he earnestly labours to drive them from the church, but they will not leave it yet: they both love her liturgy and her doctrine, and know not where to find better.

Friday 27, I preached at Nantwich about noon, and then dragged through a miserable road, till within two or three miles of Whitchurch the chaise stuck fast, and all our

strength could not get it a yard farther; so I took horse and rode to the town. Saturday 28, I rode on to Chester.

Sunday 29, There were about forty persons in St. John's church at the morning service. Our room was pretty well filled in the morning, and crowded in the evening. Monday 30, at one I preached in Warrington: I believe all the young gentlemen of the academy were there; to whom I stated and proved the use of reason from those words of St. Paul, *In wickedness be ye children; but in understanding be ye men.*

I had very large and very serious congregations at Liverpool, morning and evening, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

Friday, April 3, I set out for Wigan. But before we came to Ashton, I was glad to use my own feet, and leave the poor horses to drag the chaise, as they could. I preached at Wigan about twelve, and in the evening at Bolton. How wonderfully has God wrought in this place! John Bennet, some years ago, reduced this society from seven score to twelve. And they are now risen to a hundred and seventy.

Sunday 5, I preached at eight to as many as the house would contain: but at noon I was obliged to stand in the street, and explain the one thing needful. I preached at Manchester in the evening; but the house was far too small; crowds were obliged to go away. The speculative knowledge of the truth has ascended here, from the least to the greatest: but how far short is this of experimental knowledge! Yet it is a step toward it not to be despised.

Monday 6, In the afternoon I drank tea at A. O's. But how was I shocked! the children that used to cling about me, and drink in every word, had been at a boarding-school! There they had unlearned all religion, and even seriousness; and had learned pride, vanity, affectation, and whatever could guard them against the knowledge and love of God. Methodist parents, who would send your girls headlong to hell, send them to a fashionable boarding-school!

Tuesday 7, I went to New Mills. Notwithstanding all

the rain, the house was well filled; for nothing can hinder this lively, earnest people. Wednesday 8, I returned to Manchester, and, in the evening, fully delivered my own soul. Thursday 9, Mr. Bruce offering to accompany me into Scotland, I took him and Mr. E. too: and it was well I did; for his horse quickly falling, and disabling himself, I was obliged to leave Mr. E. behind. God grant, that he may not be left behind for ever! Friday 11, having sent my chaise before, I rode to Ambleside: thence, on Saturday, we went on comfortably in hired chaises to Whitehaven. Sunday 12, at eight we had our usual congregation of plain, earnest people: but, at five, (who would imagine it?) we had well nigh all the gentry of the town: and *the power of the Lord was present to heal them*, so that few, I believe, were unaffected. The same power was present at the meeting of the children. I never, in all my life, was so affected with any part of Solomon's Song, as while one of the girls was repeating it.

Monday 13, At five in the evening we had all the gentry again, with several clergymen: and again the Spirit applied the word; for the present even the rich seemed to be moved. As soon as I had delivered my message, I set out for Cockermouth. Tuesday 14, I set out for Carlisle. A great part of the road was miserably bad: however, we reached it in the afternoon, and found a small company of plain, loving people. The place where they had appointed me to preach was out of the gate; yet it was tolerably filled with attentive hearers. Afterwards, enquiring for the Glasgow road, I found it was not much round to go by Edinburgh: so I chose that road, and went five miles forward this evening, to one of our friend's houses. Here we had an hearty welcome *sub lare parvulo*, with sweet and quiet rest.

Wednesday 15, Though it was a lone house, we had a large congregation at five in the morning. Afterwards we rode for upwards of twenty miles, through a most delightful country, the fruitful mountains rising on either hand, and the clear stream running beneath. In the afternoon we

had a furious storm of rain and snow: however, we reached Selkirk safe. Here I observed a little piece of stateliness which was quite new to me: the maid came in and said, "Sir, *the lord of the stable* waits to know if he should feed your horses." We call him *hostler* in England. After supper, all the family seemed glad to join with us in prayer.

Thursday 16, We went on through the mountains covered with snow to Edinburgh. April 17, being Good-Friday, I went to the Episcopal chapel, and was agreeably surprised: not only the prayers were read well, seriously, and distinctly, but the sermon, upon the sufferings of Christ, was sound and unexceptionable: above all, the behaviour of the whole congregation, rich and poor, was solemn and serious.

Saturday 18, I set out for Glasgow. One would rather have imagined, it was the middle of January than the middle of April. The snow covered the mountains on either hand, and the frost was exceedingly sharp: so I preached within, both this evening and on Sunday morning: but in the evening the multitude constrained me to stand in the street. My text was, *What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common.* Hence I took occasion to fall upon their miserable bigotry for opinions and modes of worship. Many seemed to be not a little convinced: but how long will the impression continue?

Monday 20, I went on to Greenock, a sea-port town, twenty miles west of Glasgow. It is built very much like Plymouth Dock, and has a safe and spacious harbour. The trade and inhabitants, and consequently the houses, are increasing swiftly: and so is cursing, swearing, drunkenness, sabbath-breaking, and all manner of wickedness. Our room is about thrice as large as that at Glasgow; but it would not nearly contain the congregation. I spoke exceedingly plain, and not without hope that we may see some fruit, even among this hard-hearted generation.

Tuesday 21, The house was very full in the morning: and they shewed an excellent spirit; for, after I had spoken

a few words on the head, every one stood up at the singing. In the afternoon I preached at Port Glasgow, a large town, two miles east of Greenock. Many gay people were there, careless enough; but the greater part seemed to hear with understanding. In the evening I preached at Greenock, and God gave them a loud call, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear.

Wednesday 22, About eight, I preached once more in the Mason's Lodge at Port Glasgow: the house was crowded greatly; and, I suppose, all the gentry of the town were a part of the congregation. Resolving not to shoot over their heads, as I had done the day before, I spoke strongly of death and judgment, heaven and hell. This they seemed to comprehend; and there was no more laughing among them, or talking with each other, but all were quietly and deeply attentive.

In the evening, when I began at Glasgow, the congregation being but small, I chose a subject fit for experienced Christians; but, soon after, a heap of fine, gay people came in; yet I could not decently break off what I was about, though they gaped and stared abundantly: I could only give a short exhortation in the close, more suited to their capacity.

Thursday 23, Was the fast before the Lord's-Supper. It was kept as a Sunday: no shops being open or business done. Three ministers came to assist Mr. Gillies, with whom I had much conversation: they all seemed to be pious as well as sensible men. As it rained in the evening, I preached in the Grammar-school, a large, commodious room. I know not that ever I spoke more plainly, nor, perhaps, with more effect. Friday 24, we had a large congregation at five, and many of the rich and gay among them. I was aware of them now, and they seemed to comprehend perfectly well, what it is to be *ashamed of the gospel of Christ*. I set out at seven: in the evening I preached at Edinburgh, on *My son, give me thy heart;* and, after preaching in the morning, on Saturday 25, set out for the North.

I reached Perth in the evening, and sent to the Provost to

desire the use of the Guildhall, in which I preached Sunday 26, in the morning, and (it being very cold) in the evening. Afterwards I accepted of the Provost's invitation to lodge at his house; and spent an agreeable evening with him and three ministers, and concluded the day with solemn prayer.

Monday 27, I spent three or four hours in conversation with Dr. Oswald and Mr. Fraser, two as pious and sensible ministers as any I know in Scotland. From Methuen we went on to Dunkeld, once the capital of the Caledonian kingdom, now a small town, standing on the bank of the Tay, and at the foot of several rough, high mountains. The air was sharp, yet the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad; and, I trust, not in vain: for great was the power of God in the midst of them. Tuesday 28, we walked through the duke of Athol's gardens, in which was one thing I never saw before, a summer-house in the middle of a green-house, by means of which one might in the depth of winter enjoy the warmth of May, and sit surrounded with greens and flowers on every side.

In the evening I preached once more at Perth, to a large and serious congregation: afterwards they did me an honour I never thought of, presented me with the freedom of the city. The diploma ran thus:

"Magistratuum illustris ordo et honorandus senatorum cœtus inclytæ civitatis Perthensis, in debiti amoris et affectuum tesseram erga Johannem W—y, immunitatibus præfatæ civitatis; Societatis etiam et fraternitatis ædilitiæ privilegiis donarunt

"Aprilis die 28 anno Sal. 1772."

I question whether any diploma from the city of London be more pompous, or expressed in better Latin.

In my way to Perth I read over the first volume of Dr. Robertson's History of Charles V. I know not when I have been so disappointed. It might as well be called the History of Alexander the Great. Here is a quarto volume, of eight or ten shillings price, containing dry, verbose dissertations on feudal government: the substance of all which might be

comprised in half a sheet of paper. But Charles V.—Where is Charles V?

"Leave off thy reflections, and give us thy tale!"

Wednesday 29, I went on to Brechin, and preached in the Town-hall to a congregation of all sorts, Seceders, Glassites, Nonjurors, and what not? Oh! what excuse have ministers in Scotland for not declaring the whole counsel of God, where the bulk of the people not only endure, but love plain dealing?

Friday and Saturday I rested at Aberdeen. Sunday, May 3, I went in the morning to the English church. Here, likewise, I could not but admire the exemplary decency of the congregation: this was the more remarkable, because so miserable a reader I never heard before. Listning with all attention, I understood but one single word, *Balak*, in the first lesson: and one more, *begat*, was all I could possibly distinguish in the second. Is there no man of spirit belonging to this congregation? Why is such a burlesque upon public worship suffered? Would it not be far better, to pay this gentleman for *doing nothing*, than for *doing mischief?* for bringing a scandal upon religion?

About three I preached at the College Kirk in the Old Town, to a large congregation, rich and poor: at six, in our own house, on *the narrow way*. I spoke exceedingly plain, both this evening and the next; yet none were offended. What encouragement has every preacher in this country, *by manifestation of the truth*, to *commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God?*

Tuesday 5, I read over in my journey Dr. Beattie's ingenious Enquiry after Truth. He is a writer quite equal to his subject, and far above the match of all the minute philosophers, David Hume in particular, the most insolent despiser of truth and virtue that ever appeared in the world. And yet, it seems, some complain of this doctor's using him with too great severity. I cannot understand how that can be, unless he treated him with rudeness, (which he does not) since he is an avowed enemy to God and man, and to all that is sacred and valuable upon earth.

In the evening I preached in the new house at Arbroath, (properly Aberbrothwick.) In this town there is a change indeed! It was wicked to a proverb: remarkable for sabbath-breaking, cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and a general contempt of religion. But it is not so now. Open wickedness disappears; no oaths are heard, no drunkenness seen in the streets: and many have not only ceased from evil, and learned to do well, but are witnesses of the inward kingdom of God, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Wednesday 6, the magistrates here also did me the honour of presenting me with the freedom of their corporation. I value it as a token of their respect, though I shall hardly make any farther use of it.

Thursday 7, I took Thomas Cherry away with me; but it was too late: he will hardly recover. Let all observe, (that no more preachers may murder themselves,) here is another martyr to *screaming!* We had a great congregation in the evening at Dundee, it being the fast-day, before the sacrament. Never in my life did I speak more plainly or closely: let God apply it as it pleaseth him. Friday 8, I laboured to reconcile those who (according to the custom of the place) were vehemently contending about nothing. Saturday 9, I went to Edinburgh.

Sunday 10, I attended the Church of England service in the morning, and that of the kirk in the afternoon. Truly *no man having drank old wine, straightway desireth new.* How dull and dry did the latter appear to *me*, who had been accustomed to the former. In the evening I endeavoured to reach the hearts of a large congregation, by applying part of the sermon on the mount: and I am persuaded God applied it with power to many consciences. Monday 11, I spoke severally to the members of the society, as closely as I could. Out of ninety (now united) I scarcely found ten of the original society: so indefatigable have the good ministers been, to root out the seed God had sown in their hearts.

Tuesday 12, I preached at Ormiston, ten miles south of Edinburgh, to a large and deeply serious congregation.

I dined at the minister's, a sensible man, who heartily bid us God speed: but he soon changed his mind: Lord H. informed him, that he had received a letter from Lady H., assuring him, that we were "dreadful heretics, to whom no countenance should be given." 'Tis pity! should not the children of God leave the devil to do his own work? Wednesday 13, I preached at Leith, in the most horrid, dreary room I have seen in the kingdom: but the next day I found another kind of room, airy, cheerful, and lightsome, which Mr. Parker undertook to fit up for the purpose, without any delay.

Sunday 17, I had appointed to preach at noon, in the Lady's Walk at Leith; but, being offered the use of the episcopal chapel, I willingly accepted it, and both read prayers and preached. Here also the behaviour of the congregation did honour to our church.

Monday 18, Dr. Hamilton brought with him Dr. Monro and Dr. Gregory. They satisfied me what my disorder was; and told me, there was but one method of cure: perhaps but one *natural* one: but, I think, God has more than one method of healing either the soul or the body. In the evening, (the weather being still severe) I preached in the new house at Leith, to a lovely audience, on *Narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life.* Many were present again at five in the morning. How long have we toiled here almost in vain! yet, I cannot but hope, God will at length have a people even in this place. Wednesday 20, I took my leave of Edinburgh in the morning, by strongly enforcing the apostle's exhortation, *Be careful for nothing, but in every thing make your requests known unto God, with thanksgiving.*

I had designed to preach (as usual) at Provost Dixon's in Haddington, in the way to Dunbar: but the Provost too had received light from the "circular letter," and durst not receive those heretics. So we went round by the Marquis of Tweedale's seat, completely finished within and without: but he that took so much delight in it, is gone to

his long home, and has left it to one that has no taste or regard for it. So rolls the world away!

In the evening I preached at Dunbar. Thursday 21, I went to the Bass, seven miles from it, which, in the horrid reign of Charles II., was the prison of those venerable men, who suffered the loss of all things for a good conscience. It is a high rock surrounded by the sea, two or three miles in circumference, and about two miles from the shore. The strong east wind made the water so rough, that the boat could hardly live: and when we came to the only landing-place, (the other sides being quite perpendicular,) it was with much difficulty that we got up, climbing on our hands and knees. The castle, as one may judge by what remains, was utterly inaccessible: the walls of the chapel, and of the governor's house, are tolerably entire: the garden walls are still seen near the top of the rock, with the well in the midst of it; and round the walls there are spots of grass that feed eighteen or twenty sheep. But the proper natives of the island are solan-geese, a bird about the size of a Muscovy-duck, which breed by thousands, from generation to generation, on the sides of the rock. It is peculiar to these, that they lay but one egg, which they do not sit upon at all, but keep it under one foot, (as we saw with our eyes) till it is hatched. How many prayers did the holy men confined here offer up, in that evil day! and how many thanksgivings should we return, for all the liberty, civil and religious, which we enjoy!

At our return, we walked over the ruins of Tantallon castle, once the seat of the great earls of Douglas. The front walls (it was four square) are still standing, and, by their vast height and huge thickness, give us a little idea of what it once was. Such is human greatness!

Friday 22, We took a view of the famous Roman camp, lying on a mountain, two or three miles from the town. It is encompassed with two broad and deep ditches, and is not easy of approach on any side. Here lay General Lesley with his army, while Cromwell was starving below: he had no way to escape; but the enthusiastic fury of the Scots

delivered him: when they marched into the valley to swallow him up, he mowed them down like grass.

Saturday 23, I went on to Alnwick, and preached in the town-hall. What a difference between an English and a Scotch congregation! These judge themselves rather than the preacher, and their aim is, not only to know, but to love and obey.

Monday 25, I preached in Morpeth at noon, and in the evening at Newcastle. Wednesday 27, I went on to Sunderland, and was surprised to find the society smaller than I left it. It is true, many are removed to other places, and many are removed to Abraham's bosom: but still there must be want of zeal in those that remain, or this loss would have been more than supplied, out of the multitude of serious people who constantly attend the preaching.

Saturday 30, I met a company of the most lively children that I have seen for several years. One of them repeated her hymn with such propriety, that I did not observe one accent misplaced. Fair blossoms! and if they be duly attended, there may be good fruit!

Sunday 31, At eight I preached near the market-place, to an immense congregation: that in Gateshead Fell, at two, was still more numerous, but more attentive they could not be. About five, I preached in the Castle-garth at Newcastle, to the largest congregation of all, but not the most serious; there being not a few casual or curious hearers among them.

Monday, June 1, I began a little tour through the Dales. About nine, I preached at Kip-hill; at one, at Wolsingham. Here we began to trace the revival of the work of God; and here began the horrid mountains we had to climb over: however, before six, we reached Barnard-Castle. I preached at the end of the preaching-house, to a large congregation of established Christians. At five in the morning, the house was nearly full of persons ripe for the height and depth of the gospel. Tuesday 2, we rode to New Biggin in Teesdale. The people were deeply attentive, but, I think, not deeply affected. From the top of the next

enormous mountain we had a view of Weardale. It is a lovely prospect. The green gently-rising meadows and fields on both sides of the little river, clear as crystal, were sprinkled over with innumerable little houses; three in four of which, if not nine in ten, are sprung up since the Methodists came hither. Since that time the beasts are turned into men, and the wilderness into a fruitful field.

It being very cold, I judged it best to preach in the house, though many of the people could not get in. Just as I began to pray, a man began to scream, and that so loud, that my voice was quite drowned. I desired he would contain himself as far as he could; and he did so, tolerably well. I then applied the account of the woman of Canaan. The people devoured every word.

Wednesday 3, I desired to speak with those who believed God had saved them from inward sin. I closely examined them, twenty in all, ten men, eight women, and two children. Of one man, and one or two women, I stood in doubt. The experience of the rest was clear; particularly that of the children, Margaret Spenser, aged fourteen, and Sally Blackburn, a year younger. But what a contrast was there between them! Sally Blackburn was all calmness; her look, her speech, her whole carriage was as sedate as if she had lived three-score years. On the contrary, Peggy was all fire; her eye sparkled; her very features spoke; her whole face was all alive; and she looked as if she were just ready to take wing for heaven! Lord, let neither of these live to dishonour thee! Rather take them unspotted to thyself!

In the evening I preached on, *Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it:* and indeed God confirmed his word. There was a cry on every side, but not like that last night: this did not damp, but quicken the rest, especially that of the children; many of whom mourned for God, but some rejoiced with joy unspeakable. About twenty of them, steady and consistent, both in their testimony and behaviour, desired to join with their elder brethren in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. A few were then also constrained to cry

out, but the greater part enjoyed "the silent heaven of love."

Thursday 4, At five I took my leave of this blessed people. I was a little surprised, in looking attentively upon them, to observe so many beautiful faces as I never saw before in one congregation: many of the children in particular, twelve or fourteen of whom (chiefly boys) sat full in my view: but I allow much more might be owing to grace than nature, to the heaven within that shone outwardly.

Before I give a more particular account of this work of God, it may be well to look back to the very beginning of it. In this part of Weardale the people in general are employed in the lead mines. In the year 1749, Mr. Hopper and John Brown came and preached among them; but it made no impression; none opposed, and none asked them to eat or drink. Mr. H. nevertheless made them several visits in the ensuing spring and summer. Towards autumn four found peace with God, and agreed to meet together. At Christmas two of the exhorters in Allandale determined to visit Weardale; before they entered it they kneeled down on the snow, and earnestly besought the Lord, that he would incline some person, who was worthy, to receive them into his house. At the first house where they called they were bid welcome, and they stayed there four days. Their word was with power, so that many were convinced, and some converted to God. One of these exhorters was Jacob Rowell: they continued their visits at intervals all winter. In the beginning of summer, about twenty lively, steady people, were joined together. From that time they gradually increased to thirty-five, and continued about that number for ten years. There was then a remarkable revival among them, by means of Samuel Meggot; so that they increased to eighty; but four years since they were reduced to sixty-three. From that time they increased again, and were in August a hundred and twenty.

In two respects this society has always been peculiarly remarkable; the one, they have been the most liberal in providing every thing needful for the preachers: the other,

they have been particulary careful, with regard to marriage. They have, in general, married with each other; and that not for the sake of money, but virtue. Hence, having been yoke-fellows in grace before, they more easily bear the yoke of marriage, and assist each other in training up their children; and God has eminently blessed them therein. For in most of their families the greatest part of the children above ten years old are converted to God: so that to several among them one may say, (as St. Paul to Timothy) *The faith which dwelt first in thy grandmother, and thy mother, I am persuaded is in thee also.* It was observable too, that their leaders were upright men, alive to God, and having an uncommon gift in prayer; this was increased by their continual exercise of it: the preachers were there but once a fortnight: but though they had neither preacher nor exhorter, they met every night for singing and prayer.

Last summer the work of God revived, and gradually increased till the end of November: then God began to make bare his arm in an extraordinary manner. Those who were strangers to God felt as it were a sword in their bones, constraining them to roar aloud. Those who knew God, were filled with joy unspeakable, and were almost equally loud in praise and thanksgiving. The convictions that seized the unawakened were in general exceedingly deep: so that their cries drowned every other voice, and no other means could be used than the speaking to the distressed, one by one, and encouraging them to lay hold on Christ: and this has not been in vain. Many that were either on their knees, or prostrate on the ground, have suddenly started up, and their very countenances shewed that the Comforter was come. Immediately these began to go about from one to another of them that were still in distress, praising God, and exhorting them without delay to come to so gracious a Saviour. Many who, to that hour, appeared quite unconcerned, were thereby cut to the heart, and suddenly filled with such anguish of soul, as extorted loud and bitter cries. By such a succession of persons mourning and rejoicing, they have been frequently detained, so that they could not part till ten or

eleven at night, nay, sometimes not till four in the morning.

A farther account was drawn up by the leaders. "On Sunday afternoon, December 1, as William Hunter was preaching, the power of God fell on the congregation in a wonderful manner. Many being cut to the heart, cried aloud for mercy, and ten were added to the society. On Tuesday evening we met again at six, but could not part till ten. In this time four found peace with God, and ran from one to another, exhorting them to believe in Christ. On Wednesday night many were deeply distressed, but none set at liberty. While we were meeting on Thursday, two were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. On Saturday night we met at six, and three of us sung and prayed: but before the third had done, his voice could not be heard for the cries of the people. Seven of these soon arose, blessing and praising God, and went about encouraging others. Many hardened sinners were much affected thereby, and began to cry as loud as they had done; so that we had nothing to do but to stand and see the wonderful work of God. And, Oh! how dreadful, yet pleasing was the sight! All this time many were crying for mercy: among these were four young men, who remained on their knees five hours together. We endeavoured to break up the meeting at ten, but the people would not go; so that we were constrained to continue till twelve. Near this time one was asked, "What he thought of this." He answered, "I wish it be all real." He then turned to go home; but, after taking a few steps, began to cry aloud for mercy. He cried till his strength was quite gone, and then lay as one dead till about four o'clock in the morning; then God revealed his Son in his heart. During this meeting eleven persons found peace with God.

"On Sunday morning we met at the common hour, and three of us sung and prayed as usual, till our voice was drowned by the thanksgivings of the new converts, and the cries of convinced sinners. Among the rest, an ancient woman was so struck, that she vehemently cried out, "Mercy, mercy! O what a sinner am I! I was the first that received them into my house in Weardale, and have heard them al-

most these thirty years. O pray for me. Mercy, mercy!' It was not long before she found mercy, and mightily rejoiced in God her Saviour. And about the same time another mourner passed from death unto life.

"We met again at two, and abundance of people came from various parts, being alarmed by some confused reports. We sung and prayed, and the power of God descended. A young man, who had been deeply wounded in the morning, now found one mighty to heal. We then concluded; but many of the people came in again, and others stayed at the door. Among those who came in, was one who had been remarkably profligate. He cried for mercy with all his might; several crowded about to see him. And before we parted, not only he, but five more were rejoicing and praising God together. We met again on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and by that time nine more found peace.

"Mr. Rowell came on Thursday, stayed three days, and joined many new members. Three and thirty of these had found peace with God, as did five more in the week following. When Mr. Watson came, he joined many more, eleven of whom were justified. At our meeting on Tuesday, eleven more were filled with the peace of God: yet one young man seemed quite unconcerned: but suddenly the power of God fell upon him: he cried for two hours with all his might, and then the Lord set his soul at liberty. On Saturday a few met at Mr. Hunter's room, who were athirst for full sanctification. For this they wrestled with God, till a young man found the blessing, as several others have done since. We have ever since continued our meetings, and God has continued his loving kindness toward us: so that above a hundred and twenty are added to the society, above a hundred of whom are believers."

I left John Fenwick on Friday, June 5, to examine the society one by one: this he did on Friday and Saturday: the account of what ensued he gave in the following words:

"On Saturday evening God was present through the whole service, but especially toward the conclusion: then one and another dropped down, till six lay on the ground

together, roaring for the disquietude of their hearts. Observing many to be quite amazed at this, I besought them to stand still, and see the salvation of God. But the cry of the distressed soon drowned my voice; so I dismissed the congregation: about half of them went away. I continued praying with the rest when my voice could be heard; when it could not, I prayed without a voice, till after ten o'clock. In this time four of these poor mourners were clothed with the robes of praise.

"The society now consists of a hundred and sixty-five members; of whom there are but twenty that have not found peace with God. Surely such a work of God has not been seen before in any part of the three kingdoms."

Such a work, it is true, in many respects, was that at Everton, some years since; yet not in all, as will fully appear, if we consider a few more circumstances of this:

"Forty-three of these are children, thirty of whom are rejoicing in the love of God. The chief instrument God has used among these is Jane Salkeld, a school-mistress, a young woman that is a pattern to all that believe. A few of her children are, Phebe Teatherston, nine years and a half old, a child of uncommon understanding; Hannah Watson, ten years old, full of faith and love; Aaron Ridson, not eleven years old, but wise and stayed as a man; Sarah Smith, eight years and a half old, but as serious as a woman of fifty. Sarah Morris, fourteen years of age, is as a mother among them, always serious, always watching over the rest, and building them up in love.

"Mention was made of four young men who were affected on the second Wednesday in December. These, hearing of the roaring of the people, came out of mere curiosity. That evening, six were wounded and fell to the ground, crying aloud for mercy. One of them hearing the cry, rushed through the crowd to see what was the matter. He was no sooner got to the place than he dropped down himself, and cried as loud as any. The other three, pressing on, one after another, were struck just in the same manner: and indeed all of them were in such agonies, that many feared

they were struck with death. But all the ten were fully delivered before the meeting concluded, which indeed was not till four in the morning.

"Jane Collins had been a hearer for twenty years, but was not awakened till at a prayer meeting last winter she was cut to the heart. It being Sunday the meeting should have ended at nine, but, through her distress, it continued till nearly twelve. She was then hardly persuaded to go home. In the evening she returned, but was dead as a stone: so she continued all night: but the next day God revealed his Son in her heart.

"Edward Farles had been a hearer for many years, but was never convinced of sin. Hearing there was much roaring and crying at the prayer-meetings, he came to hear and see for himself. That evening many cried to God for mercy. He said, he 'wished it was all real;' and went away more prejudiced than before, especially against the 'roarers and criers,' as he called them. But soon after he got home, he was struck to the ground, so distressed, that he was convulsed all over. His family fearing that he would die, sent for some of the 'praying people.' For some hours he seemed to be every moment on the point of expiring, in deep agony, both of body and mind. He then lay as quite breathless. But about four in the morning, God, in a moment, healed both soul and body. Ever since he has adorned the gospel.

"The rise of the late work was this. William Hunter and John Watson, men not of large gifts, but zealous for christian perfection, by their warm conversation on the head, kindled a flame in some of the leaders. These pressed others to seek after it; and for this end appointed meetings for prayer. The fire then spread wider and wider till the whole society was in a flame." Thus far John Fenwick.

It was observed above, that this work greatly resembled that at Everton: it did in many respects, but not in all: to instance in some particulars.

It resembles that work, 1, in its unexpected beginning. No such work had ever been seen before, either at Everton

or in Weardale, when it broke out in so astonishing a manner, equally unlooked for by the instruments and by the subjects of it: the latter resembles the former work, 2, in the swiftness of its progress, I mean, in the persons affected: many of whom were in one day, or even two or three hours, both convinced of sin (without any previous awakening) and converted to God: 3, in the number of persons both convinced and converted, which was greater in a few months than it had been in Weardale from the first preaching there, or in Everton for a century. The work in Weardale resembled that at Everton, 4, in the outward symptoms which have attended it: in both, the sudden and violent emotions of mind, whether of fear or sorrow, of desire or joy, affected the whole bodily frame; insomuch that many trembled exceedingly, many fell to the ground, many were violently convulsed, perhaps all over, and many seemed to be in the agonies of death: and the far greater part, however otherwise affected, cried with a loud and bitter cry. To name but one circumstance more, there was a great resemblance, 5, in most of the instruments whom God employed: these were plain, artless men, simple of heart, but without any remarkable gifts; men, who, almost literally, *knew nothing, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*

In these respects the work of God in Weardale nearly resembled that at Everton; but in other respects they were widely different: for, 1, that was the first work of God, of the kind, which had ever been in those parts, in the memory of man: this was only the revival of a work which had continued for many years: now these circumstances are common at the dawn of a work, but afterwards very uncommon. I do not remember to have seen the like any where in the three kingdoms, unless at the beginning of a work: 2, although the former work was swift, the latter was far swifter: in general, persons were both awakened and justified in a far shorter time: 3, a far greater number were converted to God in Weardale than about Everton, although the number of hearers round about Everton was abundantly greater than in Weardale: 4, although the outward symptoms were the

same, yet in Weardale there were none of the dreams, visions, and revelations, which abounded at Everton; and which, though at first they undoubtedly were from God, yet were afterwards fatally counterfeited by the devil to the great discredit of the work of God: 5, there was a great difference in the instruments whom God employed in one and in the other work: not one of those in or near Everton had any experience in the guiding of souls: none of them were more than babes in Christ, if any of them so much; whereas in Weardale, not only the three preachers were, I believe, renewed in love, but most of the leaders were deeply experienced in the work of God, accustomed to train up souls in his way, and not ignorant of Satan's devices. And hence we may easily account for the grand difference between the former and the latter work; namely, that the one was so shallow, there scarcely being any subjects rising above an infant state of grace; the other so deep, many, both men, women, and children, being what St. John terms young men in Christ. Yea, many children here have had far greater experience, and more constant fellowship with God, than the oldest man or woman at Everton whom I have seen or heard of: so that, upon the whole, we may affirm such a work of God as this has not been seen before in the three kingdoms.

Friday 5, Upon examination I found the society at Newcastle also smaller than it was two years since: this I can impute to nothing but the want of visiting from house to house, without which the people will hardly increase either in number or grace.

In the following week I preached in many towns round Newcastle, and on Saturday went again to Sunderland. In the evening we mightily wrestled with God for an enlargement of his work: as we were concluding, an eminent backslider came strongly into my mind; and I broke out abruptly, "Lord, is Saul also among the prophets? Is James Watson here? If he be, shew thy power!" Down dropped James Watson like a stone, and began crying aloud for mercy:

"Here, Lord, let all his wanderings end,
And all his steps to thee-ward tend."

Wednesday 15, I left Newcastle. About noon I preached at Durham; in the evening at Stockton; on Tuesday at Yarm; Wednesday at Thirsk; on Thursday at Osmotherley and Hutton Rudby. Friday 19, I preached in Stokesley at eight, and then crept over the moors to Castleton. The congregation was gathered from many miles round, and was indeed swift to hear. It was with much difficulty that we got from hence to Whitby between six and seven.

Here I found a lively society indeed; the chief reason of their liveliness was this: those who were renewed in love, (about forty in number) continuing fervent in spirit, and zealous for God, quickened the rest, and were a blessing to all around them.

Saturday 20, It being a fair mild evening, I preached on the smooth green, on the top of the hill, a little above the church. As soon as I began to preach some poor men began ringing the bells: but it was lost labour, for all the people could hear to the very skirts of the congregation.

Sunday 21, About noon I preached in the little square at Robinhood's-bay to most of the inhabitants of the town, and in the evening at Scarborough in the shell of the new house. Monday 22, I went on to Bridlington: the room being far too small, I was desired to preach in the church-yard. On the ringing of the bells I removed thence to the market-house, where we had more than double the congregation, the snowball gathering all the way we went.

Tuesday 23, About eleven I preached at Driffield: the sun was extremely hot, but I was tolerably screened by a shady tree: in the evening I preached at Beverley, and on Wednesday 24, in the new house at Hull, extremely well finished, and, upon the whole, one of the prettiest preaching houses in England. The next evening we were crowded enough. Being informed that many Antinomians were present, I preached on *God sent his own Son, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, walking not after the flesh, but after the spirit.*

Friday 26, I went on to York: the next day I read over Mr. Else's ingenious treatise on the Hydrocele: he supposes the best cure is by a seton or a caustic; but I am not inclined to try either of them. I know a physician that has a shorter cure than either one or the other.

Monday 29, I preached about ten at Tadcaster, and in the evening at Pately-bridge. Tuesday 30, calling at a little inn on the moors, I spoke a few words to an old man there, as my wife did to the woman of the house: they both appeared to be deeply affected: perhaps Providence sent us to this house for the sake of those two poor souls. In the evening I preached in the new house at Otley, as neat as that at Hull: and the people appeared to be much alive, so that I was greatly comforted among them.

Saturday, July 4, I rode to the Ewood, to S. Lockwood's, formerly the wife of young Mr. Grimshaw; afterward married to Mr. Lockwood, and now again a young widow. Her sister was with her, the relict of Mr. Sutcliff, whose case was very uncommon. He had for some time used the cold bath, for a nervous disorder, and was advised to try the warm. Immediately he was seized with racking pains all over, and in two hours expired.

At one I preached at Heptonstal to some thousands of people, who stood just before the preaching house, on a lovely green, which rises slope above slope, like artificial terraces. Hence we climbed up and down wonderful mountains to Keighley, where many from various parts were waiting for us. Sunday 5, not half the congregation at Haworth could get into the church in the morning, nor a third part in the afternoon: so I stood on a kind of pulpit, near the side of the church. Such a congregation was never seen there before; and I believe all heard distinctly.

Monday 6, At noon I preached to a large congregation at Bingley, and at Bradforth in the evening. From this comfortable place, on Wednesday 8, I went to Halifax. My old friend, Titus Knight, offered me the use of his new meeting, larger than Dr. Taylor's at Norwich, full as superb, (so he terms it in his poem) and finished with the utmost elegance.

But I judged more people would attend in the open air, so I preached in the cow-market to a great multitude: our house was well filled at five in the morning. At ten I preached in the new house at Thong; at two in the market-place at Huddersfield, to full as large a congregation as at Halifax. Such another we had at Dewsbury in the evening: and my strength was as my day.

Saturday 11, I was presented with Mr. Hill's Review, a curiosity in its kind: but it has nothing to do either with good nature or good manners; for he is writing to an Arminian! I almost wonder at his passionate desire to measure swords with me. This is the third time he has fallen upon me without fear or wit. *Tandem extorquebis ut vapules.*

Sunday 12, I preached at Morley about nine, Birstal at one, and Leeds in the evening. Monday 13, I preached in Ledstone church, and spoke as plainly and closely as I could: but it seemed to be heathen Greek to the congregation. In the evening we had such another congregation at Doncaster. Tuesday 14, I preached at Sheffield; Thursday 16, at Hathersham; and Friday 17, at Hatfield. Here some time since a justice levied a fine on a local preacher on pretence of the conventicle act: so did a justice in Kent three or four years ago: but it cost him some hundreds of pounds for his pains.

The next day I rested at Epworth. Monday 20, about eight I preached at Brigg, a noisy, turbulent town, in which no Methodist had preached before: so it was supposed there would be much tumult, but there was none at all, for the fear of God fell upon the whole congregation. I preached in Fealby at one, and Horncastle in the evening: on Tuesday and Wednesday at Trust-thorpe, Lowth, and Grimsby. Here I was informed of a good man, Thomas Capiter, dying in the full triumph of faith. He was between twenty and thirty years a pillar and an ornament of the society: a loss one would think not soon to be repaired; but what is too hard for God?

Thursday 23, I preached at Barrow, and at five on Friday: about nine at Awkborough; and at two for the first

time, in Messingham, under a wide-spread tree. One or two poor men, not very sober, made some noise for a time; but they soon walked away, and left me a numerous and attentive congregation. In the evening I preached at Owston, and, after a busy day, lay down and slept in peace.

In this journey I read a volume of the "Medical Essays," lately published at London: I have read a thousand strange things, but none stranger than the account which is here given, of three persons who were entirely cured of a confirmed dropsy, one by drinking six quarts a day of cold water; the second, by drinking two or three gallons of new cyder; the third, by drinking a gallon or two of small beer, and the same quantity of butter-milk! Why then, what are we doing, in keeping dropsical persons from small drink? The same as in keeping persons in the small-pox from air.

Monday 27, I read Mr. Adams' ingenious comment on the former part of the epistle to the Romans. I was surprised and grieved. How are the mighty fallen! It is the very quintessence of Antinomianism. I did wonder much, but I do not wonder now, that his *rod does not blossom*.

Wednesday 29, I crossed over to Pontefract, and about noon opened the new preaching house there. The congregation was large, and still as night: perhaps this is a token for good. Being straitened for time, I was obliged to ride hard to Swinfleet; and I had strength enough, though none to spare.

Thursday 30, I preached in the new house at Thorne: Friday 31, about nine at Doncaster. It was the first time I have observed any impression made upon this elegant people. After preaching at Horbury, Wakefield, and Birstal, on Sunday evening I preached at Leeds. On Tuesday, August 4, our Conference began. Generally during the time of Conference, as I was talking from morning to night, I had used to desire one of our brethren to preach in the morning; but, having many things to say, I resolved, with God's help, to preach mornings as well as evenings: and I

found no difference at all: I was no more tired than with my usual labour; that is, no more than if I had been sitting still in my study from morning to night.

Friday 7, We had a remarkable instance of God's hearing prayer. Last Friday a poor mourner after Christ, standing by the grave, at the burial of her husband, sunk down into her brother's arms, having no strength left in her: he thought it was with grief; but it was indeed with joy: for just then God wrote pardon on her heart. To-day she sunk again as one dead, and continued so for some time: when she opened her eyes, she said, "Is not this heaven? Surely I cannot be upon earth still!" She was in heaven, though on earth: she was all love, having given God all her heart. I saw her in the evening, witnessing that the blood of Christ *cleanseth from all sin.*

Sunday 9, I preached at Rothwell, in Thorner church, and at Leeds: Monday 10, at Cudworth and at Sheffield. Tuesday 11, about eight, I preached at Grindleford-bridge. Before two we reached Longner. After we had dined, a poor woman came in, and another, and another, till we had seventeen or eighteen men and women, with whom we spent a little time very comfortably in prayer and praise. At the end of the town the chaise broke down: we had two and twenty miles to Burslem; so I took horse, and, making haste, came thither a little before preaching-time. Wednesday 12, I preached at Salop, and spake strong words, to the amazement of many *notional* believers. Thursday 13, I preached at the Hay. Friday 14, about noon, at the request of my old friend Howel Harris, I preached at Trevecka, on *the strait gate:* and we found our hearts knit together as at the beginning. He said, "I have borne with those pert, ignorant young men, vulgarly called *students,* till I cannot in conscience bear any longer. They preach bare-faced reprobation, and such broad antinomianism, that I have been constrained to oppose them to the face, even in the public congregation." It is no wonder they should preach thus: what better can be expected from raw lads, of little understanding, little learning, and no experience?

After spending a day or two very comfortably at Brecknock, on Monday 17, I preached in the castle at Caermarthen, and, on Tuesday 18, in the new house at Haverford-West, far the neatest in Wales. There is a considerable increase in this society; and not in number only. After preaching on Wednesday evening, we had such a meeting as I have seldom known: almost every one spoke, as well as they could for tears, and with the utmost simplicity: and many of them appeared to know *the great salvation*, to love God with all their hearts.

Thursday 20, I rode over to Mr. Bowen's at Llanguire, an agreeable place, and an agreeable family. Here I rejoiced to meet with Mr. Pugh, whose living is within a mile of Llanguire. In the evening he read prayers at Newport, and preached to a deeply serious congregation: I trust, his lot is cast for good among a people both desirous and capable of instruction. Friday 21, I preached again about eight, and then rode back to Harford. After dinner we hasted to the passage; but the watermen were not in haste to fetch us over: so I sat down on a convenient stone, and finished the little tract I had in hand: however, I got to Pembroke in time, and preached in the town-hall, where we had a solemn and comfortable opportunity.

Sunday 23, The violent rain considerably lessened our congregation at St. Daniel's. Afterwards the wind was so extremely high, that I doubted if we could cross the passage: but it stood exactly in the right point, and we got to Harford just before the thunder-storm began. In the evening I took my leave of this loving people, and the next reached Llanelly.

Tuesday 25, I went on to Swansey, and preached in the evening to a numerous congregation. I preached in Oldcastle church, near Bridge-end, about noon on Wednesday 26; and, in the evening, in the assembly-room at Cowbridge, to an unusually serious congregation. Thursday 27, I preached at Cardiff in the town-hall; as also the following evening: about noon in the little church at Carphilly. Saturday 29, I went on to Bristol.

Wednesday, September 2, I preached at Bath. Our room, though considerably enlarged, will not yet contain the congregation, which is still continually increasing. Friday 4, I went over to Kingswood, and spake largely to the children, as also on Saturday and Sunday. I found there had been a fresh revival of the work of God among them some months ago; but it was soon at an end, which I impute chiefly to their total neglect of private prayer: without this, all the other means which they enjoyed could profit them nothing.

Sunday 6, I preached on the Quay, at Kingswood, and near Kings-square. To this day field-preaching is a cross to me: but I know my commission, and see no other way of *preaching the gospel to every creature.*

In the following week I preached at Bath, Frome, Corsley, Bradford, and Keynsham: on Tuesday 15, at Pensford. Thence I went to Publow, which is now what Latonstone was once. Here is a family indeed: such mistresses, and such a company of children, as, I believe, all England cannot parallel. Wednesday 16, I spent an hour with them in exhortation and prayer, and was much comforted among them. I preached in Pensford at eight, Paulton about one, and Coleford in the evening.

Friday 18, I preached very quietly at the Devizes. Scarcely one of the old persecutors is alive: very few of them lived out half their days: many were snatched away in a hour when they looked not for it.

Friday 25, I went over to Kingswood again, and had much satisfaction with the children. On Sunday I talked with the elder children, one by one, advising them as each had need: and it was easy to perceive that God is again working in many of their hearts.

Wednesday 30, I began visiting the society from house to house, taking them from west to east: this will undoubtedly be a heavy cross, no way pleasing to flesh and blood; but I already saw how unspeakably useful it will be to many souls.

Monday, October 5, I left Bristol, and, going round by

Shaftsbury, Salisbury, Winchester, and Portsmouth, on Saturday 10, reached London.

Monday 12, I began my little tour through Northamptonshire. Wednesday 14, a book was given me to write on, the works of Mr. Thompson, of whose poetical abilities I had always had a very low opinion: but, looking into one of his tragedies, "Edward and Eleanora," I was agreeably surprised: the sentiments are just and noble, the diction strong, smooth, and elegant; and the plot conducted with the utmost art, and wrought off in a most surprising manner. It is quite his master-piece, and, I really think, might vie with any modern performance of the kind.

Friday 16, I went round to Bedford. I was sorry to hear from Alderman Parker, that his son-in-law, who succeeded him in the mayoralty, had broken through all the regulations which he had made, tolerating all the tippling, sabbath-breaking, &c. which Mr. P. had totally suppressed! thus shewing to all the world, that he was not *under the law* either of God or man!

Monday 19, I began my tour through Oxfordshire. Tuesday 20, in the evening, I preached at Witney, to a crowded congregation, and, at present, one of the liveliest in the kingdom: afterwards I met the society, much alive to God, and growing both in grace and number.

Wednesday 21, I conversed freely with some of the most amiable Christians I know. In the morning I met the select society, one and twenty in number, all (it seemed) or all but one rejoicing in the pure love of God. It is no wonder, if the influence of these should extend to the whole society, or even the whole town. Thursday 22, I found another society at High Wycombe, almost as earnest as that at Witney. A large congregation was present at five in the morning, many of whom were athirst for full salvation. I talked with twelve of them, who seemed to have experienced it. This is genuine Christianity! Friday 23, I preached at Chesham, and, on Saturday returned to London.

Monday 26, At twelve, I set out in the stage-coach, and

in the evening came to Norwich. Tuesday 27, finding abundance of people were out of work, and consequently in the utmost want, (such a general decay of trade having hardly been known, in the memory of man,) I enforced in the evening, *Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.* For many years, I have not seen so large a congregation here, in the mornings as well as evenings. One reason of which may be this: thousands of people, who, when they had fulness of bread, never considered whether they had any souls or not, now they are in want, begin to think of God. Thursday 29, I took an exact account of the society, considerably increased within this year: and there is reason to believe, that many of the members are now a little established, and will no longer be driven to and fro, as reeds shaken with the wind. Friday 30, I went to Loddon, ten miles from Norwich, where there has been preaching for a year or two. The preaching-house, at one, was thoroughly filled with serious and attentive hearers: so was the house at Norwich in the evening. From all these blossoms, will there not be some fruit?

Sunday, November 1, I administered the Lord's-Supper, as usual, to the society; and had, at least, fifty more communicants than this time last year. In the evening, many hundreds went away, not being able to squeeze into the room. For those that were within, it was a blessed season: God watered them with the dew of heaven; and so likewise at five in the morning. Even to part in this manner is sweet: but how much sweeter will it be, to meet before the Throne!

Monday 2, No coach setting out hence to-day, I was obliged to take chaises to Bury. I preached to a little, cold company, on the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. This love is the very thing they want; but they did not like to be told so: but I could not help that: I must declare just what I find in the book.

Tuesday 3, I went on to Colchester. The congregation in the evening was little smaller than that at Norwich. The

next evening, I took an exact account of the society, a little increased since last November: but most of them were hard beset with poverty: so indeed they were ever since I knew them; but they are now in greater want than ever, through scarcity of business. Few of our societies are rich; but I know none in the kingdom so deplorably poor as this. Saturday 7, I returned in the coach, with very sensible and agreeable company, to London.

Sunday 8, In discoursing on Psalm xv. 1, I was led to speak more strongly and explicitly than I had done for a long time before, on the universal love of God. Perhaps, in times past, from an earnest desire of living peaceably with all men, we have not declared, in this respect, the whole counsel of God: but since Mr. Hill and his allies have cut us off from this hope, and proclaimed an inexpiable war, we see it is our calling, to go straight forward, declaring to all mankind, that Christ tasted death for all, *to cleanse them from all sin.* Monday 9, I began to expound (chiefly in the mornings, as I did some years ago) that compendium of all the Holy Scriptures, the first epistle of St. John.

Friday 13, I went to Barnet, and found a large congregation, though it was a rainy and dark evening. Saturday 14, I saw, for the first time, the chapel at Snowsfields full: a presage, I hope, of a greater work there, than has been since the deadly breach was made.

Tuesday 17, One was relating a remarkable story, which I thought worthy to be remembered. Two years ago, a gentleman of large fortune, in Kent, dreamed that he was walking through the church-yard, and saw a new monument with the following inscription:

"Here lies the body of Samuel Savage, Esq. who departed this life on September ——1772, aged ——"

He told his friends in the morning, and was much affected: but the impression soon wore off: but on that day he did depart, and a stone was erected with that very inscription.

A gentlewoman present added a relation equally surprising, which she received from the person's own mouth.

"Mrs. B., when about fourteen years of age, being at a boarding-school, a mile or two from her father's, dreamed she was on the top of the church-steeple, when a man came up, and threw her down to the roof of the church: yet she seemed not much hurt, till he came to her again, and threw her to the bottom. She thought she looked hard at him, and said, 'Now you have hurt me sadly, but I shall hurt you worse,' and waked. A week after, she was to go to her father's: she set out early in the morning: at the entrance of a little wood, she stopped and doubted, whether she should not go round, instead of through it; but, knowing no reason, she went straight through, till she came to the other side. Just as she was going over the stile, a man pulled her back by the hair: she immediately knew it was the same man whom she had seen in her dream: she fell on her knees, and begged him, 'For God's sake, do not hurt me any more.' He put his hands round her neck, and squeezed her so that she instantly lost her senses. He then stripped her, carried her a little way, and threw her into a ditch.

"Mean time, her father's servant coming to the school, and hearing she was gone without him, walked back. Coming to the stile, he heard several groans, and, looking about, saw many drops of blood: he traced them to the ditch, whence the groans came. He lifted her up, not knowing her at all, as her face was covered with blood, carried her to a neighbouring house, and, running to the village, quickly brought a surgeon. She was just alive; but her throat was much hurt, so that she could not speak at all.

"Just then, a young man of the village was missing. Search being made, he was apprehended in an ale-house, two miles off. He had all her clothes with him in a bag, which, he said, he found. It was three months before she was able to go abroad. He was arraigned at the assizes: she knew him perfectly, and swore to the man. He was condemned, and soon after executed."

Monday 23, I opened the new house at Darking, and was much comforted, both this and the following evening. In

returning to London, I read over Belisarius. The historical part is both affecting and instructive: but his tedious detail of the duties of a king might very well have been spared.

Wednesday, December 2, I preached at the new preaching-house, in the parish of Bromley. In speaking severally to the members of the society, I was surprised at the openness and artlessness of the people. Such I should never have expected to find, within ten miles of London.

Monday 7, I went to Canterbury, and on Tuesday to Dover. I preached here two evenings and two mornings, to a large and much affected congregation. Thursday 10, I preached at Margate about one, and at Canterbury in the evening. Friday 11, passing through Sittingbourn, I found a congregation ready: so I gave them a short discourse, and went on to Chatham.

In this journey, I read over Sir John Dalrymple's "Memoirs of the Revolution." He appears to be a man of strong understanding; and the book is written with great accuracy of language, (allowing for a few Scotticisms) and intermixed with very sensible reflections. But I observe, 1, He believes just as much of the Bible as David Hume did. Hence he perpetually ascribes to *enthusiasm* whatever good men did, from a strong conviction of duty. 2, He cordially believes that idle tale, which King James published, concerning Father Huddleston's giving King Charles extreme unction. My eldest brother asked Lady Oglethorpe concerning this. "Sir," said she, "I never left the room, from the moment the king was taken ill, till the breath went out of his body: and, I aver, that neither F. Huddleston, nor any priest came into the room, till his death." 3, He much labours to excuse that monster of cruelty, Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards, as a reward for his execrable villanies, created Lord Dundee. Such wanton barbarities were scarcely ever heard of, as he practised towards men, women, and children. Sir John himself says enough, in telling us his behaviour to his own troops. "He had but *one* punishment for *all* faults, death: and, for a very moderate fault, he would ride up to a young gentleman, and, without any trial

or ceremony, shoot him through the head." 4, He is not rightly informed concerning the manner of his death. I learned in Scotland, that the current tradition is this. At the battle of Gallycrankie, being armed in steel from head to foot, he was brandishing his sword over his head, and swearing a broad oath, that "before the sun went down, he would not leave an Englishman alive." Just then a musket-ball struck him under the arm, at the joints of his armour. Is it *enthusiasm* to say, Thus the hand of God rewarded him according to his works?

Monday 14, I read prayers and preached to a crowded congregation at Gravesend. The stream here spreads wide; but it is not deep. Many are *drawn*, but none converted, or even awakened. Such is the general method of God's Providence: where all approve, few profit.

Thursday 17, In my way to Luton, I read Mr. Hutcheson's "Essay on the Passions." He is a beautiful writer; but his scheme cannot stand, unless the Bible falls. I know both from Scripture, reason, and experience, that his picture of man is not drawn from the life. It is not true, that no man is capable of malice, or delight in giving pain; much less, that every man is virtuous, and remains so as long as he lives: nor does the Scripture allow, that any action is good, which is done without any design to please God.

Friday 18, I preached at Hertford. Last year there was a fair prospect there: but the servants of God quarrelled among themselves, till they destroyed the whole work; so that not only the society is no more, but even the preaching is discontinued: and hence those who had no religion before, are now more hardened than ever. A more stupid and senseless mob I never saw, than that which flocked together in the evening: yet they softened by degrees, so that, at last, all were quiet, and, as it were, attentive.

Monday 21, I visited the sick in various parts of the town, but was surprised that they were so few. I hardly remember so healthy a winter in London. So wisely does God order all things, that the poor may not utterly be destroyed, by hunger and sickness together.

Sunday 27, I dined with one who, in the midst of plenty, is completely miserable, through *the spirit of bondage*, and, in particular, through the fear of death. This came upon him, not by any outward means, but the immediate touch of God's Spirit. It will be well if he does not shake it off, till he receives *the Spirit of adoption*.

Thursday 31, Being greatly embarrassed by the necessities of the poor, we spread all our wants before God in solemn prayer, believing that he would sooner *make windows in heaven*, than suffer his truth to fail.

Friday, January 1, 1773, We (as usual) solemnly renewed our covenant with God. Monday 4, I began revising my letters and papers. One of them was written above a hundred and fifty years ago, (in 1619,) I suppose, by my grandfather's father, to her he was to marry in a few days. Several were written by my brothers and me, when at school; many while we were at the university; abundantly testifying (if it be worth knowing) what was our aim from our youth up.

Thursday 7, I called where a child was dying of the small-pox, and rescued her from death and the doctors, who were giving her saffron, &c. *to drive them out!* Can any one be so ignorant still?

We observed Friday the 8th, as a day of fasting and prayer, on account of the general want of trade, and scarcity of provisions. The next week I made an end of revising my letters: and from those I had both written and received, I could not but make one remark, that for above these forty years, of all the friends who were once the most closely united, and afterwards separated from me, every one had *separated himself!* He left *me*, not I him: and from both mine and their own letters, the steps whereby they did this are clear and undeniable.

Monday 18, In my scraps of time this week, I read over "An Account of the European Settlements in America." But some part of it I cannot receive; I mean, touching the manners of the native Americans. If it be true, that "they all nearly resemble each other," then, from the knowledge

I have of not a few American nations, I must judge a great part of that account to be pure, absolute romance: and I suspect it to have been transcribed from some papers, which I myself read, before I embarked for America.

Thursday 28, I buried the remains of poor E. T., of whom, *ever since she died*, her husband speaks as a most excellent woman, and a most affectionate wife! I have known many such instances. Many couples, who, while they lived together, spoke of each other as *mere sinners:* but as soon as either was dead, the survivor spake of the deceased as the *best creature* in the world!

Tuesday, February 2, Captain Webb preached at the Foundry. I admire the wisdom of God, in still raising up various preachers, according to the various tastes of men. The captain is all life and fire: therefore, although he is not deep or regular, yet many, who would not hear a better preacher, flock together to hear him: and many are convinced under his preaching; some justified; a few built up in love.

Thursday 4, I had much conversation with T. M. He said, his "printing that wretched book against *me*, was owing to the pressing instances of Mr. Wh. and Lady H." I cannot tell how to believe it: but if it was, they might have been better employed.

On Monday 15, and the following days, I took a little journey into Surrey. On the road I read "Bonavici's History of the late War in Italy." I think the late revolution at Genoa, which he recites at large, is altogether as strange as that of Massaniello at Naples. That an unarmed rabble, without any head, should drive a disciplined army, under an experienced general, who were in possession of the arms, the forts, and the whole city, not only out of the city and forts, but out of the whole territory of Genoa, is a plain proof, that God rules in all the kingdoms of the earth, and executes his will by whomsoever it pleaseth him.

Wednesday 24, A very remarkable paragraph was published in one of the Edinburgh Papers.

"We learn from the Rosses, in the county of Donegal, in Ireland, that a Danish man-of-war, called the North Crown, commanded by the Baron D'Ulfeld, arrived off those islands, from a voyage of discovery towards the pole. They sailed from Bornholme in Norway, the 1st of June, 1769, with stores for 18 months, and some able astronomers, landscape-painters, and every apparatus suitable to the design; and, steering N. by E. half E. for 37 days, with a fair wind and open sea, discovered a large rocky island, which having doubled, they proceeded W. N. W. till the 17th of September, when they found themselves in a strong current, between two high lands, seemingly about ten leagues distant, which carried them at a prodigious rate for three days, when, to their great joy, they saw the main land of America, that lies between the most westerly part of the settlements on Hudson's river and California. Here they anchored, in a fine cove, and found abundance of wild deer and buffaloes, with which they victualled; and, sailing southward, in three months got into the Pacific Ocean, and returned by the streights of le Maine, and the West India islands. They have brought many curiosities, particularly, a prodigious bird called a Contor, or Contose, above six feet in height, of the eagle kind, whose wings, expanded, measure twenty-two feet four inches. After bartering some skins with the country people, for meal, rum, and other necessaries, they sailed for Bremen, to wait the thaw, previous to their return to Copenhagen."

If this account be true, one would hope not *only* the king of Denmark will avail himself of so important a discovery.

Wednesday, March 3, I was invited to see Mr. Cox's celebrated Museum. I cannot say my expectation was disappointed; for I expected nothing, and I found nothing but a heap of pretty, glittering trifles, prepared at an immense expense. For what end? To please the fancy of fine ladies and pretty gentlemen!

Sunday 7, In the evening I set out for Bristol, and, after spending a few days there, on Monday 15, went to Stroud,

and, on Tuesday 14, to Worcester. Here I enquired concerning the "intelligence sent Mr. Hill from Worcester," as he says in his own book, "of the shocking behaviour of some that professed to be perfect." It was supposed, that intelligence came from Mr. Skinner, a dear lover of me, and all connected with me. The truth is: one of the society, after having left it, behaved extremely ill: but none who professed to love God with all their heart, have done any thing contrary to that profession.

I came to Liverpool on Saturday 20. Monday 22, the captain was in haste to get my chaise on board. About eleven we went aboard ourselves: and before one we ran on a sand-bank: so the ship being fast, we went ashore again. Tuesday 23, we embarked again on board the Free-mason, with six other cabin passengers, four gentlemen, and two genteel women, one of whom was daily afraid of falling in labour: this gave me several opportunities of talking closely and of praying with her and her companion. We did not come abreast of Holyhead till Thursday morning: we had then a strong gale and a rolling sea: most of the passengers were sick enough, but it did not affect me at all. In the evening the gentlemen desired I would pray with them: so we concluded the day in a solemn and comfortable manner.

Friday 26, We landed at Dunlary, and hired a coach to Dublin. Saturday 27, I buried the remains of Richard Walsh. For several months, he had been quite disordered: but for some time before his death, his senses returned, and he died rejoicing and praising God.

On Monday and Tuesday, I examined the society, a little lessened, but now well united together. I was a little surprised to find the Commissioners of the Customs would not permit my chaise to be landed, because they said, "the captain of a packet-boat had no right to bring over goods." Poor pretence! However, I was more obliged to them than I then knew: for, had it come on shore, it would have been utterly spoiled.

Monday, April 5, Having hired such a chaise as I could,

I drove to Edin-derry. Tuesday 6, I went on to Tyrrel's-pass. Thursday 8, I preached in the Court-house at Melingar in the morning, and in that at Longford in the evening, and again at eight in the morning (being Good-Friday,) and then went on to Athlone. I believe all the officers, with a whole army of soldiers, were present in the evening: so were most of them the next. I would fain have preached abroad on Easter-day; but the rain would not permit: however, the whole congregation in the house behaved with so remarkable a seriousness, that it was good to be there: and I could not be sorry, that we were driven into it.

Monday 12, I preached at Ballinaslo, and at Aughrim. Tuesday 13, as I went into Eyre-court, the street was full of people, who gave us a loud huzza, when we passed through the market-place. I preached in the open air, to a multitude of people, all civil, and most of them serious. A great awakening has been in this town lately; and many of the most notorious and profligate sinners are entirely changed, and are happy witnesses of the gospel salvation.

I preached at Birr in the evening: Wednesday 14, at Ferbabin and Coolylough: Thursday 15, in the church at Clare, one of the neatest I have seen in the kingdom. In the evening I preached at Tullamore. I believe all the troopers were present; none of whom was more affected than one who had been a sinner far above his fellows. He was present again at five in the morning, and seemed fully resolved to forsake all sin.

Friday 16, In the evening, and at ten on Saturday, I preached at Portarlington: on Saturday evening at Mountmellick; and, on Sunday 18, at nine, and again at twelve, to an artless, earnest, serious people. In the afternoon, I went on to Montrath. The rain constrained me to preach in the house: and God was present, both to wound and to heal.

Monday 19, In the evening I preached in the new house at Kilkenny, to a numerous congregation, almost as genteel and full as unawakened as that at Portarlington. The next evening it was considerably larger, and many seemed to be

deeply affected. Even at this fountain-head of wickedness, I trust, God will always have a seed to serve him.

Wednesday 21, Some applied to the Quakers at Enniscorthy, for the use of their meeting-house. They refused: so I stood at Hugh M'Laughlin's door, and both those within and without could hear. I was in doubt which way to take from hence, one of my chaise-horses being much tired; till a gentleman of Ballyrane near Wexford told me, if I would preach at his house the next evening, he would meet me on the road with a fresh horse: so I complied, though it was some miles out of the way. Accordingly he met us on Thursday 22, six or seven miles from Enniscorthy; but we found his mare would not draw at all: so we were forced to go on as we could. I preached in the evening at Ballyrane, to a deeply serious congregation. Early in the morning we set out, and, at two in the afternoon came to Ballihac-ferry.

A troop of sailors ran down to the shore, to see the chaise put into the boat. I was walking at a small distance, when I heard them cry out, "Avast! Avast! The coach is overset into the river." I thought, "However it is well my bags are on shore: so my papers are not spoiled." In less than an hour they fished up the chaise, and got it safe into the boat. As it would not hold us all, I got in myself, leaving the horses to come after. At half an hour after three I came to Passage. Finding no post-chaise could be had, and having no time to spare, I walked on (six or seven miles) to Waterford, and began preaching, without delay, on *My yoke is easy, and my burthen is light.*

Saturday 24, I had much satisfaction both morning and evening, in the number and seriousness of the congregation. Sunday 25, word being brought me, that the Mayor was willing I should preach in the bowling-green, I went thither in the evening. A great multitude was quickly gathered together: I preached on *I saw the dead small and great, stand before God.* Some attempted to disturb, but without success; the bulk of the congregation being deeply attentive. But as I was drawing to a conclusion, some of the

Papists set on their work in earnest. They knocked down John Christian, with two or three more, who endeavoured to quiet them; and then began to roar like the waves of the sea: but hitherto could they come and no farther. Some gentlemen who stood near me, rushed into the midst of them; and after bestowing some heavy blows, seized the ringleader and delivered him to the constable. And one of them undertook to conduct me home. So, few received any hurt, but the rioters themselves, which, I trust, will make them more peaceable for the time to come.

Monday 26, I went on to Cloheen; Tuesday to Cork; Wednesday to Bandon. The wind being boisterous, I preached in the house, well filled with serious hearers. Even the fashionable ones, who were not a few, were uncommonly attentive: so they were the next evening: such congregations had not been seen in Bandon for twenty years. And the society was nearly doubled within a twelve-month.

Friday 30, We had a solemn watch-night at Cork. I believe the confidence of many was shaken, while I was enforcing, *Though I had all faith, so as to remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.* A hard saying! but yet absolutely necessary to be insisted on, particularly among the people called Methodists: otherwise how many of them will build on the sand, on an unloving, unholy faith!

Tuesday, May 4, I left Cork with much satisfaction, having seen the fruit of my labour. In the afternoon we had a quick succession of piercing wind, rain, hail, and snow; and in a short time after, loud thunder, with a few flashes of lightning. We lodged at Charleville; and on Wednesday 5, after an easy ride, dined at Limerick. Here I found, as in time past, a settled, serious people, but in danger of sinking into formality.

Thursday 6, I hired a post-chaise for Balligarane, the man promising to go two miles and a half an hour; but he could not perform it. In about five hours he could not drive quite twelve miles. I then took horse, and after riding two miles, came just at the time I had appointed. In the evening I preached at Newmarket: Papists and Protestants

flocked together from every side: and for the time they appeared to be greatly affected. But who will endure to the end?

Friday 7, I returned to Limerick, but could not preach abroad because of the severe weather. Monday 10, after the morning preaching I met the select society. All of these once experienced salvation from sin; some enjoy it still; but the greater part are, more or less, shorn of their strength, yet not without hope of recovering it.

Tuesday 11, The north wind was so high and sharp, that it was thought best I should preach within: but had I known what a congregation was assembled in the barracks, I should have preached there at all events. I am afraid Satan made us consult our own ease more than the glory of God.

Wednesday 12, I took my leave of this affectionate people, and in the evening preached at Clare. What a contrast between Clare and Limerick! A little ruinous town! No inn that could afford us either meat or drink, or comfortable lodging! No society, and next to no congregation till the soldiers came. After preaching, I spent an agreeable hour with the commanding officer; and, having procured a tolerable lodging in the barracks, slept in peace.

Thursday 13, We went on through a most dreary country to Galway, where, at the late survey, there were twenty thousand papists and five hundred protestants. But which of them are christians? Have the mind that was in Christ, and walk as he walked? And without this, how little does it avail, whether they are called protestants or papists. At six I preached in the court-house to a large congregation, who all behaved well.

Friday 14, In the evening I preached at Ballinrobe, and on Saturday went on to Castlebar. Entering the town, I was struck with the sight of the Charter-school; no gate to the court-yard! A large chasm in the wall! Heaps of rubbish before the house-door! Broken windows in abundance! The whole a picture of slothfulness, nastiness, and desolation! I did not dream there were any inhabitants, till the next day

I saw about forty boys and girls walking from church. As I was just behind them, I could not but observe, 1, that there was neither master nor mistress, though it seems they were both well: 2, that both boys and girls were completely dirty: 3, that none of them seemed to have any garters on, their stockings hanging about their heels: 4, that in the heels even of many of the girls' stockings, were holes larger than a crown-piece. I gave a plain account of these things to the trustees of the Charter-school in Dublin: whether they are altered or not, I cannot tell.

Sunday 16, I preached in the grand jury-room, morning and evening to a lovely congregation, whose hearts seemed to be as melting wax. Monday 17, I spent a comfortable afternoon with the amiable family at Rehins. I know not that I could bear many such days; strong cordials must not be taken too often. Tuesday 18, I went on to Tobarcorry, and on Wednesday morning to Sligo. Here I expected little comfort, as having little expectation of doing any good; and the less, as some strollers were acting a play over the market-house where I was to preach. At seven I began in our own room. Many of the soldiers with some officers, were present. And the whole congregation, rich and poor, were so remarkably serious, that I had a faint hope we shall see some fruit, even in cold, barren Sligo.

Thursday 20, We had a large congregation of soldiers, as well as townsmen, at five in the morning. In the evening I preached in the market-house to such a congregation as has not been seen here for many years. Surely God is giving yet another call to the poor, stupid sinners of Sligo. Friday 21, I went on to Manor Hamilton, and preached to a large and serious congregation.

Saturday 22, In our way to Swadling-bar, the hinder axle-tree of the chaise broke in two. I borrowed a horse and rode on, till we overtook one of our friends, who was a coach-maker: by his help the damage was repaired, and things made at least, as good as they were before.

In the evening we had a large congregation, of (mostly) experienced christians, and a larger at eight in the morning

on Sunday; but the grand concourse was in the evening: when the hearts of the people were as wax melting before the fire, and I trust many received the stamp of love.

Monday 24, About noon I preached to just such another congregation at Tonnylommon. Afterwards I talked with four men and eight women, who believe they are saved from sin. Their words were in wisdom as well as in power: I think none who heard them could doubt of their testimony.

One of my horses having a shoe loose, I borrowed Mr. Watson's horse, and left him with the chaise. When we came near Inniskillen, I desired two only to ride with me, and the rest of our friends to keep at a distance. Some masons were at work on the first bridge, who gave us some coarse words. We had abundance more, as we rode through the town: but many soldiers being in the street, and taking knowledge of me in a respectful manner, the mob shrunk back. An hour after, Mr. Watson came in the chaise. Before he came to the bridge, many ran together, and began to throw whatever came next to hand. The bridge itself they had blocked up with large stones, so that a carriage could not pass. But an old man cried out, "Is this the way you use strangers?" And rolled away the stones. The mob quickly rewarded him, by plaistering him over with mortar from head to foot. They then fell upon the carriage, which they cut with stones in several places, and well nigh covered with dirt and mortar. From one end of the town to the other, the stones flew thick about the coachman's head. Some of them were two or three pounds weight, which they threw with all their might. If but one of them had struck him, it would have effectually prevented him from driving any farther: and then doubtless they would have given an account of the chaise and horses.

I preached at Sydore in the evening and morning, and then set out for Roosky: the road lay not far from Inniskillen. When we came pretty near the town, both men and women saluted us, first with bad words, and then with dirt and stones. My horses soon left them behind, but not till

they had broken one of the windows, the glass of which came pouring in upon me, but did me no further hurt.

About an hour after, John Smith came to Inniskillen. The masons on the bridge preparing for battle, he was afraid his horse would leap with him into the river, and therefore chose to alight. Immediately they poured in upon him a whole shower of dirt and stones. However, he made his way through the town, though pretty much daubed and bruised.

At Roosky, Mr. Macburney, one of our preachers, gave me the following account: on Thursday, March 4, he went to Mr. Perry's, a quarter of a mile from Achalun, a village six or seven miles from Inniskillen. In the evening he was singing a hymn, when a large mob set before the house. Six of them rushed in, armed with clubs, and immediately fell upon the people: but many of them joining together thrust them out, and shut and fastened the door. On this they broke every pane of glass in the windows, and threw in a large quantity of stones. They then broke into the house, through a weak part of the wall, and hawling out both men and women, beat them without mercy. Soon after, they dragged out Mr. Macburney, whom M'— N— instantly knocked down. They continued beating him on the head and breast, while he lay senseless on the ground: yet, after a while, coming to himself, he got up; but not being quite sensible, staggered, and fell again. Then one of them set his foot upon his face, swearing, "he would tread the Holy Ghost out of him." Another ran his stick into his mouth. As soon as he could speak, he said, "May God forgive you: I do." They then set him on his horse, and Mr. M— N— got up behind, and forced him to gallop down the rocky mountain to the town. There they kept him, till a gentleman took him out of their hands, and entertained and lodged him in the most hospitable manner. But his bruises, on the head and breast in particular, would not suffer him to sleep. And ever since he has felt such inward pain and weakness, that it is a wonder he is still alive.

One of those that was much abused was Mr. Mitchell,

who lives about a mile from the town. On Saturday the mob came to the house, about eight in the evening, swearing they "would have his father's heart's blood." They threw many large stones at the windows, and broke a great hole in the door. Through this hole, Mr. Mitchell seeing no other remedy, fired twice with small shot. At the second shot, they ran away with all speed, no man looking behind him.

Mr. Perry and Mitchell applying to Mr. Irwin of Green-Hill, he granted warrants for six of the rioters; and the next week, for fifteen more; but the constable would not take them. And the next week at the assizes, held in Inniskillen, the grand jury threw out all the bills! Therefore it is to these honourable gentlemen I am obliged for all the insults and outrage I met with. But mean time, where is liberty, civil, or religious? Does it exist at Achalun or Inniskillen?

Wednesday 26, We set out at half an hour past two, and reached Omagh a little before eleven. Finding I could not reach Ding-bridge by two o'clock in the chaise, I rode forward with all the speed I could: but the horse dropping a shoe, I was so retarded, that I did not reach the place till between three and four. I found the minister and the people waiting: but the church could not near contain them: so I preached near it to a mixed multitude of rich and poor, churchmen, papists, and presbyterians. I was a little weary and faint when I came, the sun having shone exceedingly hot. But the number and behaviour of the congregation made me forget my own weariness.

Having a good horse, I rode to the place where I was to lodge (two miles off) in about an hour. After tea, they told me another congregation was waiting; so I began preaching without delay, and warned them of the madness which was spreading among them, namely, leaving the church. Most of them, I believe, will take the advice; I hope all that are of our society. The family here put me in mind of that at Rehins; they breathe the same spirit.

Thursday 27, I went on to Londonderry. Friday 28, I was invited to see the bishop's palace, (a grand and beauti-

ful structure) and his garden, newly laid, and exceedingly pleasant. Here I innocently gave some offence to the gardener, by mentioning the English of a Greek word. But he set us right, warmly assuring us, "that the English name of the flower, is not crane's-bill, but geranium!"

Saturday 29, We walked out to one of the pleasantest spots which I have seen in the kingdom. It is a garden laid out on the steep side of a hill; one shady walk of which in particular commands all the vale and the hill beyond. The owner finished his walks, and died!

In the evening I preached to a serious, artless congregation, at Fahun, seven miles west from Derry. On Whitsunday, May 30, I dined at Mr. S's., a sensible, friendly man, where were five clergymen besides me, all of whom attended the preaching every evening. One would have imagined from this friendliness of the clergy, joined with the good will, both of the bishop and dean, the society would increase swiftly: but, in fact, it does not increase at all; it stands just as it was two years ago; so little does the favour of man advance the work of God!

Monday 31, At noon I preached at Muff, a town five miles north-east of Derry. In returning, the wind being in our backs, and the sun in our faces, it was intensely hot. But what signifies either pain or pleasure, that passes away like a dream?

Tuesday, June 1, I preached at the New Buildings, and spent an hour with the society. I found them as lively as ever, and more exactly regular than any society in these parts. Wednesday 2, I took my leave of this pleasant city, and agreeable people. When we came to the foot of the mountain beyond Dungiven, my horses did not choose to draw me any farther; so I walked on seven or eight miles, and ordered them to follow me to Cookstown.

Thursday 3, At noon I preached to a large congregation on the green at Castle-Caulfield, and in the evening near the barracks at Charlemount. Friday 4, we went on to Armagh. The evening congregation in the avenue was very large and

exceedingly serious; rich and poor kneeling down on the grass, when I went to prayer.

Saturday 5, I walked over the fine improvements which the Primate has made near his lodge. The ground is hardly two miles round; but it is laid out to the best advantage. Part is garden, part meadow, part planted with shrubs, or trees of various kinds. The house is built of fine, white stone, and is fit for a nobleman. He intends to carry away a bog which lies behind it, and have a large piece of water in its place. He intends also to improve the town greatly, and to execute many other grand designs: I doubt, too many even for a Primate of Ireland, that is above seventy years old!

Sunday 6, (Trinity Sunday) at nine, I explained the great text of St. John, to an exceedingly large congregation. We had at church an anthem, which I know not that I have heard these fifty years, *Praise the Lord, O my soul;* and sung in a manner that would not have disgraced any of our English cathedrals. The congregation in the evening was the largest I have seen in Ulster. And I believe, for the present, all were convinced, that nothing will avail, without humble, gentle, patient love.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I preached at Hamilton's Bahn, Clanmain, Legall, the Grange, and Cockhill. Thursday 10, I rode to Derry Anvil; some of the liveliest christians I have seen in the kingdom. Eight of them I examined closely, who testified that they had never lost the witness, nor felt any decay, since the hour they were perfected in love.

On Friday and Saturday I preached at Portadown, Killmararty, Dawson's Grove, and Tandragee. Sunday 13, I preached at nine with great enlargement of heart. At half an hour past eleven the church service began. The curate read prayers exceedingly well, and the rector preached with uncommon earnestness. But what I most admired was, 1, the cleanness of the church, equal to any I have seen in England: 2, the serious behaviour of the whole congregation: and, 3, the excellent singing, by forty or fifty voices,

half men and half women. I have heard nothing like it in any church since I came into the kingdom.

The rector inviting me to dinner, I spent an agreeable hour with him and his curate. The congregation at six was exceedingly numerous, and exceedingly serious. We concluded the day with the societies, gathered from all parts. And great was our rejoicing; many were filled with consolation, and many feeble hands were strengthened.

Monday 14, After preaching at Lurgan, I enquired of Mr. Miller, whether he had any thoughts of perfecting his speaking statue, which had so long lain by: he said, "He had altered his design: that he intended, if he had life and health, to make two which would not only speak, but sing hymns alternately, with an articulate voice: that he had made a trial, and it answered well. But he could not tell when he should finish it, as he had much business of other kinds, and could only give his leisure hours to this." How amazing is it that no man of fortune enables him to give all his time to the work!

I preached in the evening at Lisburn. All the time I could spare here, was taken up by poor patients. I generally asked, "What remedies have you used?" And was not a little surprised. What has fashion to do with physic? Why, (in Ireland at least) almost as much as with headdress. Blisters, for any thing or nothing, were all the fashion, when I was in Ireland last. Now the grand fashionable medicine for twenty diseases, (who would imagine it?) is mercury sublimate! Why is it not an halter, or a pistol? They would cure a little more speedily.

Tuesday 15, I went to dreary Newtown. This place always makes me pensive. Even in Ireland I hardly see any where are such heaps of ruins as here. And they are considerably increased since I was here before. What a shadow is human greatness!

The evening congregation in the new market-house appeared deeply attentive; especially the backsliders, several of whom determined to set out afresh.

When I came to Belfast, I learned the real cause of the late

insurrections in this neighbourhood. Lord Donnegal, the proprietor of almost the whole country, came hither to give his tenants new leases. But when they came, they found two merchants of the town had taken their farms over their heads; so that multitudes of them, with their wives and children, were turned out to the wide world. It is no wonder that as their lives were now bitter to them, they should fly out as they did. It is rather a wonder, that they did not go much farther; and if they had, who would have been most in fault? Those who were without home, without money, without food for themselves and families? Or those who drove them to this extremity?

In the evening I preached to a numerous congregation in the new market-house, but trifling enough: yet, by degrees, they sunk into seriousness. The greater part of them came again in the morning; and their behaviour was then remarkably decent.

Thursday 17, There was a lovely congregation at the shire-hall in Carrickfergus, very large and very serious. Nor was it much smaller at five in the morning. I added several to the society, and could not but hope, that there was seed sown here that will never be rooted up.

Friday 18, I went to Ballimena, and read a strange tract, that professes to discover "the inmost recesses of free-masonry;" said to be "translated from the French original, lately published at Berlin." I incline to think, it is a genuine account: only if it be, I wonder the author is suffered to live. If it be, what an amazing banter upon all mankind, is free-masonry! And what a secret is it which so many concur to keep! From what motive? Through fear, or shame to own it?

In the evening the minister offered me the use of the church. I feared it would not contain the people, who ran together so eagerly, that it was with difficulty I could get to the door. But after we had stowed them closely together, almost all could get in. I dealt exceeding plainly with them, and they had ears to hear.

Saturday 19, I declared to a loving people, at Ballinderry,

the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Many of them experienced this; and many felt their wants, several children in particular. In the evening I preached at Lisburn, and on the two following days.

Monday 21, I met a gentleman, who looked hard, and asked me, "If I did not know him?" Indeed I did not, though I had been at his house some years ago in Londonderry. Mr. Sampson was then one of the ministers there, a lively, sensible man; very fat, and of a fresh, ruddy complexion: but he was now, after a long and severe melancholy, so thin, pale, and wan, that I did not recollect one feature of his face. I spent an hour with him very agreeably. He did not shew the least touch of wildness, but calm, rational seriousness; so that I could not but believe, it is good for him that he has seen affliction.

Wednesday 23, I preached at Drumbanagher and Newry. Thursday 24, some friends from Dublin met us at Drogheda. In the evening we walked to see the place where King William passed the Boyne. It was almost a desperate attempt, considering the depth of the river and the steepness of the banks! But God was on his side! Near the place a handsome obelisk is erected, with an inscription, giving a brief account of that memorable action.

Friday 25, I went on to Dublin. I left three hundred and seventy-eight members in the society, and found four hundred and twelve, many of whom were truly alive to God.

Saturday, July 3, I sent to the commanding officer, to desire leave to preach in the barracks: but he replied, "he would have no innovations." No: Whoredom, drunkenness, cursing, and swearing for ever! Monday 5, about eleven, we crossed Dublin-bar, and were at Hoy-lake the next afternoon. This was the first night I ever lay awake in my life, (though I was at ease in body and mind.) I believe few can say this: in seventy years I never lost one night's sleep!

In my passage I read Dr. Leland's History of Ireland; a fine writer, but unreasonably partial. I can easily believe, that the Irish were originally Tartars or Scythians, though

calling at Spain in their way: but not that they were a jot less barbarous than their descendants in Scotland, or that ever they were a civilized nation till they were civilized by the English; much less that Ireland was in the seventh or eighth century, the grand seat of learning: that it had many famous colleges; in one of which only, Armagh, there were seven thousand students. All this, with St. Patrick's converting thirty thousand at one sermon, I rank with the history of Bel and the Dragon.

I went by moderate stages, from Liverpool to Madeley, where I arrived on Friday 9. The next morning we went to see the effects of the late earthquake: such it undoubtedly was. On Monday 27, at four in the morning, a rumbling noise was heard, accompanied with sudden gusts of wind, and wavings of the ground. Presently the earthquake followed; which not only shook the farmer's house, and removed it entirely about a yard, but carried the barn about fifteen yards, and then swallowed it up in a vast chasm: tore the ground into numberless chasms, large and small: in the large, threw up mounts, fifteen or twenty feet high: carried a hedge with two oaks above forty feet, and left them in their natural position. It then moved under the bed of the river; which, making more resistance, received a ruder shock, being shattered in pieces, and heaved up about thirty feet from its foundations. By throwing this and many oaks into its channel, the Severn was quite stopped up, and constrained to flow backward, till, with incredible fury, it wrought itself a new channel: such a scene of desolation I never saw. Will none tremble, when God thus terribly shakes the earth?

In the evening I preached under a spreading oak in Madeley-Wood. Sunday 11, morning and afternoon, in the church. In the evening I preached to the largest congregation of all, near the market-house at Broseley. I came back just by the famous well: but it burns no more: it ceased from the time a coal-pit was sunk near it, which drew off the sulphureous vapour.

Monday 12, I preached at Wolverhampton and Birming-

ham. In my journey from Liverpool I read Dr. Byrom's Poems. He has all the wit and humour of Dr. Swift, together with much more learning, a deep and strong understanding; and above all, a serious vein of piety. A few things in him I particularly remarked. 1, The first is, concerning the patron of England; and I think there can be no reasonable doubt of the truth of his conjecture, that "Georgius is a mistake for Gregorius: that the real patron of England is St. Gregory, (who sent Austin, the monk, to convert England,) and that St. George (whom no one knows) came in by a mere blunder:" 2, his criticisms on Homer and Horace seem to be well grounded. Very probably the Κυνες mentioned by Homer, were not *dogs*, but *attendants*. And without doubt ὑρηας means, not *mules*, but the *out-guards* of the camp.

A few things in the second volume are taken from Jacob Behmen; to whom I object, not only that he is obscure: (although even this is an inexcusable fault in a writer on practical religion:) not only that his whole hypothesis is unproved; wholly unsupported either by Scripture or reason: but that the ingenious madman over and over contradicts christian experience, reason, Scripture, and himself.

But setting these things aside, we have some of the finest sentiments that ever appeared in the English tongue: some of the noblest truths expressed with the utmost energy of language, and the strongest colours of poetry. So that, upon the whole, I trust this publication will much advance the cause of God, and of true religion.

Tuesday 13, I preached at Wednesbury: Wednesday 14, at Dudley and Birmingham. Thursday 15, I went on to Witney, and had the satisfaction to find that the work of God was still increasing. In the evening I preached at the east end of the town, to a numerous and attentive congregation. In the morning I met the select society, full of faith and love; although the greater part of them are young, some little more than children. At six I preached at the west end of the town, near Mr. Bolton's door. After preaching,

I had a pleasant journey to Wheatley, and the next day to London.

In this journey I read over that strange book, The Life of Sextus Quintus, a hog driver at first, then a monk, a priest, a bishop, a cardinal, a pope. He was certainly as great a genius, in his way, as any that ever lived. He did great things, and designed far greater: but death prevented the execution. And he had many excellent qualities; but was full as far from being a Christian, as Henry VIII. or Oliver Cromwell.

Wednesday 21. We had our quarterly meeting at London: at which I was surprised to find that our income does not yet answer our expense. We were again nearly two hundred pounds bad. My private account I find still worse. I have laboured as much as many writers: and all my labour has gained me, in seventy years, a debt of five or six hundred pounds!

Sunday 25. was a day of strong consolation, particularly at Spitalfields. At five I preached in Moorfields, to, it was supposed, the largest congregation that ever assembled there. But my voice was so strengthened, that those who were farthest off could hear perfectly well. So the season for field-preaching is not yet over: it cannot, while so many are in their sins and in their blood.

Tuesday, August 3. Our Conference began. I preached mornings as well as evenings: and it was all one. I found myself just as strong as if I had preached but once a day.

Sunday 8. At night I set out in the machine, and on Monday reached Bristol. In the way I looked over Mr. ——'s Dissertations. I was surprised to find him a thorough convert of Mr. Stonehouse's, both as to the pre-existence of souls, and the non-eternity of hell. But he is far more merciful than Mr. Stonehouse: he allows it to last (not five millions, but) only thirty thousand years!

It would be excusable, if these menders of the Bible would offer their hypotheses modestly. But one cannot excuse them, when they not only obtrude their novel scheme with the utmost confidence, but even ridicule that scriptural one,

which always was, and is now held by men of the greatest learning and piety in the world. Hereby they promote the cause of infidelity more effectually than either Hume or Voltaire.

Thursday 12, I set out for Cornwall; and the next day we came to Collumpton. For five or six days, I think, the weather has been as hot as it is in Georgia. After preaching I went on to Exeter with Ralph Mather, then a humble, scriptural Christian. Saturday 14, I went on to Plymouth-dock, and in the evening preached in the square.

Sunday 15, As I could not sleep, (an uncommon thing with me) till nearly two in the morning, my companion was afraid I should not be able to go through the labour of the day: but I knew I did not go a warfare at my own cost. At seven I preached in Mr. Kinsman's preaching-house, on *Strive to enter in at the strait gate.* And I think many received the truth in the love thereof. Between one and two I preached in the Tabernacle at Plymouth; and in the evening declared in the square, to a multitude of people, the nature of that love, without which all we say, know, believe, do, and suffer, profits nothing.

Monday 16, In the evening I preached at St. Austle; Tuesday 17, in the coinage-hall at Truro; at six, in the main street at Helston. How changed is this town, since a Methodist preacher could not ride through it without hazard of his life!

Wednesday 18, I preached in the town-hall in Penzance. It was soon filled from end to end; and it was filled with the power of God. One would have thought every soul must have bowed down before him. In the evening I preached at St. Just: Thursday 20, in Penzance and Marazion; and in the evening in the market-place at St. Ives, to the largest congregation I have yet seen in Cornwall.

Saturday 22, I preached in Illugan and at Redruth; Sunday 23, in St. Agnes church-town at eight; about one at Redruth; and at five in the amphitheatre at Gwenap. The people both filled it, and covered the ground round about, to a considerable distance. So that, supposing the space to

be four-score yards square, and to contain five persons in a square yard, there must be above two and thirty thousand people; the largest assembly I ever preached to: yet, I found, upon enquiry, all could hear, even to the skirts of the congregation! Perhaps the first time that a man of seventy had been heard by thirty thousand persons at once! Hence I went by St. Cuthberts, Port Isaac, Camelford, and Launceston, to Tiverton. Saturday 28, I returned to Bristol.

Friday, September 3, I went over to Kingswood, and enquired into the ground of many heavy charges, which had been confidently advanced against the management there. One article was true, and no more: and this fault is now amended.

I waited a few days before I set down what has lately occured among the children here. From the time God visited them last, several of them retained a measure of the fear of God: but they grew colder and colder, till Ralph Mather met them in the latter end of August. Several then resolved to meet in class again, and appeared to have good desires. On Saturday 4, he talked with three of them, about four in the afternoon. These freely confessed their besetting sins, and appeared to be greatly humbled. At five all the children met in the school. During an exhortation then given, first one, then two or three were much affected. Afterwards two more were taken apart, who were soon deeply distressed; and one of them, in less than half an hour, found a clear sense of the love of God. Near seven, they came down to the boys in the school; and Mr. Mather asked, "Which of you will serve God?" They all seemed to be thunderstruck, and ten or twelve fell down upon their knees. Mr. Mather prayed, and then James Whitestone. Immediately one and another cried out, which brought in the other boys, who seemed struck more and more, till about thirty were kneeling and praying at once. Before half an hour past nine, ten of them knew that they were accepted in the Beloved. Several more were brought to the birth; and

all the children, but three or four, were affected more or less.

Sunday 5, I examined sixteen of them, who desired to partake of the Lord's-Supper. Nine or ten had a clear sense of the pardoning love of God. The others were fully determined never to rest till they could witness the same confession.

Eighteen of the children from that time met in three bands, besides twelve who met in trial band. These were remarkable for their love to each other, as well as for steady seriousness. They met every day: beside which, all the children met in class.

Monday 6, After Mr. Mather had preached at Pensford, he met the children there. Presently the spirit of contrition fell upon them, and then the spirit of grace and of supplication, till the greater part of them were crying together for mercy, with a loud and bitter cry. And all Miss Owen's children but one, (two and twenty in number) were exceedingly comforted.

Friday 10, I went over to Kingswood, and enquired into the present state of the children. I found part of them had walked closely with God; part had not, and were in heaviness. Hearing in the evening, that they were got to prayer by themselves in the school, I went down; but not being willing to disturb them, stood at the window. Two or three had gone in first; then more and more, till above thirty were gathered together. Such a sight I never saw, before nor since: three or four stood and stared, as if affrighted. The rest were all on their knees, pouring out their souls before God, in a manner not easy to be described. Sometimes one, sometimes more, prayed aloud: sometimes a cry went up from them all; till five or six of them who were in doubts before, saw the clear light of God's countenance.

Sunday 12, Four of Miss Owen's children desired leave to partake of the Lord's-Supper. I talked with them severally, and found they were all still rejoicing in the love of God. And they confirmed the account, that "there was

only one of their whole number, who was unaffected on Monday: but all the rest could then say with confidence, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." I suppose, such a visitation of children, has not been known in England these hundred years! In so marvellous a manner, *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise!*

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. XVII.

FROM SEPTEMBER 13, 1773, TO JANUARY 2, 1776.

MONDAY, Sept. 13, 1773, my cold remaining, I was ill able to speak. In the evening I was much worse, my palate and throat being greatly inflamed: however, I preached as I could. But I could then go no farther. I could swallow neither liquids nor solids, and the windpipe seemed nearly closed. I lay down at my usual time; but the defluxion of rheum was so uninterrupted, that I slept not a minute till nearly three in the morning. On the following nine days I grew better. Friday 17, I went to Kingswood, and found several of the children still alive to God. Saturday 18, I gave them a short exhortation, which tired, but did not hurt me.

Sunday 19, I thought myself able to speak to the congregation, which I did for half an hour: but afterwards I found a pain in my left side and in my shoulder by turns, exactly as I did at Canterbury twenty years before. In the morning I could scarcely lift my hand to my head: but, after being electrified, I was much better; so that I preached with tolerable ease in the evening: and the next evening read the letters, though my voice was weak. From this time

I slowly recovered my voice and my strength, and on Sunday preached without any trouble.

Wednesday 29, After preaching at Pensford, I went to Publow, and in the morning spent a little time with the lovely children. Those of them who were lately affected, did not appear to have lost any thing of what they had received: and some of them were clearly gaining ground, and advancing in the faith which works by love. Sunday, October 3, I took a solemn leave of the society at Bristol, now consisting of eight hundred members.

Monday 4, I went by Shepton Mallet to Shaftsbury, and on Tuesday to Salisbury. Wednesday 6, taking chaise at two in the morning, in the evening I came well to London. The rest of the week I made what enquiry I could into the state of my accounts: some confusion had arisen from the sudden death of my book-keeper; but it was less than might have been expected.

Monday 11, and the following days, I took a little tour through Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire. Between Northampton and Towcester, we met with a great natural curiosity, the largest elm I ever saw: it was twenty-eight feet in circumference: six feet more than that which was, some years ago, in Magdalen college walks at Oxford.

Monday 18, I began my little journey through Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire. In the way I read over Sir Richard Blackmore's "Prince Arthur." It is not a contemptible poem; although by no means equal to his "Poem on the Creation," in which are many admirably fine strokes.

Monday 25, I went to Shoreham, and spent two days both agreeably and profitably. The work of God, which broke out here two or three years ago, is still continually increasing. I preached near Bromley on Thursday, and on Friday 29 had the satisfaction of dining with an old friend. I hope she *meant* all the kindness she professed: if she did not, it was her own loss.

Monday, November 1, I set out for Norfolk, and came to Lynn while the congregation was waiting for me. Here

was once a prospect of doing much good; but it has almost vanished away. Calvinism breaking in upon them, has torn the infant society in pieces. I did all I could to heal the breach, both in public and private; and, having recovered a few, I left them all in peace, and went on to Norwich on Wednesday.

Friday 5, I preached at noon to the warm congregation at Loddon, and in the evening to the cold one at Yarmouth. I know there is nothing too hard for God: else I should go thither no more. Monday 8, I found the society at Lakenheath was entirely vanished away. I joined them together once more, and they seriously promised to keep together. If they do, I shall endeavour to see them again, if not, I have better work.

Tuesday 9, I preached at Bury, and on Wednesday at Colchester, where I spent a day or two with much satisfaction, among a poor, loving, simple-hearted people. I returned to London on Friday, and was fully employed in visiting the classes from that time to Saturday the 20th.

In my late journey, I read over "Dr. Lee's Sophron." He is both a learned and a sensible man: yet, I judge, his book will hardly come to a second impression, for these very obvious reasons: 1, His language is generally rough and unpleasing; frequently so obscure, that one cannot pick out the meaning of a sentence, without reading it twice or thrice over: 2, His periods are intolerably long, beyond all sense and reason; one period often containing ten or twenty, and sometimes thirty lines. 3, When he makes a pertinent remark, he knows not when to have done with it, but spins it out, without any pity to the reader. 4, Many of his remarks, like those of his master, Mr. Hutchinson, are utterly strained and unnatural: such as to give pain to those who believe the Bible, and diversion to those who do not.

Monday 22, I set out for Sussex, and found abundance of people willing to hear the good word: at Rye in particular. And they *do many things gladly;* but they will not part with the accursed thing, smuggling: so, I fear, with

regard to these, our labour will be in vain. Monday 29, I went to Gravesend, on Tuesday to Chatham, and on Wednesday to Sheerness, over that whimsical ferry, where footmen and horses pay nothing, but every carriage four shillings! I was pleasing myself that I had seen *one fair day* at Sheerness; but that pleasure was soon over: we had rain enough in the evening; however, the house was crowded sufficiently. I spoke exceedingly plain to the bigots on both sides. May God write it on their hearts!!!

Monday, December 6, I went to Canterbury in the stage-coach, and by the way read "Lord Herbert's Life," written by himself, the author of the first System of Deism, that ever was published in England. Was there ever so wild a knight-errant as this? Compared to him, Don Quixote was a sober man. Who can wonder, that a man of such a complexion should be an infidel? I returned to London, Friday 10, with Captain Hinderson of Chatham, who informed us, "Being off the Kentish coast, on Wednesday morning last, I found my ship had been so damaged by the storm, which still continued, that she could not long keep above water: so we got into the boat, twelve in all, though with little hope of making the shore. A ship passing by, we made all the signals we could; but they took no notice. A second passed near: we made signals and called; but they would not stay for us. A third put out their boat, took us up, and set us safe on shore."

Friday 17, Meeting with a celebrated book, a volume of "Captain Cook's Voyages," I sat down to read it with great expectation: but how was I disappointed. I observed, 1, Things absolutely incredible: "A nation without any curiosity: and, what is stranger still," (I fear, related with no good design) "without any sense of shame! men and women coupling together in the face of the sun, and in the sight of scores of people! men whose skin, cheeks, and lips are white as milk." Hume or Voltaire might believe this; but I cannot. I observed, 2, Things absolutely impossible. To instance in one, for a specimen. A native of Otaheite is said to understand the language of an island

eleven hundred miles distant from it in latitude; besides I know not how many hundreds in longitude: so that I cannot but rank this narrative with that of Robinson Crusoe; and account Tupia to be, in several respects, a-kin to his man Friday.

Saturday 25, And on the following days, we had many happy opportunities of celebrating the solemn feast-days, according to the design of their institution. We concluded the year with a fast-day, closed with a solemn watch-night.

Tuesday, January 4, 1774, Three or four years ago, a stumbling horse threw me forward on the pummel of the saddle: I felt a good deal of pain; but it soon went off, and I thought of it no more. Some months after, I observed *testiculum alterum altero duplo majorem esse.* I consulted a physician: he told me, it was a common case, and did not imply any disease at all. In May twelve-month it was grown nearly as large as an hen's egg. Being then at Edinburgh, Dr. Hamilton insisted on my having the advice of Doctors Gregory and Monro. They immediately saw it was an hydrocele, and advised me, as soon as I came to London, to aim at a radical cure, which they judged might be affected in about sixteen days. When I came to London, I consulted Mr. Wathen: he advised me, 1, "Not to think of a radical cure, which could not be hoped for, without my lying in one posture fifteen or sixteen days: and he did not know whether this might not give a wound to my constitution, which I should never recover. 2, To do nothing while I continued easy." And this advice I was determined to take.

Last month the swelling was often painful: so on this day Mr. Wathen performed the operation, and drew off something more than half a pint of a thin, yellow, transparent water: with this came out (to his no small surprise) a pearl of the size of a small shot; which he supposed might be one cause of the disorder, by occasioning a conflux of humours to the part. Wednesday 5, I was as perfectly easy as if no operation had been performed.

Tuesday 12, I began at the east end of the town to visit the society from house to house. I know no branch of the pastoral office, which is of greater importance than this: but it is so grievous to flesh and blood, that I can prevail on few, even of *our* preachers, to undertake it.

Sunday 23, Mr. Pentecross assisted me at the chapel. O! what a curse upon the poor sons of men is the *confusion of opinions!* Worse, by many degrees, than the curse of Babel, the *confusion of tongues.* What but this could prevent this amiable young man from joining heart and hand with us? Monday 24, I was desired by Mrs. Wright of New York to let her take my effigy in wax-work. She has that of Mr. Whitefield and many others; but none of them, I think, comes up to a well drawn picture.

Friday 28, I buried the remains of that venerable mother in Israel, Bilhah Aspernell. She found peace with God in 1738, and soon after, purity of heart. From that time she walked in the light of God's countenance, day and night, without the least intermission. She was always in pain, yet always rejoicing, and going about doing good. Her desire was, that she might not live to be useless: and God granted her desire. On Sunday evening she met her class, as usual: the next day she sent for her old fellow-traveller, Sarah Clay, and said to her, "Sally, I am going." Sarah asked, "Where are you going?" She cheerfully answered, "To my Jesus, to be sure!" and spoke no more.

Saturday 29, And several times in the following week, I had much conversation with Ralph Mather, a devoted young man, but almost driven out of his senses by mystic divinity: if he escapes out of this specious snare of the devil, he will be an instrument of much good.

Thursday, February 10, I was desired by that affectionate man, Mr. P., to give him a sermon at Chelsea. Every corner of the room was thoroughly crowded; and all but two or three gentlewomen (so called) were deeply serious, while I strongly enforced, *Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.*

Monday 14, In my way to Darking, I gave another

reading to the "Life of Anna Maria Schurman:" perhaps a woman of the strongest understanding that the world ever saw: and she was likewise deeply devoted to God. So was also Antoinette Bourignon; nearly her equal in sense, though not in learning; and equally devoted to God. In many things there was a surprising resemblance between them, particularly in severity of temper, leading them to separate from all the world, whom they seemed to give up to the devil without remorse; only with this difference: Madam Bourignon believed there were *absolutely no children of God*, but her and her three or four associates: Anna Schurman believed there were *almost none*, but her and her little community. No wonder that the world returned their love, by persecuting them in every country.

Thursday, March 3, I preached at L—: but, oh! what a change is there! The society is shrunk to five or six members, and probably will soon shrink into nothing: and the family is not even a shadow of that, which was, for some years, a pattern to all the kingdom.

Sunday 6, In the evening I went to Brentford, and on Monday to Newbury. Tuesday 8, coming to Chippenham, I was informed, that the floods had made the road by Marshfield impassable: so I went round by Bath, and came to Bristol, just as my brother was giving out the hymn; and in time to beseech a crowded audience, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain.*

Saturday 12, I went over to Kingswood, and put an end to some little misunderstandings which had crept into the family. At this I rejoiced; but I was grieved to find, that Ralph Mather's falling into Mysticism and Quakerism, had well nigh put an end to that uncommon awakening which he had before occasioned among the children: but the next day I found the little maids at Publow, who found peace by his means, had retained all the life which they had received, and had, indeed, increased therein.

Tuesday 15, I began my northern journey, and went by Stroud, Gloucester, and Tewksbury, to Worcester. Thursday 17, I preached in the town-hall at Evesham, to a

numerous and serious congregation. Friday 18, I returned to Worcester. The society here continues walking together in love, and are not moved by all the efforts of those, who would fain teach them another gospel. I was much comforted by their steadfastness and simplicity. Thus let them *silence the ignorance of foolish men.*

Saturday 19, In the evening I preached at Birmingham, and at eight in the morning. At noon I preached on Bromwich heath, and, the room being far too small, stood in Mr. Wiley's court-yard, notwithstanding the keen north-east wind. At Wednesbury, likewise, I was constrained by the multitude of people to preach abroad in the evening. I strongly enforced upon them the Apostle's words, *How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?* If we do not *go on to perfection*, how shall we escape lukewarmness, Antinomianism, and hell-fire?

Monday 21, I preached at nine in Darlaston, and about noon at Wolverhampton. Here I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fletcher, and we took sweet counsel together. Tuesday 22, at five, I explained that important truth, that God *trieth us every moment*, weighs all our thoughts, words, and actions, and is pleased or displeased with us, *according to our works.* I see more and more clearly, that *there is a great gulph fixed* between us and all those who, by denying this, sap the very foundation both of inward and outward holiness.

At ten I preached at Dudley, and in the afternoon spent some time in viewing Mr. Bolton's works, wonderfully ingenious, but the greater part of them wonderfully useless. Wednesday 23, I preached at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and Thursday 24, went on to Markfield. The church was quickly filled. I preached on those words in the second lesson, *Lazarus, come forth!* In the evening I preached at Leicester. Here likewise the people *walk in the fear of the Lord, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost.*

Sunday 27, About noon I preached at Stapleford, six miles west from Nottingham. I stood in a meadow, because no house could contain the congregation: but it was

nothing to that at Nottingham-Cross in the evening, the largest I have seen for many years, except at Gwenap. Monday 28, about noon I preached at Donnington. It was a showery day, but the showers were suspended during the preaching. In the evening I preached at Derby, and had the satisfaction to observe an unusual seriousness in the congregation. Careless as they used to be, they seemed at length to know the day of their visitation.

Tuesday 29, About ten, I preached in the market-place at Ashburn, to a large and tolerably serious congregation: and some, I believe, felt the word of God quick and powerful, while I enforced, *God now commandeth all men every where to repent.* After dinner we went on to Newcastle-under-line, (that is the proper name of the river,) where I was invited by the Mayor, a serious, sensible man, to lodge at his house. I was desired (our room being but small) to preach in the market-place: abundance of people were soon gathered together, who surprised me not a little, by mistaking the tune, and striking up the march in Judas Maccabeus. Many of them had admirable voices, and tolerable skill: I know not when I have heard so agreeable a sound: it was indeed the voice of melody: but we had one jarring string: a drunken gentleman was a little noisy, till he was carried away.

Wednesday 30, I went on to Congleton, where I received letters informing me, that my presence was necessary at Bristol: so about one I took chaise, and reached Bristol about half an hour after one the next day. Having done my business in about two hours, on Friday in the afternoon I reached Congleton again, (about a hundred and forty miles from Bristol,) no more tired (blessed be God!) than when I left it. What a change is in this town! the bitter enmity of the townsfolks to the Methodists is clean forgotten: so has the steady behaviour of the little flock turned the hearts of their opposers.

Easter-day, April 3, I went on to Macclesfield, and came just in time (so is the scene changed here also) to walk to the old church, with the Mayor and the two

ministers. The rain drove us into the house in the evening, that is, as many as could squeeze in; and we had a season of strong consolation, both at the preaching, and at the meeting of the society.

Monday 4, I went on to Manchester, where the work of God appears to be still increasing. Tuesday 5, about noon I preached at New-Mills, to an earnest, artless, loving people; and in the evening at poor, dull, dead Stockport, not without hopes that God would raise the dead. As one means of this, I determined to restore the morning preaching, which had been discontinued for many years: so I walked over from Portwood in the morning, and found the house well filled at Pendleton-pole, two miles from Manchester, in a new chapel, designed for a church minister, which was filled from end to end.

Thursday 7, I preached about noon at Northwich, now as quiet as Manchester: and in the evening at that lovely spot Little Leigh. Friday 8, I went on to Chester. Saturday 9, I visited our old friends at Alpraham; many of whom are now well nigh worn out, and just ready for the bridegroom. Monday 11, I preached about noon at Warrington, and in the evening at Liverpool. Thursday 14, I preached in Wigan at noon, where all tumult is now at an end: the lives of the Christians having quite put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. In the evening I preached at Bolton, to the most lively and most steady people in all these parts.

Friday 15, I preached at a preaching-house just built at Chow-bent, which was lately a den of lions: but they are all now quiet as lambs: so they were the next day at the new house near Bury. Friday 16, at noon I preached in Rochdale, and in the evening near the church at Huddersfield. The wind was high, and very sharp; but the people little regarded it, while I strongly enforced those words, *What dost thou here, Elijah?*

Sunday 17, I rode to Halifax. Such a country church I never saw before. I suppose, except York-Minster, there is none in the county so large: yet it would not nearly

contain the congregation. I was afraid it would be impossible for all to hear; but God gave me a voice for the occasion: so that, I believe, all heard and many felt the application of those words, (part of the first lesson) *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* While I was at dinner at Dr. Leigh's, one came from Huddersfield to tell me, "the Vicar was willing I should preach in the church." Dr. Leigh lending me his servant and his horse, I set out immediately, and, riding fast, came into the church while the vicar was reading the Psalms. It was well the people had no notice of my preaching, till I came into the town. They quickly filled the church: I did not spare them, but fully delivered my own soul.

Monday 18, The minister of Heptonstall sent me word that I was welcome to preach in his church. It was with difficulty we got up the steep mountain; and when we were upon it, the wind was ready to bear us away. The church was filled, not with curious, but serious hearers: no others would face so furious a storm. At Ewood in the evening we had the usual blessing.

Tuesday 19, Mrs. Holmes, who has been some years confined to her bed, sent and desired I would preach at her house. As I stood in the passage, both she could hear, and all that stood in the adjoining rooms. I preached on Rev. xiv. 1—5. It was a refreshing season to her and to many. At half an hour after ten, I preached in the new house at Hightown, and in the evening at Daw-Green. I found Mr. Greenwood, with whom I lodged, dying, as was supposed, of the gout in the stomach: but, on observing the symptoms, I was convinced it was not the gout, but the *Angina Pectoris*, (well described by Dr. Heberden; and still more accurately by Dr. M'Bride, of Dublin,) I therefore advised him, to take no more medicines, but to be electrified through the breast. He was so: the violent symptoms immediately ceased, and he fell into a sweet sleep.

Thursday 21, I preached at Morley, on *O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?* About two I preached

at the new-built house at Pudsey, where the Germans, I was informed, are continually declining. Twenty years since, one would have thought they would never have been moved: but who can stand any longer than God is on their side? This evening and the next I preached to the lively congregation at Bradford, and was much comforted: so were many: indeed all that earnestly desired to recover the whole image of God.

Friday 22, I rode and walked to Bradshaw-house, standing alone in a dreary waste: but although it was a cold and stormy day, the people flocked from all quarters: so they did at noon the next day, to Clough, (two or three miles from Coln,) where, though it was cold enough, I was obliged to preach abroad. In the evening I preached to our old, upright, loving brethren at Keighley.

Sunday 24, It being a cold and stormy day, Haworth church contained the people tolerably well. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I preached at Bingley and Yeadon; and on Thursday opened the new house at Wakefield. What a change is here, since our friend was afraid to let me preach in his house, lest the mob should pull it down! so I preached in the main street; and then was sown the first seed which has since borne so plenteous an harvest. Hence I went to Leeds, and on Saturday 30, to Birstal. Here, on the top of the hill, was the standard first set up four and thirty years ago: and, since that time, what hath God wrought!

Sunday, May 1, I preached at eight on that delicate device of Satan, to destroy the whole religion of the heart: the telling men, "not to regard *frames* or *feelings*, but to live by *naked faith*:" that is, in plain terms, not to regard either love, joy, peace, or any other fruit of the Spirit: not to regard, whether they *feel* these or the reverse; whether their souls be in a heavenly or hellish *frame*: At one I preached at the foot of the hill to many thousands of hearers; and at Leeds to about the same number; whom I besought, in strong terms, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain.*

On Monday and Tuesday I preached at Otley and

Pateley-bridge. Wednesday 4, I went on to Ambleside, and on Thursday to Whitehaven. Monday 9, I set out for Scotland. At eight I preached in the Castle-yard at Cockermouth, to abundance of careless people, on *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.* In the evening I preached at Carlisle. On Tuesday I went on to Selkirk, and on Wednesday to Edinburgh, which is distant from Carlisle ninety-five miles and no more. Thursday 12, I went in the stage-coach to Glasgow; and on Friday and Saturday preached on the Old Green, to a people, the greatest part of whom *hear* much, *know* every thing, and *feel* nothing.

Sunday 15, My spirit was moved within me at the sermons I heard both morning and afternoon. They contained much truth, but were no more likely to awaken one soul, than an Italian opera. In the evening a multitude of people assembled on the Green, to whom I earnestly applied these words, *Though I have all knowledge, though I have all faith, though I give all my goods to feed the poor, &c. and have not love, I am nothing.*

Monday 16, In the afternoon, as also at seven in the morning, I preached in the kirk at Port Glasgow. My subjects were death and judgment, and I spoke as home as I possibly could. The evening congregation at Greenock was exceedingly large. I opened and enforced those awful words, *Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.* I know not that ever I spoke more strongly: and some fruit of it quickly appeared; for the house, twice as large as that at Glasgow, was thoroughly filled at five in the morning. In the evening, Tuesday 17, I preached on the Green at Glasgow once more, although the north-wind was piercingly cold. At five in the morning I commended our friends to God. How is it that there is no increase in this society? It is exceedingly easy to answer. One preacher stays here two or three months at a time, preaching on Sunday mornings, and three or four evenings in a week. Can a Methodist preacher preserve either bodily health, or spiritual life, with *this exercise?* and if he is but

half alive, what will the people be? Just so it is at Greenock too.

Wednesday 18, I went to Edinburgh, and on Thursday to Perth. Here, likewise, the morning preaching had been given up: consequently the people were few, dead, and cold. These things must be remedied, or we must quit the ground.

In the way to Perth, I read that ingenious tract, Dr. Gregory's "Advice to his Daughters." Although I cannot agree with him in all things, (particularly as to *Dancing*, Decent *Pride*, and both a *Reserve* and a *Delicacy*, which, I think, are quite unnatural:) yet, I allow, there are many fine strokes therein, and abundance of common sense: and, if a young woman followed this plan in little things, in such things as daily occur, and in great things copied after Miranda, she would form an accomplished character.

Friday 20, I rode over to Mr. Fraser's at Monedy, whose mother-in-law was to be buried that day. Oh! what a difference is there between the English and the Scotch method of burial! The English does honour to human nature; and even to the poor remains, that were once a temple of the Holy Ghost: but when I see, in Scotland, a coffin put into the earth, and covered up without a word spoken, it reminds me of what was spoken concerning Jehoiakim, *He shall be buried with the burial of an ass.*

Saturday 21, I returned to Perth, and preached in the evening to a large congregation: but I could not find the way to their hearts. The generality of the people here, are so *wise*, that they need no more knowledge, and so *good*, that they need no more religion! Who can warn them that are brim full of wisdom and goodness, to flee from the wrath to come? Sunday 22, I endeavoured to stir up this drowsy people, by speaking as strongly as I could, at five, on *Awake, thou that sleepest:* at seven, on *Where their worm dieth not;* and in the evening, on *I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.* In the afternoon, a young gentleman, in the West-kirk, preached such a close,

practical sermon on *Enoch walked with God*, as I have not heard since I came into the kingdom.

Monday 23, About ten, I preached to a considerable number of plain, serious country people, at Rait, a little town in the middle of that lovely valley, called "The Carse of Gowrie." In riding on to Dundee, I was utterly amazed at reading and considering a tract put into my hands, which gave a fuller account than I had ever seen, of the famous Gowrie conspiracy in 1600: and I was throughly convinced, 1, From the utter improbability, if one should not rather say, absurdity of the King's account, (the greater part of which rests entirely on his own single word.) 2, From the many contradictions in the depositions which were made to confirm some parts of it: and, 3, From the various collateral circumstances, related by contemporary writers, that the whole was a piece of King-craft; the clumsy invention of a covetous and blood-thirsty tyrant, to destroy two innocent men, that he might *kill and also take possession* of their large fortunes.

In the evening I preached at Dundee, and on Tuesday 24, went on to Arbroath. In the way I read Lord K—'s plausible "Essays on Morality and Natural Religion." Did ever man take so much pains to so little purpose, as he does in his essay on *liberty* and *necessity*? Cui bono? What good would it do to mankind, if he could convince them that they are a mere piece of clock-work? that they have no more share in directing their own actions, than in directing the sea or the north wind? He owns that "if men *saw themselves in this light*, all sense of moral obligation, of right and wrong, of good or ill desert, would immediately cease." Well, my lord *sees himself in this light:* consequently, if his own doctrine is true, he has no "sense of moral obligation, of right and wrong, or good or ill desert." Is he not then excellently well qualified for a judge? Will he condemn a man for not *holding the wind in his fist.*

The high and piercing wind made it impracticable to preach abroad in the evening: but the house contained the people tolerably well, as plain and simple as those at Rait.

I set out early in the morning; but not being able to ford the North-Esk, swoln with the late rains, was obliged to go round some miles: however I reached Aberdeen in the evening.

Here I met with another curious book, "Sketches of the History of Man." Undoubtedly the author is a man of strong understanding, lively imagination, and considerable learning. And his book contains some useful truths: yet some things in it gave me pain: 1, His affirming things that are not true; as, that all negro children turn black the ninth or tenth day from their birth. No: most of them turn partly black on the second day, entirely so on the third. That all the Americans are of a copper colour: not so: some of them are as fair as we are. Many more such assertions I observed, which I impute not to design but credulity. 2, His flatly contradicting himself, many times within a page or two. 3, His asserting, and labouring to prove, that man is a mere piece of clock-work: and, lastly, his losing no opportunity of vilifying the Bible, to which he appears to bear a most cordial hatred. I marvel, if any but his brother infidels will give two guineas for such a work as this!

Sunday 29, At seven the congregation was large. In the evening the people were ready to tread upon each other. I scarcely ever saw people so squeezed together: and they seemed to be all ear, while I exhorted them with strong and pointed words, not to *receive the grace of God in vain.*

Monday 30, I set out early from Aberdeen, and preached at Arbroath in the evening. I know no people in England who are more loving, and more simple of heart than these. Tuesday 31, I preached at East-haven, a small town inhabited by fishermen. I suppose all the inhabitants were present; and all were ready to devour the word. In the evening I preached at Dundee, and had great hope that brotherly love would continue.

In my way hither I read Dr. Reid's ingenious Essay. With the former part of it I was greatly delighted: but afterwards I was much disappointed. I doubt whether the

sentiments are just: but I am sure his language is so obscure, that to most readers it must be mere Arabic. But I have a greater objection than this; namely, his exquisite want of judgment, in so admiring that prodigy of self-conceit, Rousseau; a shallow, yet supercilious infidel, two degrees below Voltaire! Is it possible, that a man who admires him, can admire the Bible?

Wednesday, June 1, I went on to Edinburgh, and the next day examined the society one by one. I was agreeably surprised. They have fairly profited since I was here last. Such a number of persons having sound christian experience I never found in this society before. I preached in the evening to a very elegant congregation, and yet with great enlargement of heart!

Saturday 4, I found uncommon liberty at Edinburgh in applying Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones. As I was walking home, two men followed me, one of whom said, "Sir, you are my prisoner. I have a warrant from the Sheriff to carry you to the Tolbooth." At first I thought he jested; but finding the thing was serious, I desired one or two of our friends to go up with me. When we were safely lodged in a house adjoining to the Tolbooth, I desired the officer to let me see his warrant. I found the prosecutor was one George Sutherland, once a member of the society. He had deposed, "That Hugh Saunderson, one of John Wesley's preachers, had taken from his wife one hundred pounds in money, and upwards of thirty pounds in goods; and had, besides that, terrified her into madness, so that, through the want of her help, and the loss of business, he was damaged five hundred pounds."

Before the Sheriff, Archibald Cockburn, Esq. he had deposed, "That the said John Wesley and Hugh Saunderson, to evade pursuit, were preparing to fly the country; and therefore he desired his warrant to search for, seize, and incarcerate them in the Tolbooth, till they should find security for their appearance." To this request the Sheriff had assented, and given his warrant for that purpose.

But why does he incarcerate John Wesley? Nothing is

laid against him, less or more. Hugh Saunderson preaches in connexion with him. What then? Was not the Sheriff strangely overseen?

Mr. Sutherland furiously insisted, that the officer should carry us to the Tolbooth without delay. However, he waited till two or three of our friends came, and gave a bond for our appearance on the 24th instant. Mr. S. did appear: the cause was heard, and the prosecutor fined one thousand pounds.

Sunday 5, About eight I preached at Ormiston, twelve miles from Edinburgh. The house being small, I stood in the street, and proclaimed, *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.* The congregation behaved with the utmost decency. So did that on the castle-hill in Edinburgh at noon; though I strongly insisted, that *God now commandeth all men every where to repent.* In the evening the house was thoroughly filled; and many seemed deeply affected. I do not wonder, that Satan, had it been in his power, would have had me otherwise employed this day.

Wednesday 8, I took my leave of our affectionate friends, and in the evening preached at Dunbar. Thursday 9, the wind being high, I preached in the court-house at Alnwick, but it was intolerably hot. Friday 10, about eleven I preached in the little square, adjoining to the preaching-house in Morpeth. In the evening I preached at Newcastle; and in the morning, Saturday 11, set out for the Dales. About noon I preached at Wolsingham; and in the evening, near the preaching-house in Weardale.

Sunday 12, The rain drove us into the house, both morning and afternoon. Afterwards I met the poor remains of the select society: but neither of my two lovely children, Peggy Spence nor Sally Blackburn were there. Indeed a whole row of such I had seen before; but three in four of them were now as careless as ever. In the evening I sent for Peggy Spence and Sally Blackburn. Peggy came, and I found she had well nigh regained her ground, walking in the light, and having a lively hope of recovering all that she had lost. Sally flatly refused to come, and then ran out

of doors. Being found at length, after a flood of tears, she was brought almost by force: but I could not get one look, and hardly a word from her. She seemed to have no hope left: yet she is not out of God's reach.

I now enquired into the causes of that grievous decay in the vast work of God which was here two years since; and I found several causes had concurred. 1, Not one of the preachers that succeeded was capable of being a nursing father to the new-born children. 2, Jane Salkeld, one great instrument of the work, marrying, was debarred from meeting the young ones; and there being none left, who so naturally cared for them, they fell heaps upon heaps. 3, Most of the liveliest in the society were the single men and women: and several of these, in a little time, contracted an inordinate affection for each other; whereby they so grieved the Holy Spirit of God that he, in great measure, departed from them. 4, Men arose among ourselves, who undervalued the work of God, and called the great work of sanctification a delusion: by this they grieved some, and angered others, so that both the one and the other were much weakened. 5, Hence the love of many waxing cold, the preachers were discouraged; and jealousies, heart-burnings, evil surmisings, were multiplied more and more. There is now a little revival: God grant it may increase!

Monday 13, At eleven I preached in Teesdale, and at Swaledale in the evening. Tuesday 14, we crossed over the enormous mountain, into lovely Wensleydale, the largest by far of all the dales, as well as the most beautiful. Some years since many had been awakened here, and joined together by Mr. Ingham and his preachers: but since the bitter dissension between their preachers, the poor sheep have all been scattered. A considerable number of these have been gleaned up and joined together by our preachers. I came into the midst of them at Redmire. As I rode through the town, the people stood staring on every side, as if we had been a company of monsters. I preached in the street, and they soon ran together, young and old, from every quarter. I reminded the elders of their having seen me thirty years be-

fore, when I preached in Wensley church, and enforced once more, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* When I rode back through the town, it wore a new face. The people were profoundly civil: they were bowing and curtsying on every side. Such a change in two hours I have seldom seen.

Hence we hasted to Richmond, where I preached in a kind of square. All the Yorkshire militia were there; and so were their officers, who kept them in awe, so that they behaved with decency. At six I preached at the end of our house in Barnardcastle. I was faint and feverish when I began. But the staying an hour in a cold bath, (for the wind was very high and sharp) quite refreshed me, so that all my faintness was gone, and I was perfectly well when I concluded.

Wednesday 15, I went on by Durham to Sunderland. Saturday 18, I preached at Biddick. It was fair while I was preaching, but rained very hard both before and after. Sunday 19, I preached at the east end of the town, I think, to the largest congregation I ever saw at Sunderland. The rain did not begin till I had concluded. At two I preached at the Fell, at five in the Orphan-house.

Monday 20, About nine I set out for Horseley, with Mr. Hopper and Mr. Smith. I took Mrs. Smith, and her two little girls, in the chaise with me. About two miles from the town, just on the brow of the hill, on a sudden, both the horses set out, without any visible cause, and flew down the hill, like an arrow out of a bow. In a minute John fell off the coach-box. The horses then went on full speed, sometimes to the edge of the ditch on the right, sometimes on the left. A cart came up against them: they avoided it as exactly as if the man had been on the box. A narrow bridge was at the foot of the hill; they went directly over the middle of it. They ran up the next hill with the same speed; many persons meeting us, but getting out of the way. Near the top of the hill was a gate, which led into a farmer's yard; it stood open: they turned short, and run through it, without touching the gate on one side, or the post on the

other. I thought, "however the gate which is on the other side of the yard, and is shut, will stop them." But they rushed through it as if it had been a cobweb, and gallopped on through the corn-field. The little girls cried out, "Grand-papa, save us." I told them, "nothing will hurt you: do not be afraid:" feeling no more fear or care, (blessed be God!) than if I had been sitting in my study. The horses ran on till they came to the edge of a steep precipice. Just then Mr. Smith, who could not overtake us before, gallopped in between: they stopped in a moment. Had they gone on ever so little, he and we must have gone down together.

I am persuaded, both evil and good angels had a large share in this transaction; how large we do not know now, but we shall know hereafter.

I think some of the most remarkable circumstances were, 1, both the horses, which were tame and quiet as could be, starting out in a moment just at the top of the hill, and running down full speed: 2, the coachman's being thrown on his head with such violence, and yet not hurt at all: 3, the chaise running again and again to the edge of each ditch, and yet not into it: 4, the avoiding the cart: 5, the keeping just the middle of the bridge: 6, the turning short through the first gate, in a manner that no coachman in England could have turned them, when in full gallop: 7, the going through the second gate, as if it had been but smoke, without slackening their pace at all: this would have been impossible, had not the end of the chariot-pole struck exactly on the centre of the gate: whence the whole, by the sudden impetuous shock, was broken into small pieces: 8, that the little girl, who used to have fits, on my saying, "nothing will hurt you," ceased crying, and was quite composed: lastly, that Mr. Smith struck in just then; in a minute more we had been down the precipice: and had not the horses then stopped at once, they must have carried him and us down together. *Let those give thanks, whom the Lord hath redeemed, and delivered from the hand of the enemy!*

Friday 24, I read over Dr. Wilson's tract, on the Circulation of the Blood! What are we sure of but the Bible? I thought nothing had been more sure, than that the heart is the grand, moving power, which both begins and continues the circulation. But I think the Doctor has clearly proved that it does not begin at the heart: and that the heart has quite another office; only receiving the blood, which then moves on through its channels, on the mere principle of suction, assisted by the ethereal fire, which is connected with every particle of it.

Sunday 26, In the morning I preached at the Ballast-hills, among the glass-men, keel-men, and sailors. As these had nothing to pay, I exhorted them, *to buy wine and milk without money and without price.*

Monday 27, I took my leave of this lovely place and people, and about ten preached to a serious congregation at Durham. About six I preached at Stockton-upon-Tees, on a text suited to the congregation, *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*

Tuesday 28, This being my birth-day, the first day of my seventy-second year, I was considering, How is this, that I find just the same strength, as I did thirty years ago? That my sight is considerably better now, and my nerves firmer than they were then? That I have none of the infirmities of old age, and have lost several I had in my youth? The grand cause is, the good pleasure of God, who doth whatsoever pleaseth him. The chief means are, 1, my constantly rising at four, for about fifty years: 2, my generally preaching at five in the morning, one of the most healthy exercises in the world: 3, my never travelling less, by sea or land, than four thousand five hundred miles in a year.

In the evening I preached at Yarm: about eleven the next day at Osmotherly; and in the evening at Thirsk. Thursday 30, I preached at Hutton-rudby, and found still remaining a few sparks of the uncommon flame, which was kindled there ten years ago. It was quenched chiefly by the

silly, childish contentions of those, who were real partakers of that great blessing.

Friday, July 1, I preached in Stokesley at six; and many determined to set out anew. In Gisborough I was constrained to preach abroad: and the whole multitude was as silent as the subject—death! I never before had such an opportunity at this place. In the afternoon, through miserable roads, we at length got to Whitby.

Sunday 3, We had a solemn hour at five, with the society only: and another at eight, while I enforced those words on a numerous congregation, *How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?* While we were at church, a poor man would needs divert himself by swimming; but he sunk, and rose no more. The minister preached in the afternoon a sermon suited to the occasion, on *Be ye likewise ready; for ye know not the hour when the Son of Man cometh.* At five I preached in the market-place, on *Though I speak with the tongue of men and angels, &c. and have not charity, I am nothing.* I spoke exceedingly plain, and the people were attentive: yet few of them, I doubt, understood what was spoken. The society, however, are well established, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour. Monday 4, at eleven I preached in the little square at Robinhood's-bay. At six I preached to a numerous congregation, in the new house at Scarborough: it is plain, and yet is one of the neatest and most elegant preaching-houses in England. Now let the people walk worthy of their calling, and there will be a good work in this place.

Wednesday 6, I went on to Bridlington-key; and in the evening preached in the town, to as stupid and ill-mannered a congregation as I have seen for many years. Thursday 7, I preached at Beverley and Hull, where the house would not near contain the congregation. How is this town changed since I preached on the Carr! Saturday 9, I preached at Pocklington and York.

Sunday 10, Some of Tadcaster informing me, that the minister was willing I should preach in the church, I went thither in the morning; but his mind was changed; so I

preached in the street to a listening multitude, from the Lesson for the day, on *The righteousness which exceeds that of the scribes and pharisees.* In the morning and evening I preached at York.

Tuesday 12, was the quarterly meeting. It was a busy, and yet a comfortable day. Many were refreshed, both at the love-feast and while I was describing, *The hundred, forty, and four thousand, standing with the Lamb on Mount Sion.* Who is ambitious to be of that number?

Thursday 14, About nine I preached at Wakefield, and in the evening at Doncaster. Here also God has a few names. Friday 15, about eleven I preached at Thorne; and in the evening at Rotherham, to a people who both understand and love the gospel.

Saturday 16, I went to Epworth, and preached in the market-place to a numerous and quiet congregation. Sunday 17, about eight I preached at Misterton. The sun shining in my face was a little troublesome at first; but was soon covered with clouds. We had an useful sermon at Haxey church. About one I preached at Overthorpe: and between four and five, the rain being stayed, I began in Epworth market-place. Such a congregation never met there before: and they did not meet in vain.

Monday 18, I reached Brig before eight; and, by the request of the chief persons in the town, preached at nine in the market-place, to a large and attentive congregation. Hence I went on to Tealby, and preached near the church to a multitude of plain, serious country people; very different from the wild, unbroken herd, to whom I preached at Horncastle in the evening.

Tuesday 19, I preached at Lowth about noon, and at Grimsby in the evening. At ten, on Wednesday 20, I preached at Winterton. None of the hearers were more attentive than an old acquaintance of my father's, Mr. George Stovin, formerly a justice of the peace near Epworth, now as teachable as a little child, and determined to know nothing, save Christ crucified. About two I preached in an open place at Scotter, and in the evening at Owston. One

of my audience here was Mr. Pinder, a contemporary of mine at Oxford. But any that observed so feeble, decrepit an old man, tottering over the grave, would imagine there was a difference of forty, rather than two years between us!

On Friday and Saturday I made a little excursion into Yorkshire. Sunday 24, I preached at eight, at Gringley-in-the-Hill, to a large congregation, among whom I could observe but one person that was inattentive. Here I received an invitation from Mr. Harvey, to give him a sermon at Finningly. I came thither a little before the service began; and the church was filled, but not crowded. Between three and four I returned to Epworth. The congregation there was large last Sunday; but it was nearly doubled now: and never had we from the beginning a more solemn and affectionate parting.

Monday 25, I went on to Sheffield, and on Tuesday met the select society: but it was reduced from sixty to twenty; and but half of these retained all that they once received. What a grievous error, to think those that are saved from sin, cannot lose what they have gained! It is a miracle if they do not; seeing all earth and hell are so enraged against them! While, meantime, so very few, even of the children of God, skilfully endeavour to strengthen their hands.

Wednesday 26, About one we reached Leek in Staffordshire. I could not imagine who the Quaker should be, that had sent me word he expected me to dinner: and was agreeably surprised to find, that it was my old friend Joshua Strongman, of Mountmellick, in Ireland, whom I had not seen for many years. I found he was the same man still; of the same open, friendly, amiable temper: and every thing about him was (not costly or fine) but surprisingly neat and elegant. It began to rain soon after we came in; but the rain stayed while I was preaching: and it seemed the whole town, rich and poor, were gathered together, and listened while I explained, *God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.* I preached at Burslem in the evening: and on Thursday 28, in the afternoon, came to Shrewsbury.

Saturday 30, I went on to Madeley; and in the evening preached under a sycamore-tree in Madeley-wood, to a large congregation, good part of them colliers, who drank in every word. Surely never were places more alike, than Madeley-wood, Gateshead-Fell, and Kingswood!

Sunday 31, The church could not contain the congregation, either morning or afternoon: but in the evening I preached to a still larger congregation at Broseley, and equally attentive. I now learned the particulars of a remarkable story, which I had heard imperfectly before. Some time since, one of the colliers here coming home at night, dropped into a coal-pit, twenty-four yards deep. He called aloud for help, but none heard all that night and all the following day. The second night, being weak and faint, he fell asleep, and dreamed, that his wife, who had been some time dead, came to him, and greatly comforted [redacted]. In the morning, a gentleman going a hunting, a hare started up just before the hounds, ran straight to the mouth of the pit, and was gone, no man could tell how. The hunters searched all round the pit, till they heard a voice from the bottom. They quickly procured proper help, and drew up the man unhurt.

Monday, August 1, I preached at Bewdly, in an open place, at the head of the town; and in the evening at Worcester, which still continues one of the liveliest places in England. Here I talked with some who believe, God has lately delivered them from the root of sin. Their account was simple, clear, and scriptural; so that I saw no reason to doubt of their testimony.

Tuesday 2, I preached at ten in the town-hall at Evesham, and rode on to Broadmarston. Thursday 4, I crossed over to Tewksbury, and preached at noon in a meadow near the town, under a tall oak. I went thence to Cheltenham. As it was the high season for drinking the waters, the town was full of gentry. So I preached near the market-place in the evening, to the largest congregation that was ever seen there. Some of the footmen, at first, made a little disturbance: but I turned to them, and they stood reproved.

Saturday 6, I walked from Newport to Berkley-castle. It is a beautiful, though very ancient building; and every part of it kept in good repair, except the lumber-room and the chapel; the latter of which having been of no use for many years, is now dirty enough. I particularly admired the fine situation, and the garden on the top of the house. In one corner of the castle is the room, where poor Richard II. was murdered. His effigy is still preserved, said to be taken before his death: if he were like this, he had an open, manly countenance, though with a cast of melancholy. In the afternoon we went on to Bristol.

The Conference, begun and ended in love, fully employed me on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. And we observed Friday 12, as a day of fasting and prayer, for the success of the gospel.

Monday 15, I set out for Wales, but did not reach Cardiff till nearly eight o'clock. As the congregation was waiting in the town-hall, I went thither without delay: and many, I believe, did not regret the time they had waited there.

Tuesday 16, I preached about noon in the great hall at Landaff, on *It is appointed unto men once to die.* Strange doctrine, and not very welcome to the inhabitants of palaces! Wednesday 17, at eleven I preached in the town-hall at Cowbridge: the neatest place of the kind I have ever seen: not only the floor, the walls, the ceiling, are kept exactly clean, but every pane of glass in the windows.

Hence I hastened on to Swansey, and at seven preached in the castle to a large congregation. The next morning I went on to Llanelly: but what a change was there! Sir Thomas Stepney, the father of the poor, was dead! Cut down in the strength of his years! So the family was broken up, and Wilfred Colley, his butler, the father of the society, obliged to remove. Soon after, John Deer, who was next in usefulness to him, was taken into Abraham's bosom. But just then Colonel St. Leger, in the neighbourhood, sent to Gatway for Lieutenant Cook to come and put his house into repair, and manage his estate. So another is brought, just

in time, to supply the place of Wilfred Colley! I preached at five near sister Deer's door, to a good company of plain, country people; and then rode over to the old ruinous house, which Mr. Cook is making all haste to repair. It is not unlike old Mr. Gwynne's house at Garth, having a few large handsome rooms: it is also situated much like that, only not quite so low: for it has the command of a well-cultivated vale, and of the fruitful side of the opposite mountain.

Friday 19, We rode on to Larn-ferry; and seeing a person just riding over the ford, we followed him with ease, the water scarcely reaching above our horses knees. Between two and three we came to Pembroke.

Sunday 21, At nine I began the service at St. Daniel's, and concluded a little before twelve. It was a solemn time. The power of the Lord was unusually present, both to wound and to heal. Many were constrained to cry, while others were filled with speechless awe and silent love.

After dinner I went over to Haverford-West, but could not preach abroad, because of the rain. Both here and at Pembroke I found the people in general to be in a cold, dead, languid state. And no wonder, since there had been for several months a total neglect of discipline. I did all I could to awaken them once more, and left them full of good resolutions.

Tuesday 23, I went to the New Inn, near Llandilo; and on Wednesday 24, to Brecknock. In the evening I preached in the town-hall, to most of the gentry in the town. They behaved well, though I used great plainness of speech, in describing the narrow way.

Thursday 25, At eleven I preached within the walls of the old church at the Hay. Here and every where I heard the same account of the proceedings at ————. The Jumpers (all who were there informed me) were first in the court, and afterwards in the house. Some of them leaped up many times, men and women, several feet from the ground: they clapped their hands with the utmost violence —they shook their heads—they distorted all their features—

they threw their arms and legs to and fro, in all variety of postures—they sung, roared, shouted, screamed with all their might; to the no small terror of those that were near them. One gentlewoman told me, "She had not been herself since, and did not know when she should." Meantime the person of the house was delighted above measure, and said, "Now the power of God is come indeed!"

Saturday 27, Being detained some hours at the Old Passage, I preached to a small congregation; and in the evening returned to Bristol.

Monday 29, I set out for Cornwall, and preached at Collumpton in the evening. I spoke strong words to the honest, sleepy congregation: perhaps some may awake out of sleep. Tuesday 30, I preached to a far more elegant congregation at Launceston. But what is that, unless they are alive to God?

Wednesday 31, The rain, with violent wind, attended us all the way to Bodmin. A little company are at length united here. At their request I preached in the town-hall, (the most dreary one I ever saw) to a mixed congregation of rich and poor: all behaved well: and who knows but some good may be done even at poor Bodmin! In the evening I preached at Redruth.

Thursday, September 1, After preaching at St. John's about noon, I went on to Penzance. When the people here were as roaring lions, we had all the ground to ourselves. Now they are become lambs, Mr. S—h and his friends step in, and take true pains to make a rent in the society: but hitherto (blessed be God!) they stand firm in one mind and in one judgment: only a few, whom we had expelled, they have gleaned up: if they can do them good, I shall rejoice. In the evening, I took my stand at the end of the town, and preached the whole gospel to a listening multitude. I then earnestly exhorted the society, to follow after peace and holiness.

Friday 2, I preached in the market-place at St. Ives, to almost the whole town. I could not but admire the number of serious children, as well behaved as the eldest of the

congregation. This was a happy meeting: so was that of the society too, when all their hearts were as melting wax. Saturday 3, we had the quarterly meeting at Redruth. This is frequently a dull, heavy meeting; but it was so lively a one to day, that we hardly knew how to part. About six I preached at Trevorga, and applied closely to the Methodists, *What do ye more than others?* One cried out, "Damnable doctrine!" True, it condemns all those who hear and do not obey it.

Sunday 4, The rain drove us into the house at St. Agnes. At one it was fair, so I preached in the street at Redruth. But the glorious congregation was assembled at five, in the amphitheatre at Gwenap. They were judged to cover four-score yards, and yet those farthest off could hear.

To-day I received the following note:

"The sermon you preached last Thursday evening, was, by the grace of God, of great good to my soul. And when you prayed so earnestly for backsliders, (of whom I am one,) an arrow dipped in blood reached my heart. Ever since I have been resolved, never to rest till I find again the rest that remains for the people of God.

"I am, dear Sir, a vile backslider from the pure love of Jesus, and from the society at Gwenap,

"_____ _____."

Monday 5, I preached at St. Cuthberts. Tuesday 6, at Port Isaac. Wednesday 7, having preached at Camelford and Launceston, I did not think of preaching at Tavistock; but, finding a congregation waiting, I began without delay. I had scarcely half finished my discourse in the square at Plymouth-dock, when the rain began: at first I did not regard it; but, as it grew heavier and heavier, I thought it best to shorten my sermon.

It seems, after a long interval of deadness, God is again visiting this poor people. The society is nearly doubled within this year, and is still continually increasing: and many are athirst for full salvation, particularly the young men. Friday 9, I set out early from the dock; and the next afternoon reached Bristol.

Friday 16, We had a solemn watch-night at Kingswood. It seemed, every one felt that God was there, so that hardly any went away till the whole service was concluded.

In the following week I visited many of the country societies. At Frome I learned the remarkable case of sister Whitaker. Last Sunday she met her class as usual; and, after saying *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, dropped down, and in a few minutes, without any struggle or pain, expired. Tuesday 27, I preached at Freshford and Bradford. Wednesday 28, at Bath, where many of the people seemed much moved; chiefly those who had long imagined they were *built on a rock*, and now found they had been *building upon the sand.*

Thursday 29, I preached at Pill, on *The worm* that *dieth not*, and *the fire* that *is not quenched:* if happily some of these drowsy ones might awake and escape from everlasting burnings.

Monday, October 3, and on Tuesday and Wednesday I examined the society. Thursday 6, I met those of our society who had votes in the ensuing election, and advised them: 1, To vote, without fee or reward, for the person they judged most worthy: 2, To speak no evil of the person they voted against: and, 3, To take care their spirits were not sharpened against those that voted on the other side.

Sunday 9, The evening being fair and mild, I preached in the new square. It was a fruitful season.

"Soft fell the word, as flew the air."

Even *as the rain into a fleece of wool.* Many such seasons we have had lately: almost every day one and another has found peace, particularly young persons and children. Shall not they be a blessing in the rising generation? In the evening we had a solemn opportunity of renewing our covenant with God: a means of grace which I wonder has been so seldom used either in Romish or Protestant churches.

Monday 10, I preached at Salisbury, and on Tuesday 11,

set out for the Isle of Purbeck. When we came to Carf-Castle, the evening being quite calm and mild, I preached in a meadow near the town, to a deeply attentive congregation, gathered from all parts of the island. I afterwards met the society, artless and teachable, and full of good desires: but few of them yet have got any farther, than to *see men as trees walking*.

Wednesday 12, I preached to a large congregation at five, who seemed quite athirst for instruction. Afterwards we took a walk over the remains of the castle, so bravely defended in the last century, against all the power of the parliament forces, by the widow of the Lord Chief Justice Banks. It is one of the noblest ruins I ever saw: the walls are of an immense thickness, defying even the assaults of time, and were formerly surrounded by a deep ditch. The house, which stands in the middle, on the very top of the rock, has been a magnificent structure. Some time since the proprietor fitted up some rooms on the south-west side of this, and laid out a little garden, commanding a large prospect, pleasant beyond description. For a while he was greatly delighted with it: but the eye was not satisfied with seeing: it grew familiar; it pleased no more; and is now run all to ruin. No wonder. What can delight always, but the knowledge and love of God?

About noon I preached at Langton, three or four miles from Carf-Castle, to a large and deeply serious congregation. Here is likewise a little society; but I did not find any among them who knew in whom they had believed. In the evening I preached in a meadow near Swanage, to a still larger congregation. And here at length I found three or four persons, and all of one family, who seemed really to enjoy the faith of the gospel. Few others of the society (between thirty and forty in number) appeared to be convinced of sin. I fear the preachers have been more studious to *please* than to *awaken*, or there would have been a deeper work.

The Isle (or properly Peninsula) of Purbeck, is nine or ten miles broad, and perhaps twenty long, running nearly

from north-east to south west. Two mountains run almost the whole length, with valleys both between them and on each side, but poorly cultivated. The people, in general, are plain, artless, good-natured, and well-behaved. If the labourers here are zealous and active, they will surely have a plentiful harvest.

Thursday 13, I set out early, and reached Gosport (seventy-two miles) not long after six. Finding a boat ready, I crossed, and went straight to the room. It was full enough: so I began without delay, and enforced our Lord's words, (one of my favourite subjects) *My yoke is easy and my burthen is light.* Friday 14, I visited as many as I could, sick or well, and endeavoured to settle those that had been shaken, by those bigots who are continually waiting to receive the weak *unto doubtful disputations.* I had intended, after preaching in the evening, to meet the society alone: but the eagerness of the people to stay, induced me to suffer a great part of them. Yet it was little to their satisfaction; for when I warned our brethren not to *have itching ears,* they ran away in all haste.

Saturday 15, Setting out, as usual, at two, I reached London early in the evening. Monday 17, I set out for Oxfordshire, and preached at Wallingford in the evening. Tuesday 18, about nine I preached at Newnham; at noon in the garden at Oxford; and in the evening at Finstock, (a village near Carnbury-house, built by the great Earl of Clarendon, but not inhabited by any of his descendants,) to a plain, artless people. Wednesday 19, I rode to Witney, and found more life than I expected, both in the congregation and the society. Thursday 20, I preached at Wattleton, at the front of Mr. Stonehill's house. The whole congregation was seriously attentive. In the evening I preached at High Wycombe, to many more than the room would contain: and, I believe, not in vain. Friday 21, I preached in Chesham, and on Saturday returned to London.

Monday 24, I set out for Northamptonshire, and received a particular account of one that eminently adorned the gospel.

"1, Susannah Spencer was born at Whittlebury, in the year 1742. When she was young, she contracted a very general acquaintance, and was exceedingly beloved by them, having an agreeable person, a good understanding, and much sweetness of temper: and being modest and decent in her whole behaviour, she seemed, like others, to think she had religion enough.

"2, In 1760, Thomas Grover came down and preached several times at Whittlebury and at Towcester. She went to hear him, but with a fixed resolution, 'not to be catched,' as she called it: but her resolution was vain: in a sermon she heard at Towcester, she was cut to the heart: her convictions grew deeper and deeper from that time, for about a year: she was then hearing him preach, but felt her heart as hard as the nether millstone; yet, at the love-feast which followed, it was suddenly broke in pieces, and she was all melted into tears by those words applied to her inmost soul, in an inexpressible manner,

"My God is reconcil'd;
His pard'ning voice I hear!
He owns me for his Child;
I can no longer fear."

"3, The day following, being exercised with strong temptation, she gave up her confidence: but the next night, wrestling with God in prayer, she received it again with double evidence: and though afterwards she frequently felt some doubts, yet they never continued long; but she had, in general, a clear abiding sense of the pardoning love of God.

"4, From that time she walked steadily and closely with God, and was a pattern to all around her. She was particularly exact in reproving sin, and lost no opportunity of doing it. In her whole conversation she was remarkably lively, and yet gentle towards all men: her natural temper indeed was passionate; but the grace of God left scarcely any traces of it.

"5, From the very time of her justification, she clearly saw the necessity of being wholly sanctified; and found an

unspeakable hunger and thirst after the full image of God: and in the year 1772, God answered her desire. The second change was wrought in as strong and distinct a manner as the first had been: yet she was apt to fall into unprofitable reasonings; by which her evidence was often so clouded, that she could not affirm she was saved from sin, though neither could she deny it: but her whole life bore witness to the work which God had wrought in her heart. She was as a mother in Israel, helping those that were weak, and tenderly concerned for all; while she sunk deeper into the love of God, and found more and more of the mind that was in Christ.

"6, In the summer 1773, she took cold by lying in a damp bed: this threw her into a violent fever, which not only brought her very low, but fixed a deep cough upon her lungs, which no medicine could remove: it quite wore her down; especially when there was added the loss of both her sisters and her mother, who were all taken away within a little time of each other. She had likewise a continual cross from her father, and was at the same time tried by the falsehood of those friends in whom she confided, and whom she tenderly loved. The following year 1774, she had a presage of her death; in consequence of which she was continually exhorting the young women, Betty Padbury in particular, to fill up her place, when God should remove her from them.

"7, In the beginning of winter I* understood that, weak as she was, she had not proper nourishment; being unable to procure it for herself, and having no one to procure it for her: so I took that charge upon myself: I worked with her in the day, (for she *would* work as long as she could move her fingers) lay with her every night, and took care that she should want nothing which was convenient for her.

"8, For some time her disorder seemed at a stand, growing neither better nor worse: but in spring, after she had taken a quantity of the bark, she was abundantly

* Elizabeth P[illegible]ry.

worse. Her cough continually increased, and her strength swiftly decayed; so that before Easter she was obliged to take to her bed: and having now a near prospect of death, she mightily rejoiced in the thought, earnestly longing for the welcome moment: only still with that reserve, 'Not as I will, but as thou wilt.'

"9, Mr. Harper (the preacher) took several opportunities of asking her many questions: she answered them all with readiness and plainness, to his entire satisfaction. She told him abundance of temptations which she underwent from time to time; but still witnessed that the blood of Christ had cleansed her from all sin. She often said to us,

"The race we all are running now,
And if I first attain,
Ye too your willing heads shall bow,
Ye shall the conquest gain!"

"10, Commonly when I came into her room, I was not able to speak for a time: she would then say, 'Why do not you speak? why do not you encourage me? I shall love you better when we meet in heaven, for the help you give me now.'

"11, In the last week or two, she was not able to speak many words at a time; but, as she could, with her feeble, dying voice, she exhorted us to go forward: yet one day, some of her former companions coming in, her spirit seemed to revive, and she spoke to them, to our great surprise, for nearly an hour together: they seemed deeply affected; and it was some time before the impression wore off.

"12, Her father now frequently came, sat by her bedside, and expressed tender affection: weeping much, and saying, 'he should now be quite alone, and have no one left to whom he could speak:' she spoke to him without reserve: he received every word, and has never forgotten it since.

"13, A few days before she died, after we had been praying with her, we observed she was in tears, and asked the reason: she said, 'I feel my heart knit to you in a manner I cannot expr[illegible]; and I was thinking, if we love

one another now, how will our love be enlarged when we meet in heaven! and the thought was too much for me to bear: it quite overcame me.'

"14, On Friday she seemed to be just upon the wing; we thought she was going almost every moment: so she continued till Tuesday. We were unwilling to part with her, but, seeing the pain she was in, could not wish it should continue, and so gave her up to God. I sat up with her that night, and the next day, June 7, she fell asleep."

Monday 31, and the following days, I visited the societies near London. Friday, November 5, in the afternoon, John Downes (who had preached with us many years) was saying, "I feel such a love to the people at West-street, that I could be content to die with them: I do not find myself very well; but I *must* be with them this evening." He went thither, and began preaching, on *Come unto me, ye that are weary and heavy laden.* After speaking ten or twelve minutes, he sunk down, and spake no more, till his spirit returned to God.

I suppose, he was by nature full as great a genius as Sir Isaac Newton. I will mention but two or three instances of it. When he was at school, learning Algebra, he came one day to his master, and said, "Sir, I can prove this proposition a better way than it is proved in the book." His master thought it could not be; but, upon trial, acknowledged it to be so. Some time after, his father sent him to Newcastle, with a clock which was to be mended. He observed the clock-maker's tools, and the manner how he took it in pieces, and put it together again: and when he came home, first made himself tools, and then made a clock, which went as true as any in the town. I suppose, such strength of genius as this has scarcely been known in Europe before.

Another proof of it was this. Thirty years ago, while I was shaving, he was whitling the top of a stick: I asked, "What are you doing?" He answered, "I am taking your face, which I intend to engrave on a copper-plate." Accordingly, without any instruction, he first made himself

tools, and then engraved the plate. The second picture which he engraved, was that which was prefixed to the Notes upon the New Testament. Such another instance, I suppose, not all England, or perhaps Europe can produce.

For several months past, he had far deeper communion with God, than ever he had had in his life; and for some days he had been frequently saying, "I am so happy that I scarcely know how to live. I enjoy such fellowship with God, as I thought could not be had on this side heaven." And, having now finished his course of fifty-two years, after a long conflict with pain, sickness, and poverty, he gloriously rested from his labours, and entered into the joy of his Lord.

Tuesday 8, I baptized two young women: one of whom found a deep sense of the presence of God in his ordinance: the other received a full assurance of his pardoning love, and was filled with joy unspeakable.

Sunday 13, After a day of much labour, at my usual time, (half an hour past nine,) I lay down to rest. I told my servants I must rise at three, the Norwich coach setting out at four. Hearing one of them knock, though sooner than I expected, I rose and dressed myself; but afterwards, looking at my watch, I found it was but half an hour past ten. While I was considering what to do, I heard a confused sound of many voices below; and looking out at the window towards the yard, I saw it was as light as day. Mean time many large flakes of fire were continually flying about the house; all the upper part of which was built of wood, which was nearly as dry as tinder. A large deal yard, at a very small distance from us, was all in a light fire; from which the north-west wind drove the flames directly upon the Foundry: and there was no probability of help, for no water could be found. Perceiving I could be of no use, I took my diary and my papers, and retired to a friend's house. I had no fear; committing the matter into God's hands, and knowing he would do whatever was best. Immediately the wind turned about from north-west to south-east; and our pumps supplied the engines with abun-

dance of water; so that in a little more than two hours, all the danger was over.

Monday 14, In the evening I preached at Bury. Tuesday 15, about one at Loddon, to a people the most athirst for God of any I found in the county. In the afternoon I went on to Yarmouth. When was "confusion worse confounded?" Division after division has torn the once-flourishing society all in pieces. In order to heal the breach in some measure, I enforced those deep words, *Though I have all knowledge and all faith, so as to remove mountains, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.* One of our former leaders being asked, what he thought of this; frankly answered, "It is damnable doctrine."

Thursday 16, About noon I preached at Lowestoff, where the little flock are remarkably lively. The evening congregation at Yarmouth was all attention: and truly the power of God was present to heal them. In the evening I returned to Norwich: never was a poor society so neglected as this has been for the year past: the morning preaching was at an end; the bands suffered all to fall in pieces, and no care at all taken of the classes, so that whether they met or not, it was all one: going to church and sacrament were forgotten, and the people rambled hither and thither as they listed.

On Friday evening I met the society, and told them plainly, I was resolved to have a regular society or none. I then read the rules, and desired every one to consider, whether he was willing to walk by these rules or not: those in particular of meeting their class every week, unless hindered by distance or sickness, (the only reasons for not meeting which I could allow,) and being constant at church and sacrament: I desired those who were so minded to meet me the next night, and the rest to stay away. The next night we had far the greater part; on whom I strongly enforced the same thing. Sunday 20, I spoke to every leader, concerning every one under his care; and put out every person whom they could not recommend to me. After this

was done, out of 204 members, 174 remained. And these points shall be carried, if only fifty remain in the society.

Monday 21, I examined the society at Loddon. There are nearly fifty of them, simple and teachable, all of one mind, and many of them able to rejoice in God their Saviour. Tuesday 22, I took a solemn and affectionate leave of the society at Norwich. About twelve we took coach. About eight, Wednesday 23, Mr. Dancer met me with a chaise, and carried me to Ely. O what want of common sense! Water covered the high road for a mile and a half. I asked, "How must foot people come to the town?" "Why they must wade through!"

About two I preached in a house well filled with plain, loving people. I then took a walk to the cathedral, one of the most beautiful I have seen. The western tower is exceedingly grand; and the nave of an amazing height. Hence we went through a fruitful and pleasant country, though surrounded with fens, to Sutton. Here many people had lately been stirred up: they had prepared a large barn: at six o'clock it was well filled; and it seemed as if God sent a message to every soul. The next morning and evening, though the weather was uncommonly severe, the congregation increased rather than diminished.

Friday 25, I left them in much hope, that they will continue in this earnest, simple love. I set out between eight and nine in a one-horse chaise, the wind being high and cold enough. Much snow lay on the ground, and much fell as we crept along over the fen-banks. Honest Mr. Tubbs would needs walk and lead the horse through water and mud up to his mid-leg, smiling and saying, "We fen-men do not mind a little dirt." When we had gone about four miles, the road would not admit of a chaise: so I borrowed a horse and rode forward; but not far, for all the grounds were under water: here, therefore, I procured a boat full twice as large as a kneading-trough: I was at one end, and a boy at the other, who paddled me safe to Erith: there Miss L. waited for me with another chaise, which brought me to St. Ives.

No Methodist, I was told, had preached in this town; so I thought it high time to begin: and about one I preached to a very well-dressed, and yet well-behaved congregation. Thence my new friend (how long will she be such?) carried me to Godmanchester near Huntingdon: a large barn was ready, in which Mr. Berridge and Mr. Venn used to preach; and, though the weather was still severe, it was well filled with deeply attentive people. Saturday 26, I set out early, and in the evening reached London. Monday 28, I paid a visit to the amiable family at Shoreham, and found the work of God there still increasing. Wednesday 30, I crossed over to Ryegate, and had a larger congregation than ever before.

Thursday, December 1, I preached at Darking, and was much pleased with the congregation, who seemed to *taste the good word.* Friday 2, I returned to London.

Monday 5, I preached at Canterbury, and Tuesday 6, at Dover. As I was setting out thence on Wednesday morning, a waggon jostling us, disabled our chaise: our coachman went back to procure another, saying, he would soon overtake us: he did so, after we had walked nine or ten miles, and brought us safe to Canterbury, where I spent a day or two with much satisfaction, and on Saturday returned home. Monday 12, I opened the new house at Sevenoaks. Tuesday 13, about noon I preached at Newbounds, and in the evening at Sevenoaks again, where our labour has not been in vain.

Wednesday 14, I rode to Chatham, and found that James Wood, one of our local preachers, who, being in a deep consumption, had been advised to spend some time in France, had come back thither two or three days before me. The day after he came he slept in peace; and two days after, his body was interred, all our brethren singing him to the grave, and praising God on his behalf. I preached his funeral sermon to a crowded audience, on the text which he had chosen, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*

Monday 19, And the following days, I read with the

preachers what I judged most useful: and we endeavoured to *provoke one another to love and to good works.*

Thursday 22, I walked with one that belongs to the family, through the Queen's house. The apartments are nothing so rich as those in Blenheim-house, but full as elegant: nor is any thing in Blenheim itself more grand than the stair-case and the saloon. But I was quite disappointed in the cartoons; they are but the shadow of what they were. The colours are so entirely faded, that you can hardly distinguish what they were once!

Sunday 25, I buried the body of Esther Grimaldi, who died in the full triumph of faith. A mother in Israel hast thou been, and thy work shall praise thee in the gates! During the twelve festival days we had the Lord's-Supper daily; a little emblem of the primitive church. May we be followers of them in all things, as they were of Christ!

Sunday, January 1, 1775, We had a larger congregation at the renewal of the covenant, than we have had for many years: and I do not know that ever we had a greater blessing. Afterwards many desired to return thanks, either for a sense of pardon, for full salvation, or for a fresh manifestation of his grace, healing all their backslidings.

Tuesday 10, I set out for Bedfordshire, and in the evening preached at Luton. Wednesday 11, I crept on through a miserable road to Bedford, but was well rewarded by the behaviour of the congregation.

Thursday 12, We crossed over the country to Godmanchester: the whole town seemed to be moved: the people flocked together from all parts, so that the barn would in no wise contain them. I found great liberty of speech among them, and could not doubt, but God would confirm the word of his messenger.

Friday 13, Even at poor, dead Hertford was such a concourse of people, that the room would not nearly contain them. And most of them were deeply attentive while I explained these awful words, *I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.*

Sunday 29, Finding many were much dejected, by the threatning posture of public affairs, I strongly enforced our Lord's words, *Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?* And of a truth, God spoke in his word. Many were ashamed of their unbelieving fears; and many enabled, to be careful for nothing, but simply to make all their requests known unto God with thanksgiving.

Sunday, February 5, I saw a glorious instance of the power of faith. Thomas Vokins, a man of a sorrowful spirit, used always to hang down his head like a bulrush: but a few days since, as he was dying, without hope, God broke in upon his soul: and from that time he has been triumphing over pain and death, and rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Wednesday 8, I had a particular conversation with Mr. Ferguson, on some difficulties in philosophy: he seemed thoroughly satisfied himself, but he did not satisfy me. I still think both Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Jones have fully proved their several points.

Wednesday 22, I had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Gordon's curious garden at Mile-end, the like of which I suppose is hardly to be found in England, if in Europe. One thing in particular I learned here, the real nature of the tea-tree. I was informed, 1, that the green and the bohea are of quite different species: 2, that the bohea is much tenderer than the green: 3, that the green is an evergreen, and bears not only in the open air, but in the frost, perfectly well: 4, that the herb of Paraguay likewise bears the frost, and is a species of tea: 5, and I observed, that they are all species of bay or laurel. The leaf of green tea is both of the colour, shape, and size of a bay leaf: that of bohea is smaller, softer, and of a darker colour: so is the herb of Paraguay, which is of a dirty green, and no larger than our common red sage.

March 1, Being Ash-Wednesday, I took a solemn leave of our friends at London; and on Thursday 2, met our brethren at Reading. A few were awakened, and perhaps converted here, by the ministry of Mr. Talbot: but as he did not take any account of them, or join them together, we

found no trace of them remaining. A large room was presently filled, and all the spaces adjoining: and I have hardly ever seen a people who seemed more eager to hear.

Friday 3, The mild weather changed into cold and blustring, with heavy showers of rain; notwithstanding which we had a very large congregation at Ramsbury-park. Saturday 4, at noon, I preached to a still larger congregation, in the new house at Stroud. In the afternoon I went on to Bristol, whence, on Monday 13, I set out for Ireland.

Tuesday 14, At noon I preached in Tewksbury, now the liveliest place in the circuit. Many here have been lately convinced of sin, and many converted to God. Some have been made partakers of the great salvation, and their love and zeal have stirred up others: so that the flame now spreads wider and wider. O let none be able to quench it!

In the evening I preached at Worcester: here also the flame is gradually increasing. While I was here, there was a very extraordinary trial at the assizes. A boy being beaten by his master, ran away, and wandering about till he was half starved, was then allowed to lie in the hay-loft of an inn. In the night he stole into the room where two gentlemen lay, (probably not very sober) and without waking them, picked the money out of both their pockets, though their breeches lay under their head. In the morning, having confessed the fact, he was committed to gaol. He made no defence: so one of the counsellors rose up, and said, "My Lord, as there is none to plead for this poor boy, I will do it myself." He did so; and then added, "My Lord, It may be, this bad boy may make a good man. And I humbly conceive, it might be best to send him back to his master. I will give him a guinea towards his expences." "And I will give another," said the Judge; which he did, with a mild and serious reproof. So he was sent back full of good resolutions.

Friday 17, In the evening, though it was cold, I was obliged to preach abroad at Newcastle. One buffoon laboured much to interrupt; but, as he was bawling, with his mouth wide open, some arch boys gave him such a mouthful of dirt, as quite satisfied him.

On Saturday and Sunday I preached at Congleton and Macclesfield; Monday 20, at Stockport and Manchester. Tuesday 21, I preached at Knutsford; but the house would by no means contain the congregation. The street too was filled; and even those who could not hear, were silent: this is uncommon, especially in a town little accustomed to this strange way of preaching; those who cannot hear themselves usually taking care to hinder others from hearing. In the evening I opened the new house at Northwich, which was sufficiently crowded both this night and the next.

After preaching at many places in the way, on Saturday 25, I came to Liverpool: the congregations here, both morning and evening, were so large and so deeply attentive, that I could not be sorry for the contrary winds, which detained us till Thursday the 30th, when we went on board the Hawk. We were scarcely out of the river when the wind turned against us, and blew harder and harder. A rolling sea made my companions sick enough: but so fine a ship I never sailed in before: she never shipped one sea, and went more steady than I thought was possible. On Friday morning it blew hard; but the next day we had a fair, small wind: so about six, on Sunday, April 2, we landed at Dunlary; and between nine and ten reached Whitefriar-street.

On Monday and Tuesday I examined the Society, in which, two years ago, there were three hundred and seventy-six persons: and I found three hundred and seventy-six still, not one more or less: but I found more peace and love among them than I had done for many years.

Thursday 6, I visited that venerable man, Dr. Rutty, just tottering over the grave, but still clear in his understanding; full of faith and love, and patiently waiting till his change should come. Afterwards I waited on Lady Mayra, and was surprised to observe, though not a more grand, yet a far more elegant room, than ever I saw in England: it was an octagon, about twenty feet square, and fifteen or sixteen high; having one window, (the sides of it inlaid throughout with mother-of-pearl) reaching from the top of the room to

the bottom; the ceiling, sides, and furniture of the room were equally elegant. And must this too pass away like a dream?

Sunday 9, The good old dean of St. Patrick's desired me to come within the rails, and assist him at the Lord's-Supper. This also was a mean of removing much prejudice from those who were zealous for the church.

Monday 10, Leaving just four hundred members in the society, I began my tour through the kingdom. I preached at Eden-derry in the evening; on Tuesday and Wednesday at Tyrrel's-pass. Thursday 13, sending my chaise straight to Athlone, I rode to Mullingar, and thence, through miserable roads, to Longford. A great number of people attended the preaching, both in the evening and at eight in the morning, being Good-Friday: but I found very little of the spirit which was here two years ago. About eleven I preached at Loughan, and in the evening at Athlone. On Easter-day I would willingly have preached abroad, but the weather would not permit.

Monday 17, I preached at Aughrim; and Tuesday noon at Eyre-court: afterwards I was desired to walk down to Lord Eyre's. I was a little surprised at the inscription over the door, "Welcome to the House of Liberty." Does it mean, liberty from sin? It is a noble, old house: the stair-case is grand, and so are two or three of the rooms. In the rest of the house, as well as in the ruinous out-houses, gardens, and fish-ponds, the owner seemed to say to every beholder, all this profiteth me nothing!

I preached in the evening at Birr, with a good hope that God would at length revive his work. Wednesday 19, about noon, I preached in the market-place at Clara: it was the market-day, but that did not lessen the congregation. The poor people eagerly flocked from the market; and there was no buying or selling till I concluded.

After preaching at Coolylough, Tullamore, and Portarlington, (still unstable as water,) Saturday 22, I found, at Mountmellick, a little company, who appeared to be better established. I spent Saturday and Sunday com-

fortably among them, building them up in our most holy faith.

Monday 24, The minister of Maryborough invited me to preach in his church; I began reading prayers about nine, and afterwards preached to a numerous congregation. For the present, every one seemed affected. Will not some bring forth fruit with patience? In the evening I was scandalized both at the smallness and deadness of the congregation at Kilkenny: the next evening it was a little mended, but not much. Of all the dull congregations I have seen, this was the dullest!

Wednesday 26, I went on to Waterford, where the rain drove us into the preaching-house; the most foul, horrid, miserable hole which I have seen since I left England. The next day I got into the open air, and a large congregation attended. I had designed to set out early in the morning; but doubting if I should ever have such another opportunity, (the Major of the Highland regiment standing behind me, with several of his officers, many of the soldiers before me, and the centinel at the entrance of the court) I gave notice of preaching at ten the next morning, and at four in the afternoon. I did so, to a well-behaved congregation, and in the evening went on to Carrick.

Saturday 29, Early in the evening we reached Rothcormuck, but found the inn filled with officers: it is true, they were but five, and there were seven beds: but they had bespoken all, and would not spare us one! so we were obliged to go some miles further. We drove this day just threescore English miles!

Sunday 30, I came to Cork time enough to preach. The congregation was not small, and it was not large: but it was very large in George-street at four in the afternoon, as well as deeply attentive. At six I preached in the room, and could not but observe such singing as I have seldom heard in England. The women, in particular, sang so exactly that it seemed but one voice.

Monday, May 1, I examined the society, and found it in such order, so increased, both in grace and number, as I

apprehend it had not been before, since the time of William Pennington.

Wednesday 3, I rode to Bandon, and preached in the main street to a very numerous congregation. All behaved well, except three or four pretty gentlemen, who seemed to know just nothing of the matter! I found this society likewise much established in grace, and greatly increased in number. So has God blessed the labours of two plain men, who put forth all their strength in his work.

Saturday 6, I returned to Cork, and in the evening preached at Blackpool. It rained a little all the time I was preaching, but the people regarded it not.

Sunday 7, I was desired to preach on 1 John v. 7, *There are three that bear record in heaven.* The congregation was exceedingly large, but abundantly larger in the evening. I never saw the house so crowded before: it was much the same the next evening. Tuesday 9, I preached my farewel sermon in the afternoon; and going to Mallow in the evening, went on the next day to Limerick.

Saturday 13, I preached to a large congregation of papists and protestants, in the yard of the custom-house, where many could hear within as well as without.

Monday 15, Having waited for a chaise, to go to Balligarane, as long as I could, I at length set out on horseback. But T. Wride loitering behind, I might as well have spared my pains; for though I came to the town at the time appointed, I could find neither man, woman, nor child, to direct me to the preaching-house. After gaping and staring some time, I judged it best to go to Newmarket, where I was to preach in the evening: I began about six: the congregation was deeply serious; great part of whom came again at five in the morning: and were it only for this opportunity, I did not regret my labour.

Wednesday 17, I examined the society at Limerick, containing now a hundred and one persons, seven less than they were two years ago. I a little wonder at this; considering the scandal of the cross is well nigh ceased here, through the wise and steady behaviour of our brethren: but they want

zeal; they are not fervent in spirit; therefore they cannot increase.

Thursday 18, In the evening I preached at Galway, in the county court-house, to a more civil and attentive congregation than I ever saw there before.

Friday 19, About one, I preached at Ballinrobe, in the assembly room, and was agreeably surprised, both at the unusual number and seriousness of the hearers. I had purposed to go on to Castlebar, but now thought it might be worth while to stay a little longer. In the afternoon I took a view of the castle. Colonel Cuffe's father took great delight in this place, laid out beautiful gardens, and procured trees of all sorts, from all parts of the kingdom. Part of these, placed on the slope of the hill, (at the side of which runs the river,) form a lovely wilderness, at the end whereof are regular rows of elms: but the Colonel has no pleasure therein; so all is now swiftly running to ruin.

I preached again at six to a large congregation, and the next evening at Castlebar. Monday 22, I spent two or three hours in one of the loveliest places, and with one of the loveliest families in the kingdom. Almost all I heard put me in mind of those beautiful lines of Prior:

"The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words as flew the air."

How willingly could I have accepted the invitation, to "spend a few days here!" Nay, at present I must be about my Father's business: but I trust to meet them in a still lovelier place.

Between Limerick and Castlebar, I read over the famous controversy between Drs. Clark and Leibnitz. And is this he whom the King of Prussia extols, as something more than human! So poor a writer have I seldom read, either as to sentiments or temper. In sentiment he is a thorough fatalist; maintaining roundly, and without reserve, that God has absolutely decreed from all eternity, whatever is done in time; and that no creature can do more good or less evil, than God has peremptorily decreed. And his temper is just

suitable to his sentiments. He is haughty, self-conceited, sour, impatient of contradiction, and holds his opponent in utter contempt; though in truth he is but a child in his hands.

Wednesday 24, I reached Sligo. My old friend, Andrew Maban, did not own me: however, a few did; to whom, with a tolerable congregation, I preached at six, in the barracks. The next evening I preached in the market-house, to a far larger congregation. We seem, by all the late bustle and confusion to have lost nothing. Here is a little company as much alive to God, and more united together than ever.

Friday 26, I preached at Manor-Hamilton, and the next evening, near the bridge at Swadlingbar. Knowing a large part of the congregation to have tasted of the powers of the world to come, I spoke on the glory that shall be revealed. And all seemed deeply affected, except a few gentry, so called, who seemed to understand nothing of the matter. Sunday 28, I preached at ten to a far larger congregation, on *God now commandeth all men, every where, to repent:* and, after church, to a still greater multitude, on *It is appointed unto men once to die.*

Monday 29, Being desired to give them a sermon at Belturbet, about eight I preached in the town-hall: it was not in vain. God opened, as it were, the windows of heaven, and showered his blessing down.

I called afterwards at Ballihays, and spent an hour with that venerable old man, Colonel Newburgh. It does me good to converse with those who have just finished their course, and are quivering over the great gulf. Thence I went on to Clones (that is its proper name, not Clownish, as it is vulgarly called.) It is a pleasant town, finely situated on a rising ground, in the midst of fruitful hills: and has a larger market-place than any I have seen in England, not excepting Norwich or Yarmouth. At six I preached in the old Danish fort, to the largest congregation I have had in the kingdom. The next morning I preached to a great part

of them again: and again the word sunk as the rain into the tender herb.

I preached at Roasky at noon, and Sydare in the evening. Wednesday 31, I hobbled on, through a miserable road, as far as wheels could pass, and then rode on to Lisleen. After dinner we hastened to Darg-bridge, and found a large congregation waiting: they appeared one and all to be deeply serious: indeed there is a wonderful reformation spreading throughout this whole country, for several miles round. Outward wickedness is gone; and many, young and old, witness that the kingdom of God is within them.

Thursday, June 1, I reached Londonderry, but I had so deep a hoarseness, that my voice was almost gone: however, pounded garlick, applied to the soles of my feet, took it away before the morning.

June 4, Being Whitsunday, the Bishop preached a judicious, useful sermon, on *The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.* He is both a good writer and a good speaker: and he celebrated the Lord's-Supper with admirable solemnity. Hence I hastened to the New Buildings. The sun was intensely hot, as it was on Monday and Tuesday. Six such days together I was informed have not been in Ireland for several years.

Monday 5, I examined the society, growing in grace, and increased in number from fifty-two to nearly seventy. Tuesday 6, the Bishop invited me to dinner, and told me, "I know you do not love our hours, and will therefore order dinner to be on table between two and three o'clock." We had a piece of boiled beef and an English pudding: this is true good breeding. The Bishop is entirely easy and unaffected in his whole behaviour, exemplary in all parts of public worship, and plenteous in good works.

Wednesday 7, About noon I preached a few miles from Strabane; in the evening at Lisleen; and the next at Castle Caulfield. In the evening the rain came plentifully through the thatch into my lodging-room: but I found no present inconvenience, and was not careful for the morrow.

Friday 9, I preached at eight to a numerous congrega-

tion, in the market-place at Dungannon: at eleven, and at five in the afternoon, in the main street at Charlemount. I lodged at a gentleman's, who shewed me a flower, which he called gummy cystus. It blooms in the morning with a large, beautiful, snow-white flower; but every flower dies in the evening: new flowers blow and fall every day. Does not this short-lived flower answer to that short-lived animal, the ephemeron fly?

Saturday 10, I preached at nine to a large congregation at Killeman. The rain began as soon as I concluded; but it ceased time enough for me to preach in Mr. M'Gough's avenue at Armagh.

Sunday 11, (Trinity Sunday,) I preached at nine, on *So God created man in his own image:* and in the evening to a huge congregation: but I could not find the way to their hearts.

Monday 28, Having taken a solemn leave of Armagh, about eleven I preached at Blackwater; and in the evening at Clanmain, where many seemed to be cut to the heart. O! why should they heal the wound slightly!

Tuesday 13, I was very unwell in the morning, but supposed it would soon go off. In the afternoon, the weather being extremely hot, I lay down on the grass in Mr. Lark's orchard at Cockhill. This I had been accustomed to do for forty years, and never remember to have been hurt by it: only I never before lay on my face, in which posture I fell asleep. I waked a little, and but a little out of order, and preached with ease to a multitude of people: afterwards I was a good deal worse: however, the next day I went on a few miles to the Grange. The table was placed here in such a manner, that all the time I was preaching, a strong and sharp wind blew full on the left side of my head: and it was not without a good deal of difficulty that I made an end of my sermon. I now found a deep obstruction in my breast: my pulse was exceedingly weak and low. I shivered with cold, though the air was sultry hot, only now and then burning for a few minutes. I went early to bed, drank a draught of treacle and water, and applied treacle to the soles

of my feet. I lay till seven on Thursday 15, and then felt considerably better: but I found nearly the same obstruction in my breast; I had a low, weak pulse, I burned and shivered by turns, and if I ventured to cough, it jarred my head exceedingly. In going on to Derry Anvil, I wondered what was the matter, that I could not attend to what I was reading, no, not for three minutes together, but my thoughts were perpetually shifting: yet, all the time I was preaching in the evening, although I stood in the open air, with the wind whistling round my head, my mind was as composed as ever. Friday 16, in going to Lurgan, I was again surprised that I could not fix my attention on what I read; yet, while I was preaching in the evening on the parade, I found my mind perfectly composed, although it rained a great part of the time, which did not well agree with my head. Saturday 17, I was persuaded to send for Dr. Laws, a sensible and skilful physician: he told me, I was in a high fever, and advised me to lay by: but I told him, that could not be done; as I had appointed to preach at several places, and must preach as long as I could speak. He then prescribed a cooling draught, with a grain or two of camphor, as my nerves were universally agitated: this I took with me to Tandragee; but when I came there, I was not able to preach, my understanding being quite confused, and my strength entirely gone: yet I breathed freely, and had not the least thirst, nor any pain from head to foot.

I was now at a full stand, whether to aim at Lisburn, or to push forward for Dublin: but my friends doubting whether I could bear so long a journey, I went straight to Derry-Aghy, a gentleman's seat on the side of a hill, three miles beyond Lisburn. Here nature sunk, and I took my bed; but I could no more turn myself therein, than a new-born child: my memory failed as well as my strength, and well nigh my understanding: only those words ran in my mind, when I saw Miss Gayer on one side of the bed, looking at her mother on the other,

> "She sat, like patience on a monument,
> Smiling at grief."

But still I had no thirst, no difficulty of breathing, no pain from head to foot.

I can give no account of what followed for two or three days, being more dead than alive: only I remember it was difficult for me to speak, my throat being exceedingly dry. But Joseph Bradford tells me I said on Wednesday, "It will be determined before this time to-morrow:" that my tongue was much swoln, and as black as a coal; that I was convulsed all over, and that for some time my heart did not beat perceptibly, neither was any pulse discernible.

In the night of Thursday 22, Joseph Bradford came to me with a cup, and said, "Sir, you must take this." I thought, "I will, if I can swallow, to please him; for it will do me neither harm nor good." Immediately it set me a vomiting; my heart began to beat, and my pulse to play again; and from that hour the extremity of the symptoms abated. The next day I sat up several hours, and walked four or five times across the room: on Saturday I sat up all day, and walked across the room many times, without any weariness: on Sunday I came down stairs, and sat several hours in the parlour: on Monday I walked out before the house: on Tuesday I took an airing in the chaise; and on Wednesday, trusting in God, to the astonishment of my friends, I set out for Dublin.

I did not determine how far to go that day, not knowing how my strength would hold; but finding myself no worse at Bannbridge, I ventured to Newry; and after travelling thirty (English) miles, I was stronger than in the morning.

Thursday 29, I went on to the Man of War, forty (Irish) miles from the Globe at Newry. Friday 30, we met Mr. Simpson, with several other friends, coming to meet us at Drogheda; who took us to his country seat at Jamestown, about two miles from Dublin.

Tuesday, July 4, Finding myself a little stronger, I preached for the first time; and, I believe, most could hear. I preached on Thursday again; and my voice was clear, though weak: so on Sunday I ventured to preach twice,

and found no weariness at all. Monday 10, I began my regular course of preaching morning and evening.

While I was in Dublin I read two extraordinary books, but of very different kinds; Mr. Sheridan's "Lectures on Elocution," and "The Life of Count Marsay," and was disappointed in both. There is more matter in the penny tract "On Action and Utterance," abundantly more than in all Mr. S.'s book; though he seems to think himself a mere phœnix. Count Marsay was, doubtless, a pious man, but a thorough enthusiast: guided in all his steps, not by the written word, but by his own imagination, which he calls *the Spirit*.

Sunday 23, I again assisted at St. Patrick's in delivering the elements at the Lord's-Supper. In the evening I embarked in the Nonpareil, and about ten on Tuesday morning landed at Park-gate. Wednesday 26, I found one relic of my illness; my hand shook so that I could hardly write my name: but after I had been well electrified, by driving four or five hours over very rugged, broken pavement, my complaint was quite removed, and my hand was as steady as when I was ten years old.

About noon I preached in the shell of the house at Wigan. In the middle of the sermon came an impetuous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, which added much to the solemnity of the occasion. Thursday 27, I went on to Miss Bosanquet's, and prepared for the Conference. How willingly could I spend the residue of a busy life in this delightful retirement! but

"Man was not born in shades to lie!"

Up and be doing! labour on till

Death "sings a requiem to the parting soul."

Sunday 30, I preached under Birstal-Hill, and the greater part of the huge audience could hear, while I enforced, *When the breath of man goeth forth, he turneth again to his dust, and then all his thoughts perish.* I preached at Leeds in the evening, and found strength in proportion to my work.

Tuesday, August 1, Our Conference began. Having received several letters, intimating that many of the preachers were utterly unqualified for the work, having neither grace nor gifts sufficient for it, I determined to examine this weighty charge, with all possible exactness. In order to this, I read those letters to all the Conference, and begged that every one would freely propose and enforce whatever objection he had to any one. The objections proposed were considered at large: in two or three difficult cases, committees were appointed for that purpose: in consequence of this, we were all fully convinced, that the charge advanced was without foundation: that God has really sent those labourers into his vineyard, and has qualified them for the work: and we were all more closely united together than we have been for many years.

Friday 4, I preached at Bradforth, where the people are all alive. Many here have lately experienced the great salvation, and their zeal has been a general blessing: indeed this I always observe; wherever a work of sanctification breaks out, the whole work of God prospers; some are convinced of sin, others justified, and all stirred up to greater earnestness for salvation.

I breakfasted at Great Horton. Two or three of the neighbours then came in to prayer: quickly the house was filled; and a few minutes after, all the space before the door. I saw the opportunity, and without delay got upon the horse-block in the yard. Abundance of children crowded round me, and round them a numerous congregation: so I gave them an earnest exhortation, and then commended them to the grace of God.

Sunday 6, At one I proclaimed the glorious gospel to the usual congregation at Birstal, and in the evening at Leeds. Then, judging it needful to pay a short visit to our brethren at London, I took the stage-coach, with five of my friends, about eight o'clock. Before nine, a gentleman in a single-horse chaise struck his wheel against one of ours: instantly the weight of the men on the top overset the coach, otherwise, ten times the shock would not have moved it: but

neither the coachman, nor the men at top, nor any within were hurt at all. On Tuesday in the afternoon we were met at Hatfield by many of our friends, who conducted us safe to London.

Having spent a few days in town, on Monday 14, I set out for Wales, and Wednesday 16, reached the Hay. Being desired to give them one sermon at Trevecka, I turned aside thither; and on Thursday 17, preached at eleven to a numerous congregation. What a lovely place! and what a lovely family! still consisting of about six-score persons. So the good *man is turned again to his dust! But his thoughts do not perish.*

I preached at Brecon the next day: and on Saturday 19, went on to Caermarthen. How is this wilderness become a fruitful field! A year ago, I knew no one in this town who had any desire of fleeing from the wrath to come; and now we have eighty persons in society. It is true, not many of them are awakened, but they have broken off their outward sins: now, let us try, whether it be not possible to prevent the greater part of these from drawing back.

About this time I received a remarkable letter from one of our preachers at West Bromwich, near Wednesbury. The substance of it is as follows:

"*August* 16, 1775.

"About three weeks since, a person came and told me, Martha Wood of Darlaston was dying, and had a great desire to see me. When I came into the house, which, with all that was in it was scarcely worth five pounds, I found in that mean cottage such a jewel, as my eyes never beheld before: her eyes even sparkled with joy, and her heart danced, like David before the ark: in truth, she seemed to be in the suburbs of heaven, upon the confines of glory.

"She took hold of my hand and said, 'I am glad to see you: you are my father in Christ: it is twenty years since I heard you first: it was on that text, *Now ye are in sorrow. But I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.* In that hour God broke into my soul, delivered me from all sorrow,

and filled my heart with joy; and, blessed be his name, I never have lost it, from that hour to this.'

"For the first ten years, she was sometimes in transports of joy, carried almost beyond herself: but for these last ten years, she has had the constant witness that God has taken up all her heart. 'He has filled me,' said she, 'with perfect love; and perfect love casts out fear. Jesus is mine; God, and heaven, and eternal glory are mine. My heart, my very soul is lost, yea swallowed up in God.'

"There were many of our friends standing by her bedside. She exhorted them all, as one in perfect health, to keep close to God. 'You can never,' said she, 'do too much for God: when you have done all you can, you have done too little. Oh! who that knows him, can love, or do, or suffer too much for him?'

"Some worldly people came in: she called them by name, and exhorted them to repent and turn to Jesus. She looked at me, and desired I would preach her funeral sermon on those words, *I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge will give me at that day.*

"She talked to all round about her in as scriptural and rational a manner as if she had been in her full strength, (only now and then catching a little for breath,) with all the smiles of heaven in her countenance. Indeed, several times she seemed to be quite gone; but in a little while the taper lighted up again, and she began to preach, with divine power, to all that stood near her. She knew every person, and if any came into the room, whom she knew to be careless about religion, she directly called them by name, and charged them to seek the Lord while he might be found. At last she cried out, 'I see the heavens opened; I see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with numbers of the glorified throng, coming nearer and nearer: they are just come!' At that word, her soul took its flight, to mingle with the heavenly host: we looked after her as Elisha after Elijah; and, I trust, some of us have caught her mantle."

After making a little tour through Caermarthenshire, Pembrokeshire, and Glamorganshire, on Monday 28, setting out early from Cardiff, I reached Newport about eight; and soon after preached to a large and serious congregation. I believe it is five and thirty years since I preached here before, to a people who were then wild as bears. How amazingly is the scene changed! Oh! what is too hard for God!

We came to the New Passage, just as the boat was putting off: so I went in immediately. Some friends were waiting for me on the other side, who received me as one risen from the dead. The room at Bristol was throughly filled in the evening; and we rejoiced in him *that heareth the prayer*. Having finished my present business here, on Wednesday 30, I set out at three, and at twelve preached in the great Presbyterian meeting-house in Taunton; and, indeed, with such freedom and openness of spirit, as I did not expect in so brilliant a congregation. In the evening I preached in the dreary preaching-house at Tiverton. The people appeared as dull as the place: yet who knows, but that many of them may again hear the voice that raiseth the dead!

On Thursday and Friday I preached at Launceston, Bodmin, and Truro: on Saturday in the main street at Redruth, to the usual congregation, on *Happy are the people that have the Lord for their God.*

Sunday, September 3, I preached at eight in St. Agnes' church-town, on *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* A young woman followed me into the house, weeping bitterly, and crying out, "I *must* have Christ; I *will* have Christ: Give me Christ or else I die!" Two or three of us claimed the promise in her behalf: she was soon filled with joy unspeakable, and burst out: "Oh! let me die! Let me go to him now! How can I bear to stay here any longer?" We left her full of that peace which passeth all understanding. About eleven I preached at Redruth: at five in the evening in the amphitheatre at Gwenap. I think this is the most magnificent spectacle

which is to be seen on this side heaven; and no music is to be heard upon earth, comparable to the sound of many thousand voices, when they are all harmoniously joined together, singing praises to God and the Lamb.

Monday 4, I went on to our friends at St. Ives, many of whom are now grey-headed as well as I. In the evening I preached in the little meadow above the town, where I was some years ago. The people in general here, (excepting the rich,) seem *almost persuaded to be Christians.* Perhaps the prayer of their old pastor, Mr. Tregoss, is answered even to the fourth generation.

Wednesday 6, About nine I preached at Crarick, and crossed over to St. Cuthberts', where I found my good old friend, Mr. Hoskins, quivering over the grave. He ventured, however, to the church town, and, I believe, found a blessing under the preaching. Thursday 7, about eleven I preached in the town-hall at Liskard, to a large and serious congregation. At Saltash some of our brethren met me with a boat, which brought me safe to Plymouth-Dock. Understanding some of our friends here were deeply prejudiced against the king and all his ministers, I spoke freely and largely on the subject, at the meeting of the society. God applied it to their hearts; and, I think, there is not one of them now who does not see things in another light.

Friday 8, I preached at noon on the quay in Plymouth; in the evening in the new square at the Dock. Many here seemed to feel the application of those words, *O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?* Saturday 9, I preached in Exeter at four in the afternoon, and about seven at Collumpton. Sunday 10, I came to Wallington in an acceptable time, for Mr. Jesse was ill in bed; so that if I had not come, there could have been no service either morning or evening. The church was moderately filled in the morning: in the afternoon it was crowded in every corner; and a solemn awe fell on the whole congregation, while I pressed that important question, *What is a man*

profited, if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Monday 11, I preached again in the new meeting at Taunton, to such a congregation as, I suppose, was never there before. I was desired to preach on the same text as at Wallington; and it was attended with the same blessing. On Tuesday I went on to Bristol. On Thursday and Friday I preached at Keynsham, Bradford, and Bath: on Tuesday 19, at Frome: and on Wednesday at Pa[illegible]ford. Thence I went on to the lovely family at Publow, a pattern for all the boarding-schools in England: every thing fit for a christian to learn, is taught here; but nothing unworthy the dignity of the christian character. I gave a short exhortation to the children, which they received with eagerness. Many of them have the fear of God: some of them enjoy his love.

Thursday 21, At the earnest request of the prisoner, who was to die the next day, (and was very willing so to do, for after deep agony of soul, he had found peace with God,) I preached at Newgate to him and a crowded audience, many of whom felt that God was there. Sunday 24, I preached abroad in the afternoon, to a lovely congregation. Friday 29, we observed as a fast-day, meeting at five, nine, one, and in the evening; and many found a strong hope that God will yet be intreated for a guilty land.

Sunday, October 1, The weather favoured us again, I preached once more abroad, and concluded at the point where I begun, in opening and strongly applying those words, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Monday 2, I set out early, and, preaching at the Devizes, Sarum, Winchester, and Portsmouth, in my way, on Friday 6, in the afternoon, I returned to London.

Sunday 8, I preached in Moorfields to a larger congregation than usual. Strange, that their *curiosity* should not be satisfied yet, after hearing the same thing nearly forty years!

Monday 9, I preached at Chesham, on *The strait gate;* and all that heard, seemed affected for the present.

Tuesday 10, I went on to Wycombe, and was much refreshed by the earnest attention of the whole congregation.

Wednesday 11, I took a walk to Lord Shelburne's house. What variety in so small a compass! A beautiful grove, divided by a serpentine walk, conceals the house from the town. At the side of this runs a transparent river, with a smooth walk on each bank. Beyond this is a level lawn; then the house with sloping gardens behind it. Above these is a lofty hill, near the top of which is a lovely wood, having a grassy walk running along, just within the skirts of it. But can the owner rejoice in this paradise? No; for his wife is snatched away in the bloom of youth!

Thursday 12, About noon I preached at Wattleton; and in the evening at Oxford, in a large house, formerly belonging to the Presbyterians: but it was not large enough: many could not get in. Such a congregation I have not seen at Oxford, either for seriousness or number, for more than twenty years.

I borrowed here a volume of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which I had heard very highly commended. And what did I learn? That he was a man of much wit, middling sense, and some learning; but as absolutely void of virtue, as any Jew, Turk, or heathen that ever lived. I say, not only void of all religion, (for I doubt whether he believed, there is a God; though he tags most of his letters with the name, for better sound sake) but even of virtue, of justice, and mercy, which he never once recommended to his son. And truth he sets at open defiance; he continually guards him against it; half his letters inculcate deep dissimulation as the most necessary of all accomplishments. Add to this, his studiously instilling into the young man, all the principles of debauchery, when himself was between seventy and eighty years old. Add, his cruel censure of that amiable man, the Archbishop of Cambray, (quantum dispar ab illo!) as a mere time-serving hypocrite! And this is the favourite of the age! Whereas, if justice and truth take place, if he is rewarded according to his desert, his name will stink to all generations.

Saturday 14, I preached at Finstock. How many days should I spend here if I were to do my own will! Not so; I am to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work. Therefore this is the first day I ever spent here; and perhaps it may be the last.

Sunday 15, About eight I preached at Witney. I admired the seriousness and decency of the congregation at church. I preached at five, on *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*, a word that is sufficient to convince all mankind of sin. In meeting the select society, I was much comforted to find so few of them losing ground, and the far greater part still witnessing that, *The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.*

Monday 16, We had a lovely congregation at five. About nine I preached at Oxford; in Newnham at one; and in the evening at Wallingford. Tuesday 17, I went over the Downs to Kingston-lodge, a lone house: yet we had a numerous, as well as serious congregation. In the evening I preached in the large room at the poor-house in Ramsbury. The people flocked together from every side: and God gave us his blessing.

Wednesday 18, I returned to Newbury. Some of our friends informed me, there were many red-hot patriots here. So I took occasion to give a strong exhortation, to *Fear God and honour the King.*

Thursday 19, I preached at Reading, and on Friday returned to London. Monday 23, I set out for Northamptonshire, and in the evening preached at Towcester. Tuesday 24, about noon we took horse for Whittlebury in a fine day: but before we had rode half an hour, a violent storm came, which soon drenched us from head to foot: but we dried ourselves in the afternoon and were no worse.

Wednesday 25, I preached at Northampton, and on Thursday noon at Brixworth, a little town about six miles north of Northamptonshire. I believe very few of the townmen were absent, and all of them seemed to be much affected: so did many at Northampton in the evening, while I described him *that builds his house upon a rock.*

Friday 27, I preached about noon at Hanslope: in my way I looked over a volume of Dr. Swift's letters. I was amazed! Was ever such trash palmed upon the world, under the name of a great man? More than half of what is contained in those sixteen volumes, would be dear at twopence a volume; being all, and more than all the dull things, which that witty man ever said. In the evening I preached at Bedford, and the next evening came to London.

Sunday 29, I visited one who was full of good resolutions; if he should recover. They might be sincere, or they might not: but how far will these avail before God? He was not put to the trial, how long they would last: quickly after God required his soul of him.

Monday and the following days I visited the little societies in the neighbourhood of London. Saturday, November 11, I made some additions to the "Calm Address to our American Colonies." Need any one ask from what motive this was written? Let him look round; England is in a flame! A flame of malice and rage against the King, and almost all that are in authority under him. I labour to put out this flame. Ought not every true patriot to do the same? If hireling writers on either side judge of me by themselves, that I cannot help.

Sunday 12, I was desired to preach in Bethnal-Green church, a charity sermon for the widows and orphans of the soldiers that were killed in America. Knowing how many would seek occasion of offence, I wrote down my sermon. I dined with Sir John Hawkins and three other gentlemen, that are in commission for the peace: and was agreeably surprised at a very serious conversation kept up during the whole time I stayed.

Wednesday 15, I preached at Darking; the next evening at Ryegate-place, I think, to the largest congregation that I have seen there: but still I fear we are ploughing upon the sand: we see no fruit of our labour. Friday 17, I crossed over to Shoreham, the most fruitful place in all the circuit; and preached in the evening to a people just ripe for all the

gospel promises, on *Now, why tarriest thou? Arise, and wash away thy sins.* The next morning I returned to London.

Monday 20, I went to Robertsbridge, and preached to a deeply attentive congregation. Tuesday 21, several were with us in the evening at Rye, who had never heard a Methodist sermon before: however, considering the bulk of the congregation, more than a handful of gentry, I earnestly besought them, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain.* The next evening I applied part of the 13th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. Many were shaken when they weighed themselves in that balance. May we not be found wanting in that day!

Thursday 23, About noon I preached at Cranbrook, and in the evening at Staplehurst. Friday 24, I preached at Sevenoaks, and on Saturday returned to London.

In some of my late little journeys, I read Mr. Wraxal's Travels, in which are several ingenious remarks: but the account he gives of Count Struenzee, is a mistake from beginning to end. Struenzee was as bad a man as most that ever lived. He caused many horrid abuses; but never reformed, or desired to reform one: and there was abundant proof of the crime for which he suffered; therefore the behaviour of King George was exactly right.

Monday 27, I set out for Norwich; that evening I preached at Colchester; Tuesday at Norwich; Wednesday at Yarmouth.

About this time I published the following letter in Lloyd's Evening Post:

"Sir,

"I have been seriously asked, 'From what motive did you publish your *Calm Address to the American Colonies?*'

"I seriously answer, 'Not to get money.' Had that been my motive, I should have swelled it into a shilling pamphlet, and have entered it at Stationers'-hall.

"Not to get perferment for myself, or my brother's children. I am a little too old to gape after it for myself. And

if my brother or I sought it for them, we have only to shew them to the world.

"Not to please any man living, high or low: I know mankind too well. I know they that love you for political service, love you less than their dinner, and they that hate you, hate you worse than the devil.

"Least of all did I write, with a view to inflame any: just the contrary. I contributed my mite toward putting out the flame, which rages all over the land: this I have more opportunity of observing than any other man in England: I see with pain to what a height this already rises in every part of the nation. And I see many pouring oil into the flame, by crying out, 'How unjustly, how cruelly the King is using the poor Americans; who are only contending for their liberty, and for their legal privileges.'

"Now there is no possible way to put out this flame, or hinder its rising higher and higher, but to shew that the Americans are not used either cruelly or unjustly: that they are not injured at all, seeing they are not contending for liberty; (this they had, even in its full extent, both civil and religious) neither for any legal privileges; for they enjoy all that their charters grant. But what they contend for is, the illegal privilege of being exempt from Parliamentary taxation: a privilege this, which no charter ever gave to any American colony yet: which no charter can give, unless it be confirmed both by King, Lords, and Commons; which in fact our colonies never had, which they never claimed till the present reign: and probably they would not have claimed it now, had they not been incited thereto by letters from England. One of these was read, according to the desire of the writer, not only at the Continental Congress, but likewise in many congregations throughout the combined provinces. It advised them, to seize upon all the King's officers, and exhorted them, 'Stand valiantly, only for six months, and in that time there will be such commotions in England, that you may have your own terms.'

"This being the real state of the question, without any

colouring or aggravation, what impartial man can either blame the King, or commend the Americans?

"With this view, to quench the fire, by laying the blame where it was due, the Calm Address was written.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"JOHN WESLEY.

"As to Reviewers, News-writers, London Magazines, and all that kind of gentlemen, they behave just as I expected they would. And let them lick up Mr. Toplady's spittle still, a champion worthy of their cause!"

Thursday 30, I preached at Lowestoff at noon, and Yarmouth in the evening. Here a gentleman, who came with me from London, was taken ill (he informed me) of the bloody flux. This being stopped, I thought his head was disordered, and would fain have sent him back without delay, offering him my chaise and servant to attend him, though I could ill spare either one or the other: but he could not in any wise be prevailed on to accept of the proposal. I afterwards heard, he had been insane, before he left London. However, I could now only make the best of it.

Friday, December 1, After preaching at Loddon, I returned to Norwich, and procured Mr. —— a lodging in a friend's house, where I knew he would want nothing. I now again advised him to go straight to London in my chaise, but it was lost labour.

Saturday 2, I procured "The History of Norwich," published but a few years since. The author shews, that it was built about the year 418: but it increased in succeeding ages, till it was more than double to what it is now, having no less than sixty churches. Its populousness may be indisputably proved by one single circumstance. The first time it was visited with the sweating-sickness, (which usually killed in ten hours) there died in about six months, upwards of fifty-seven thousand persons, which is a considerably greater number than were in the whole city a few years ago. He remarks concerning this unaccountable kind of plague,

1, That it seized none but Englishmen: none of the French, Flemings, or other foreigners then in the kingdom, being at all affected: 2, That it seized upon Englishmen in other kingdoms, and upon none else: and, 3, That the method at last taken was this: the patient, if seized in the day time, was immediately to lie down in his clothes, and to be covered up. If in the night time, he was to keep in bed. And if they remained four and twenty hours without eating or drinking any thing, then they generally recovered.

In the evening a large mob gathered at the door of the preaching-house, the captain of which struck many, chiefly women, with a large stick. Mr. Randal going out to see what was the matter, he struck him with it in the face: but he was soon secured, and carried before the mayor; who, knowing him to be a notorious offender, against whom one or two warrants were then lying, sent him to gaol without delay.

Tuesday 5, We set out a little before day and reached Lyan in the afternoon. In the evening, the new house would hardly contain one-half of the congregation; and those who could not get in were tolerably patient, considering they could hear but a few words.

Wednesday 6, About one, I heard a shrill voice in the street, calling and desiring me to come to Mr. ——. Going directly, I found him ill in body, and in a violent agony of mind. He fully believed he was at the point of death; nor could any arguments convince him of the contrary. We cried to him who has all power in heaven and earth, and who keeps the keys of life and death. He soon started up in bed, and said, with a loud voice, "I shall not die, but live."

In the day I visited many of those that remained with us, and those that had left us, since they had learned a new doctrine. I did not dispute, but endeavoured to soften their spirits, which had been sharpened to a high degree. In the evening the chapel was quite too small; and yet even those who could not get in were silent, a circumstance which I have seldom observed in any other part of England.

Thursday 7, Mr. —— was so thoroughly disordered, that it was heavy work to get him forward. At every stage, "he could not possibly go any farther; he must die here." Nevertheless we reached Bury in the afternoon. I preached at seven to the largest congregation I ever saw there: we used to have about a dozen at five in the morning: but on Friday 8, I suppose we had between forty and fifty. We set out between six and seven, hoping to reach Burntwood in the evening: but as we came thither some hours sooner than we expected, I judged it most advisable to push on: and the moon shining bright, we easily reached London soon after six o'clock.

Saturday 9, In answer to a very angry letter, lately published in the Gazetteer, I published the following:

"*To the Rev. Mr. Caleb Evans.*

"Rev. Sir,

"You affirm, 1, That I once 'doubted whether the measures taken with respect to America could be defended, either on the foot of law, equity, or prudence.' I did doubt of this five years, nay, indeed five months ago.

"You affirm, 2, That I 'declared' (last year) 'the Americans were an oppressed, injured people.' I do not remember that I did; but very possibly I might.

"You affirm, 3, That I then 'strongly recommended an argument for the exclusive right of the Colonies to tax themselves.' I believe I did; but I am now of another mind.

"You affirm, 4, 'You say in the preface, I never saw that book.' I did say so. The plain case was, I had so entirely forgotten it, that even when I saw it again, I recollected nothing of it till I had read several pages. If I had, I might have observed, that you borrowed more from Mr. P. than I did from Dr. Johnson. Though I know not whether I should have observed it, as it does not affect the merits of the cause.

"You affirm, 5, 'You say, *but I really believe he was told so;*' and add, 'supposing what I asserted was false, it is not easy to conceive what reason you could have for

believing *I was told so.*' My reason was, I believed you feared God, and therefore would not tell a wilful untruth; so I made the best excuse for you which I thought the nature of the thing would admit of. Had you not some reasons to believe this of *me?* and therefore to say (at least) '*I hope* he forgot it?'

"'But at this time I was perfectly *unknown* to you.' No, *at this time* I knew you wrote that tract; but had I not, charity would have induced me to hope this, even of an entire stranger.

"You now have my 'feeble reply,' and if you please to advance any new *argument*, (personal reflections I let go,) you may, perhaps, receive a farther reply from

"Your humble servant,

"*London, Dec.* 9. "JOHN WESLEY.

"I did not see your letter till this morning."

Monday 11, I began a little journey into Kent. In the evening I preached at Chatham; the next evening at Canterbury. I know not that ever I saw such a congregation there before. Tuesday 12, I preached at Dover: as many as could, squeezed into the house, and the rest went quietly away.

Thursday 14, I returned to Canterbury, and had a long conversation with that extraordinary man, Charles Perronet. What a mystery of Providence! Why is such a saint as this buried alive by continual sickness? In the evening we had a larger congregation than before: I never saw the house throughly filled till now; and I am sure the people had now a call from God, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

Friday 15, In the evening I preached at Chatham, and on Saturday returned to London. In the evening I preached a kind of funeral sermon at Snowsfields, for that upright woman, Jane Bicknell. For many years she was a pattern of all holiness, and, for the latter part of her life, of patience: yet, as she laboured under an incurable and painful disorder, which allowed her little rest, day or

night, the corruptible body pressed down the soul, and frequently occasioned much heaviness: but before she went, the clouds dispersed, and she died in sweet peace; but not in such triumphant joy as did Ann Davis two or three weeks before. She died of the same disorder, but had withal for some years racking pains in her head day and night, which in a while rendered her stone blind: add to this, that she had a *kind* husband, who was continually reproaching her for living so long, and cursing her for not dying out of the way: yet, in all this she *did not charge God foolishly*; but meekly waited till her change should come.

To-day I read Dr. Beattie's Poems; certainly one of the best poets of the age. He wants only the ease and simplicity of Mr. Pope. I know one, and only one that has it.

Monday 18, I took another little journey, and in the evening preached at Bedford. Tuesday 19, I dragged on, through miserable roads, to St. Neots, and preached in a large room to a numerous congregation. Understanding that almost all the Methodists, by the advice of Mr. ——, had left the church, I earnestly exhorted them to return to it. In the evening I preached at Godmanchester.

Wednesday 20, I preached at Luton; the next evening at Hertford, and on Friday morning returned to London. This day we observed as a day of fasting and prayer, and were much persuaded God will yet be intreated.

Thursday 29, I revised a volume of Latin poems, written by a gentleman of Denmark. I was surprised. Most of the verses are not unworthy of the Augustan age. Among the rest, there is a translation of two of Mr. Pope's Epistles, line for line: and yet, in language, not only as pure as Virgil's, but as elegant too!

Tuesday, January 2, 1776, Being pressed to pay a visit to our brethren at Bristol, some of whom had been a little unsettled by the patriots so called, I set out early; but the roads were so heavy, that I could not get thither till night. I came just time enough, not to see, but to bury poor Mr. Hall, my brother-in-law, who died on Wednesday

morning, I trust, in peace; for God had given him deep repentance. Such another monument of divine mercy, considering how low he had fallen, and from what height of holiness, I have not seen, no, not in seventy years! I had designed to visit him in the morning; but he did not stay for my coming. It is enough if, after all his wanderings, we meet again in Abraham's bosom.

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. XVIII.

FROM JANUARY 1, 1776, TO AUGUST 8, 1779.

JANUARY 1, 1776, About eighteen hundred of us met together, in London, in order to renew our covenant with God. And it was, as usual, a very solemn opportunity.

Tuesday 2, I set out for Bristol. Between London and Bristol, I read over that elegant trifle, "The Correspondence between Theodosius and Constantia." I observed only one sentiment which I could not receive, that "Youth is the only possible time for friendship; because every one has at first a natural store of sincerity and benevolence: but as in process of time men find every one to be false and self-interested, they conform to them more and more, till, in riper years, they have neither truth nor benevolence left." Perhaps it may be so with all that know not God; but they that do know him, escape the corruption that is in the world, and increase both in sincerity and in benevolence, as they grow in the knowledge of Christ.

Saturday 6, I returned to London; and I returned just in time: for, on Sunday 7, the severe frost set in, accompanied with so deep a snow, as made even the high road

impassable. For some days before the frost broke up, it was observed, by means of the thermometer, that the cold was several degrees more intense than that in the year 1741. But God then removed the cup from us, by a gentle, gradual thaw.

Sunday 14, As I was going to West-street chapel, one of the chaise springs suddenly snapped asunder: but the horses instantly stopping, I stepped out, without the least inconvenience.

At all my vacant hours in this and the following week, I endeavoured to finish the "Concise History of England." I am sensible it must give offence, as in many parts I am quite singular; particularly with regard to those greatly injured characters, Richard the Third, and Mary Queen of Scots: but I must speak as I think; although still waiting for, and willing to receive better information.

Sunday 28, I was desired to preach a charity sermon in Allhallow's church, Lombard-street. In the year 1735, above forty years ago, I preached in this church, at the earnest request of the church-wardens, to a numerous congregation, who came, like me, with an intent to hear Dr. Heylin. This was the first time, that having no notes about me, I preached extempore.

Wednesday, February 14, I preached at Shoreham. How is the last become first! No society in the county grows so fast as this, either in grace or number. The chief instrument of this glorious work is Miss Perronet, a burning and shining light.

Friday 23, I looked over Mr. Bolt's "Considerations on the Affairs of India." Was there ever so melancholy a picture! How are the mighty fallen! The Great Mogul, Emperor of Indostan, one of the mightiest potentates on earth, is become a poor, little, impotent slave, to a company of merchants! His large, flourishing empire is broken in pieces, and covered with fraud, oppression, and misery! And we may call the myriads that have been murdered happy, in comparison of those that still groan under the iron yoke

Wilt not thou visit for these things, O Lord? Shall the fool still say in his heart, There is no God!

Sunday 25, I buried the remains of William Evans, one of the first members of our society. He was an Israelite indeed, open (if it could be) to a fault, always speaking the truth from his heart.

Wednesday 28, I looked over a volume of Lord Lyttleton's works. He is really a fine writer, both in verse and prose; though he believed the Bible, yea, and feared God! In my scraps of time I likewise read over Miss Talbot's Essays, equal to any thing of the kind I ever saw. She was a woman of admirable sense and piety, and a far better poet than the celebrated Mrs. Rowe. But here too

"Heaven its choicest gold by torture tried!"

After suffering much, she died of a cancer in her breast.

Friday, March 1, As we cannot depend on having the Foundry long, we met to consult about building a new chapel. Our petition to the city for a piece of ground lies before their committee. But when we shall get any farther, I know not; so I determined to begin my circuit, as usual; but promised to return, whenever I should receive notice that our petition was granted.

On Sunday evening I set out, and on Tuesday reached Bristol. In the way I read over Mr. Boehm's sermons, Chaplain to Prince George of Denmark, husband of Queen Ann. He was a person of very strong sense, and, in general, sound in his judgment. I remember hearing a very remarkable circumstance concerning him, from Mr. Fraser, then Chaplain to St. George's hospital. "One day," said he, "I asked Mr. Boehm, with whom I was intimately acquainted, Sir, when you are surrounded with various persons, listening to one, and dictating to another, does not that vast hurry of business hinder your communion with God?" He replied, "I bless God, I have just then as full communion with him, as if I were kneeling alone at the Altar."

Wednesday 6, I went down to Taunton, and at three in the afternoon opened the new preaching-house. The people

shewed great eagerness to hear: will they at length know the day of their visitation?

Thursday 7, I returned to Bristol, which I left on Monday 11; and, having visited Stroud, Painswick, and Tewksbury, on Wednesday 20, came to Worcester. Thursday 21, I was much refreshed among this loving people, especially by the select society, the far greater part of whom could still witness, that God had saved them from inward as well as outward sin.

Saturday 23, About noon, I preached in the town-hall, at Evesham, to a congregation of a very different kind. Few of them, I doubt, came from any other motive than to gratify their curiosity. However, they were deeply attentive, so that some of them, I trust, went away a little wiser than they came.

I had been informed, that Mr. Weston, the minister of Campden, was willing I should preach in his church: but before I came, he had changed his mind: however, the Vicar of Pebworth was no weather-cock: so I preached in his church, Sunday 24, morning and evening; and I believe not in vain.

Monday 25, I went on to Birmingham. I was surprised to hear, that a good deal of platina was used there: but, upon enquiry, I found, it was not the true platina, an original metal between gold and silver, (being in weight nearest to gold, even as 18 to 19) but a mere compound of brass and spelter.

Wednesday 27, I preached at Dudley, in the midst of antinomians and backsliders, on *We beseech you not to receive the grace of God in vain.* In the evening I preached to our old flock at Wednesbury, and the old spirit was among them.

Friday 29, About eight I preached to a very large congregation even at Wolverhampton: and at six in the evening, to a mixed multitude in the market-place, at Newcastle-under-lyme. All were quiet now; the gentleman who made a disturbance when I was here last, having been soon after called to his account.

Sunday 31, I preached at Congleton. The minister here having much disobliged his parishioners, most of the gentry in the town came to the preaching, both at two in the afternoon and in the evening: and it was an acceptable time: I believe very few, rich or poor, came in vain.

Monday, April 1, I went on to Macclesfield. That evening I preached in the house, but it being far too small, on Tuesday 2, I preached on the Green, near Mr. Ryle's door. There are no mockers here, and scarcely an inattentive hearer: so mightily has the word of God prevailed! Wednesday 3, having climbed over the mountains, I preached at the New Mills in Derbyshire. The people here are quite earnest and artless, there being no public worship in the town, but at our chapel; so that they go straight forward, knowing nothing of various opinions, and minding nothing but to be Bible-Christians.

Thursday 4, I began an Answer to that dangerous tract, Dr. Price's "Observations upon Liberty," which, if practised, would overturn all government, and bring in universal anarchy. On Easter-Day, the preaching-house at Manchester contained the congregation pretty well at seven in the morning; but in the afternoon I was obliged to be abroad, thousands upon thousands flocking together. I stood in a convenient place, almost over against the infirmary, and exhorted a listening multitude, to *live unto him who died for them and rose again.*

Tuesday 9, I came to Chester, and had the satisfaction to find an earnest, loving, well-established people. Wednesday 10, in the evening, the house at Liverpool was well filled with people of all ranks. Friday 12, I visited one, formerly a captain, now a dying sinner. His eyes spoke the agony of his soul; his tongue having well nigh forgot its office. With great efforts he could but just say, "I want—Jesus Christ!" The next day he could not utter a word: but if he could not speak, God could hear.

Monday 15, About noon I preached in the new house at Wigan, to a very quiet and very dull congregation: but, considering what the town was, some years ago, wicked

even to a proverb, we may well say, "God hath done great things already:" and we hope to see greater things than these. In the evening I was obliged to preach abroad at Bolton, though the air was cold and the ground wet. Tuesday 16, I preached about noon at Chowbent, once the roughest place in all the neighbourhood: but there is not the least trace of it remaining. Such is the fruit of the genuine gospel.

As we were considering in the afternoon what we should do, the rain not suffering us to be abroad, one asked the Vicar for the use of the Church, to which he readily consented. I began reading prayers at half an hour past five: the church was so crowded, pews, alleys, and galleries, as, I believe, it had not been these hundred years: and God bore witness to his word.

Wednesday 17, After preaching at Bury about noon, I went on to Rochdale, and preached in the evening to a numerous and deeply serious congregation. Thursday 18, I clambered over the horrid mountains to Todmorden, and thence to Heptonstall, on the brow of another mountain. Such a congregation scarcely ever met in the church before. In the evening I preached in the croft adjoining to the new house at Halifax.

Friday 19, I preached at Smith-House, for the sake of that lovely woman, Mrs. Holmes. It does me good to see her: such is her patience, or rather thankfulness under almost continual pain. Sunday 21, after strongly insisting, at Daw-Green, on family religion, which is still much wanting among us, I hastened to Birstal church, where we had a sound, practical sermon. At one I preached to many thousands at the foot of the hill, and to almost as many at Leeds in the evening. Monday 22, I had an agreeable conversation with that good man, Mr. O. O that he may be an instrument of removing the prejudices which have so long separated chief friends!

Tuesday 23, I preached in the press-yard at Rothwell, and have seldom seen a congregation so moved. I then spoke severally to the class of children, and found every

one of them rejoicing in the love of God. It is particularly remarkable, that this work of God among them is broken out all at once: they have all been justified, and one clearly sanctified, within these last six weeks.

Wednesday 24, I went on to Otley, where the word of God has free course, and brings forth much fruit: this is chiefly owing to the spirit and behaviour of those whom God has *perfected in love:* their zeal stirs up many, and their steady and uniform conversation has a language almost irresistible. Friday 26, I preached in the new chapel at Eccleshall, to a people just sprung out of the dust, exceedingly artless and exceedingly earnest, many of whom seem to be already *saved from sin.* Oh! why do we not encourage all to expect this blessing every hour from the moment they are justified! In the evening I preached at Bradforth, on *The wise man that builds his house upon a rock,* that is, who builds his hope of heaven on no other foundation than *doing these sayings* contained in the Sermon on the Mount: although, in another sense, we build not upon his *sayings,* but his *sufferings.*

Saturday 27, I preached in the church at Bingley, perhaps not so filled before for these hundred years. Sunday 28, the congregation at Haworth was far greater than the church could contain. For the sake of the poor parishioners, few of whom are even awakened to this day, I spoke as strongly as I possibly could upon these words, *The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.* The church at Colne is, I think, at least twice as large as that at Haworth; but it would not in any wise contain the congregation. I preached, on *I saw a great white throne coming down from heaven.* Deep attention sat on every face; and, I trust, God gave us his blessing.

Monday 29, About two I preached at Paddiham, in a broad street, to a huge congregation. I think the only inattentive persons were, the minister, and a kind of gentleman. I saw none inattentive at Clough in the evening. What has God wrought, since Mr. Grimshaw and I were seized near this place by a furious mob, and kept prisoners for some hours!

The sons of him who headed that mob, now gladly receive our saying.

Tuesday 30, In the evening I preached in a kind of square at Colne, to a multitude of people, all drinking in the word. I scarcely ever saw a congregation wherein men, women, and children stood in such a posture: and this in the town wherein, thirty years ago, no Methodist could shew his head! The first that preached here was John Jane, who was innocently riding through the town, when the zealous mob pulled him off his horse, and put him in the stocks. He seized the opportunity, and vehemently exhorted them *To flee from the wrath to come.*

Wednesday, May 1, I set out early, and the next afternoon reached Whitehaven: and my chaise horses were no worse for travelling nearly a hundred and ten miles in two days.

In travelling through Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Bristol, Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, I diligently made two enquiries: the first was, concerning the increase or decrease of *the people*: the second, concerning the increase or decrease of *trade*. As to the latter, it is, within these two last years, amazingly increased; in several branches in such a manner as has not been known in the memory of man: such is the fruit of the entire civil and religious liberty which all England now enjoys! and as to the former, not only in every city and large town, but in every village and hamlet, there is no decrease, but a very large and swift increase: one sign of this is the swarms of little children which we see in every place. Which then shall we most admire, the ignorance or confidence of those who affirm that population decreases in England? I doubt not but it increases full as fast here, as in any province of North America.

Monday 6, After preaching at Cockermouth and Wigton, I went on to Carlisle, and preached to a very serious congregation. Here I saw a very extraordinary genius, a man blind from four years of age, who could wind worsted,

weave flowered plush on an engine and loom of his own making; who wove his own name in plush, and made his own clothes, and his own tools of every sort. Some years ago, being shut up in the organ-loft at church, he felt every part of it, and afterwards made an organ for himself, which judges say is an exceedingly good one. He then taught himself to play upon it, psalm tunes, anthems, voluntaries, or any thing which he heard. I heard him play several tunes with great accuracy, and a complex voluntary: I suppose, all Europe can hardly produce such another instance. His name is Joseph Strong. But what is he the better for all this, if he is still *without God in the world!*

Tuesday 7, I went on to Selkirk. The family came to prayer in the evening; after which the mistress of it said, "Sir, my daughter Jenny would be very fond of having a little talk with you: she is a strange lass: she will not come down on the Lord's-day, but to public worship, and spends all the rest of the day in her own chamber." I desired she would come up, and found one that earnestly longed to be altogether a christian. I satisfied her mother that she was not mad, and spent a little time in giving them advice, in exhortation and prayer.

Wednesday 8, We set out early, but found the air so keen, that before noon our hands bled as if cut with a knife. In the evening I preached at Edinburgh, and the next evening near the river-side in Glasgow. Friday 10, I went to Greenock. It being their fast-day before the sacrament, (ridiculously so called, for they do not fast at all, but take their three meals, just as on other days,) the congregation was larger than when I was here before, and remarkably attentive. The next day I returned to Glasgow, and on Sunday 12, went in the morning to the High Kirk, (to shew I was no bigot,) and in the afternoon to the Church of England chapel. The decency of behaviour here surprises me more and more: I know nothing like it in these kingdoms, except among the Methodists. In the evening the congregation by the river-side was exceedingly numerous, to whom I declared *the whole counsel of God.* Monday 13,

I returned to Edinburgh, and the next day went to Perth, where, it being supposed no house would contain the congregation, I preached at six on the South Inch, though the wind was cold and boisterous. Many are the stumbling-blocks which have been laid in the way of this poor people. They are removed; but the effects of them still continue.

Wednesday 15, I preached at Dundee to nearly as large a congregation as that at Port Glasgow. Thursday 16, I attended an ordination at Arbroath. The service lasted about four hours: but it did not strike me. It was doubtless very grave: but, I thought, it was very dull.

Friday 17, I reached Aberdeen in good time. Saturday 18, I read over Dr. Johnson's "Tour to the Western Isles." It is a very curious book, written with admirable sense, and, I think, with great fidelity; although, in some respects, he is thought to bear hard on the nation, which I am satisfied he never intended. Sunday 19, I attended the morning service at the kirk, full as formal as any in England, and no way calculated, either to awaken sinners, or to stir up the gift of God in believers. In the afternoon I heard a useful sermon at the English chapel, and was again delighted with the exquisite decency both of the minister and the whole congregation. The Methodist congregations come the nearest to this, but even these do not come up to it. Our house was sufficiently crowded in the evening; but some of the hearers did not behave like those at the chapel.

Monday 20, I preached about eleven, at Old Meldrum, but could not reach Bamff till nearly seven in the evening. I went directly to the parade, and proclaimed to a listening multitude *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.* All behaved well but a few gentry, whom I rebuked openly; and they stood corrected.

After preaching, Mrs. Gordon, the admiral's widow, invited me to supper: there I found five or six as agreeable women as I have seen in the kingdom; and I know not when I have spent two or three hours with greater satis-

faction. In the morning I was going to preach in the assembly-room, when the episcopal minister sent and offered me the use of his chapel. It was quickly filled. After reading prayers, I preached on those words in the second Lesson, *What lack I yet?* and strongly applied them to those in particular who supposed themselves to be *rich*, and *increased in goods, and lacked nothing*. I then set out for Keith.

Bamff is one of the neatest and most elegant towns that I have seen in Scotland. It is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, sloping from the sea, though close to it, so that it is sufficiently sheltered from the sharpest winds. The streets are straight and broad. I believe it may be esteemed the fifth, if not the fourth town in the kingdom. The county, quite from Bamff to Keith, is the best peopled of any I have seen in Scotland. This is chiefly, if not entirely, owing to the late Earl of Findlater: he was indefatigable in doing good, took pains to procure industrious men from all parts, and to provide such little settlements for them, as enabled them to live with comfort.

About noon I preached at the New Mills, nine miles from Bamff, to a large congregation of plain, simple people. As we rode in the afternoon, the heat overcame me, so that I was weary and faint before we came to Keith: but I no sooner stood up in the market-place, than I forgot my weariness: such were the seriousness and attention of the whole congregation, though as numerous as that at Bamff. Mr. Gordon, the minister of the parish, invited me to supper, and told me, his kirk was at my service. A little society is formed here already, and is in a fair way of increasing: but they were just now in danger of losing their preaching-house, the owner being determined to sell it. I saw but one way to secure it for them, which was to buy it myself: so, (who would have thought it?) I bought an estate consisting of two houses, a yard, a garden, with three acres of good land: but he told me flatly, "Sir, I will take no less for it than sixteen pounds ten shillings, to be

paid, part now, part at Michaelmas, and the residue next May."

Here Mr. Gordon shewed me a great curiosity. Near the top of the opposite hill, a new town is built, containing, I suppose, a hundred houses, which is a town of beggars. This, he informed me, was the professed, regular occupation of all the inhabitants. Early in spring they all go out, and spread themselves over the kingdom; and in autumn they return, and do what is requisite for their wives and children.

Wednesday 22, The wind turning north, we stepped at once from June to January. About one I preached at Inverary to a plain, earnest, loving people; and before five came to Aberdeen. Thursday 23, I read over Mr. Pennant's "Journey through Scotland," a lively as well as judicious writer: judicious, I mean, in most respects; but I cannot give up to all the deists in Great Britain the existence of witchcraft, till I give up the credit of all history, sacred and profane: and, at the present time, I have not only as strong, but stronger proofs of this, from eye and ear witnesses, than I have of murder, so that I cannot rationally doubt of one any more than the other.

Friday 24, I returned to Arbroath, and lodged at Provost Grey's: so, for a time, we are in honour. I have hardly seen such another place in the three kingdoms as this is at present. Hitherto there is no opposer at all, but every one seems to bid us God speed! Saturday 25, I preached at Westhaven, (a town of fishermen,) about noon, and at Dundee in the evening. Sunday 26, I went to the new church, cheerful, lightsome, and admirably well finished: a young gentleman preached such a sermon, both for sense and language, as I never heard in North Britain before; and, I was informed, his life is as his preaching. At five we had an exceedingly large congregation; and the people of Dundee, in general, behave better at public worship than any in the kingdom, except the Methodists, and those at the Episcopal chapels: in all other kirks, the bulk of the

people are bustling to and fro, before the minister has ended his prayer: in Dundee, all are quiet, and none stir at all, till he has pronounced the blessing.

Monday 27, I paid a visit to St. Andrew's, once the largest city in the kingdom. It was eight times as large as it is now, and a place of very great trade; but the sea rushing from the north-east, gradually destroyed the harbour and trade together; in consequence of which, whole streets that were, are now meadows and gardens. Three broad, straight, handsome streets remain, all pointing at the old cathedral, which by the ruins appears to have been above three hundred feet long, and proportionably broad and high; so that it seems to have exceeded York-Minster, and to have at least equalled any cathedral in England. Another church, afterwards used in its stead, bears date 1124. A steeple standing near the cathedral, is thought to have stood thirteen hundred years.

What is left of St. Leonard's college is only a heap of ruins. Two colleges remain. One of them has a tolerable square, but all the windows are broken, like those of a brothel. We were informed the students do this before they leave the college. Where are their blessed governors in the mean time? Are they all fast asleep? The other college is a mean building, but has a handsome library newly erected. In the two colleges, we learned, were about seventy students, nearly the same number as at Old Aberdeen: those at New Aberdeen are not more numerous; neither those at Glasgow. In Edinburgh, I suppose, there are a hundred: so four universities contain three hundred and ten students: these all come to their several colleges in November, and return home in May; so they *may* study five months in the year, and lounge all the rest. Oh! where was the common-sense of those who instituted such colleges! In the English colleges, every one *may* reside all the year, as all my pupils did: and I should have thought myself little better than a highwayman, if I had not lectured them every day in the year, but Sundays.

We were so long detained at the passage, that I only

reached Edinburgh time enough to give notice of my preaching the next day. After preaching at Dunbar, Alnwick, and Morpeth, on Saturday, June 1, I reached Newcastle.

Monday 3, I visited Sunderland, where the society then contained three hundred and seventy-two members. Thursday 6, I preached at Darlington and Barnard-castle: on Friday, in Teesdale and Weardale. Here many rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and seemed determined never to rest till they had recovered that great salvation which they enjoyed some years ago. Saturday 8, as we rode to Sheep-hill, we saw and heard at a distance much thunder, and rain, and lightning. The rain was before and behind, and on each side, but none fell upon *us*. About six I preached at Sheep-hill. It rained hard very near us, but not a drop came upon *us*. After eight I reached Newcastle, throughly tired; but a night's rest set me up again. On Monday and Tuesday I met the classes. I left three hundred and seventy four in the society, and I found about four hundred: and, I trust, they are more established in the *faith that worketh by love*.

While I was here, I talked largely with a pious woman whom I could not well understand. I could not doubt of her being quite sincere, nay, and much devoted to God; but she had fallen among some well-meaning enthusiasts, who taught her so to attend to the *inward voice*, as to quit the society, the preaching, the Lord's-supper, and almost all *outward means*. I find no persons harder to deal with than these. One knows not how to advise them. They must not act contrary to their conscience, though it be an erroneous one: and who can convince them that it is erroneous? None but the Almighty.

Monday 17, After preaching at Durham, I went on to Darlington. The society here lately consisting of nine members, is now increased to above seventy, many of whom are warm in their first love. At the love-feast, many of these spake their experience with all simplicity. Here will surely be a plentiful harvest, if tares do not grow up with the

wheat. Wednesday 19, I preached to my old, loving congregation, at Osmotherly, and visited once more poor Mr. Watson, just quivering over the grave.

Part of this week I read, as I travelled, a famous book, which I had not looked into for these fifty years: it was Lucian's Dialogues. He has a good deal of humour, but wonderful little judgment. His great hero is Diogenes, the Cynic, just such another brute as himself. Socrates (as one might expect,) he reviles and ridicules with all his might. I think there is more sense in his *Timon*, than in all his other dialogues put together: and yet even that ends poorly, in the dull jest of his breaking the heads of all that came near him. How amazing is it, that such a book as this should be put into the hands of school-boys!

Monday 24, I went on to Scarborough. I think the preaching-house here, is the most elegant of any square room which we have in England: and we had as elegant a congregation; but they were as attentive as if they had been Kingswood colliers.

Tuesday 25, I visited a poor backslider, who has given great occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Some time since he felt a pain in the soles of his feet, then in his legs, his knees, his thighs. Now it has reached his stomach, and begins to affect his head. No medicines have availed at all. I fear he has sinned a sin unto death; a sin which God has determined to punish by death.

Friday 28, I am seventy-three years old, and far abler to preach than I was at three and twenty. What natural means has God used to produce so wonderful an effect? 1, Continual exercise and change of air, by travelling above four thousand miles in a year. 2, Constant rising at four. 3, The ability, if ever I want, to sleep immediately. 4, The never losing a night's sleep in my life. 5, Two violent fevers, and two deep consumptions. These, it is true, were rough medicines; but they were of admirable service, causing my flesh to come again as the flesh of a little child. May I add lastly, evenness of temper. I feel and grieve; but, by the grace of God, I fret at nothing. But still the help that

is done upon earth, he doth it himself: and this he doth in answer to many prayers.

Monday, July 1, I preached about eleven, to a numerous and serious congregation at Pocklington. In my way from hence to Malton, Mr. C—— (a man of sense and veracity,) gave me the following account: His grandfather, Mr. H——, he said, about twenty years ago, ploughing up a field, two or three miles from Pocklington, turned up a large stone, under which he perceived there was a hollow. Digging on, he found, at a small distance, a large, magnificent house. He cleared away the earth; and going into it, found many spacious rooms. The floors of the lower story were of mosaic work, exquisitely wrought. Mr. C—— himself counted sixteen stones within an inch square. Many flocked to see it from various parts, as long as it stood open. But, after some days, Mr. P——, (he knew not why,) ordered it to be covered again: and he would never after suffer any to open it, but ploughed the field all over. This is far more difficult to account for than the subterraneous buildings at Herculaneum. History gives us an account of the time when, and the manner how these were swallowed up. The burning mountain is still in existence, and the successive lavas that flowed from it still distinguishable. But history gives no account of this, nor of any burning mountains in our island. Neither do we read of any such earthquake in England, as was capable of working that effect.

Tuesday 2, I went to York. The house was full enough in the evening, while I pointed the true and the false way of expounding those important words, *Ye are saved through faith.*

Wednesday 3, I preached about noon at Tadcaster, with an uncommon degree of freedom, which was attended with a remarkable blessing. A glorious work is dawning here, against which nothing can prevail, unless the ball of contention be thrown in among the plain people, by one or two that have lately embraced new opinions. In the evening I preached at York, on the fashionable religion, vulgarly

called morality: and shewed at large, from the accounts given of it by its ablest patrons, that it is neither better nor worse than atheism.

Thursday 4, I met the select society, and was a little surprised to find, that instead of growing in grace, scarcely two of them retained the grace they had two years ago. All of them seemed to be sincere; and yet a faintness of spirit ran through them all.

In the evening, I shewed to a still more crowded audience, the nature and necessity of christian love: Αγαπη, vilely rendered *charity*, to confound poor English readers. The word was sharper than a two-edged sword, as many of the hearers felt. God grant the wound may not be healed till he himself binds it up.

Friday 5, About eleven, I preached at Foggathorp, a lone house, a few miles from Howden. Abundance of people were gathered together, notwithstanding heavy rain: and they received the truth in the love thereof. I came to Howden a little before three; when a large congregation was soon gathered. All were serious; the more so, because of a few claps of thunder that rolled over our heads.

I preached at Swinfleet in the evening; these are the most sensible and gentlemen-like farmers that I have seen any where: and many of them are rooted and grounded in love, and have adorned the gospel many years.

Saturday 6, I went on to Epworth, and found my old friend Mr. Hutton in the deepest melancholy. I judged it to be partly natural, partly diabolical; but I doubt not he will be saved, though as by fire.

Tuesday 9, I preached at Brigg in the morning: all behaved well but a few gentlemen, so called, who seemed to understand no more of the matter than if I had been talking Greek.

I went thence to Horncastle and to Spilsby, with Mr. Br—. While he was at Cambridge he was convinced of sin, though not by any outward means, and soon after justified. Coming to Hull, he met with one of our preachers: by long and close conversation with him, he was clearly convinced it was

his duty to join with the people called Methodists. At first, indeed, he staggered at lay-preachers; but after weighing the matter more deeply, he began preaching himself, and found a very remarkable blessing both on his own soul and on his labours.

After visiting a few more places in these parts, on Saturday 13, I returned to Epworth. Sunday 14, I preached in the morning at Gringly; about one at Owston; and at four in Epworth market-place, where God "struck with the hammer of his word, and broke the hearts of stone." We had afterwards a love-feast, at which a flame was soon kindled; which was greatly increased, while Mr. —— related the manner how God perfected him in love; a testimony which is always attended with a peculiar blessing.

Monday 15, I preached at Doncaster, in one of the most elegant houses in England, and to one of the most elegant congregations: they seemed greatly astonished; and well they might; for I scarcely ever spoke so strongly, on *Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.* Tuesday 16, at Sheffield, I talked at large with one, whose case is very peculiar. She never loses a sense of the love of God; and yet is continually harrassed by the devil, and constrained to utter words which her soul abhors, while her body feels as if it were in a burning flame. For this her father turned her out of doors; and she had no money, nor any friend to take her in. To cut her off from every human comfort, our wise assistant turned her out of society: yet, in all this, she murmured not, *neither charged God foolishly.*

Wednesday 17, Having been desired by one of Chesterfield, to give them a sermon in the way, I called there; but he did not come to own me: so, after resting a while at another house, I stood at a small distance from the main street, and proclaimed salvation by faith, to a serious congregation. After preaching at a few other places, on Thursday the 18th, I preached at Nottingham; and having no time to lose, took chaise at noon; and the next evening, Friday 19, met the committee at the Foundry.

Wednesday 24, I read Mr. Jenyng's admired tract, on the "Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion." He is undoubtedly a fine writer; but whether he is a christian, deist, or atheist, I cannot tell. If he be a christian, he betrays his own cause by averring, that "All Scripture is *not* given by inspiration of God; but the writers of it were sometimes left to themselves, and consequently made some mistakes." Nay, if there be any mistakes in the Bible, there may as well be a thousand. If there be one falsehood in that book, it did not come from the God of Truth.

Sunday 28, Perceiving the immense hurt which it had done, I spoke more strongly than ever I had done before, on the sin and danger of indulging *itching ears*. I trust, here at least, that plague will be stayed.

Friday, August 2, We made our first subscription toward building a new chapel: and at this, and the two following meetings, above a thousand pounds were cheerfully subscribed.

Sunday 4, Many of the preachers being come to town, I enforced that solemn caution, in the epistle for the day, *Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall:* and God applied it to many hearts. In the afternoon I preached in Moorfields to thousands, on Acts ii. 31, *Him hath God raised up, whereof ye are all witnesses.*

Tuesday 6, Our Conference began, and ended on Friday the 9th, which we observed with fasting and prayer, as well for our own nation as for our brethren in America. In several Conferences, we have had great love and unity: but in this there was over and above, such a general seriousness and solemnity of spirit, as we scarcely have had before. Sunday 11, about half an hour after four I set out, and at half an hour after eleven on Monday, came to Bristol. I found Mr. Fletcher a little better, and proposed his taking a journey with me to Cornwall, nothing being so likely to restore his health, as a journey of four or five hundred miles: but his physician would in no wise consent; so I gave up the point.

Tuesday 13, I preached at Taunton, and afterwards went

with Mr. Brown to Kingston. The large, old parsonage-house is pleasantly situated, close to the church-yard, just fit for a contemplative man. Here I found a clergyman, Dr. Coke, late gentleman-commoner of Jesus College, in Oxford, who came twenty miles on purpose. I had much conversation with him, and an union then began, which, I trust, shall never end.

Wednesday 14, I preached at Tiverton, and on Thursday went on to Launceston. Here I found the plain reason why the work of God had gained no ground in this circuit all the year. The preachers had given up the Methodist testimony. Either they did not speak of perfection at all, (the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust,) or they spoke of it only in general terms, without urging the believers to go on to perfection, and to expect it every moment. And wherever this is not earnestly done, the work of God does not prosper.

Friday 16, I was going to preach in the market-place at Camelford, where a few are still alive to God, when a violent storm drove us into the house, that is, as many as could squeeze in. The fire quickly kindled among them, and seemed to touch every heart. My text was, *What dost thou here, Elijah?* And God himself made the application. A flame was once more raised in this town. May it never more be put out!

In the evening I preached in Mr. Wood's yard, at Port-Isaac, to most of the inhabitants of the town: the same spirit was here as at Camelford, and seemed to move upon every heart: and we had all a good hope, that the days of faintness and weariness were over; and that the work of God would revive and flourish.

Saturday 17, We found Mr. Hoskins at St. Cuthbert's alive, but just tottering over the grave. I preached in the evening on 2 Cor. v. 1—4, probably the last sermon he will hear from me. I was afterwards enquiring, "If that scandal of Cornwall, the plundering of wrecked vessels still subsisted?" He said, "As much as ever; only the Methodists will have nothing to do with it. But three months

since a vessel was wrecked on the south coast, and the tinners presently seized on all the goods: and one broke in pieces a new coach which was on board, and carried every scrap of it away." But is there no way to prevent this shameful breach of all the laws, both of religion and humanity? Indeed there is. The gentry of Cornwall may totally prevent it whenever they please. Let them only see that the laws be strictly executed upon the next plunderers: and after an example is made of ten of these, the next wreck will be unmolested. Nay, there is a milder way. Let them only agree together, to discharge any tinner or labourer that is concerned in the plundering of a wreck, and advertise his name, that no Cornish gentleman may employ him any more: and neither tinner nor labourer will any more be concerned in that bad work.

Sunday 18, The passage through the sands being bad for a chaise, I rode on horseback to St. Agnes, where the rain constrained me to preach in the house. As we rode back to Redruth, it poured down amain, and found its way through all our clothes. I was tired when I came in: but after sleeping a quarter of an hour, all my weariness was gone.

Monday 19, I joined together once more the select society, who are continually flying asunder, though they all acknowledge the loss they have sustained thereby. At eleven, I met fifty or sixty children. How much depends upon these! All the hope of the rising generation. Tuesday 20, in the evening I preached at Helston, where prejudice is at an end: and all the town, except a few gentry, willingly hear the word of salvation.

Wednesday 21, I preached at Penzance, in a gentleman's balcony, which commands the market-place, to a large congregation, on *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.* The word fell heavy, upon high and low, rich and poor. Such an opportunity I never had at Penzance before.

Thursday 22, I preached at six in the market-place, at St. Just. Two or three well-dressed people walked by,

stopped a little, and then went on: so they did two or three times. Had it not been for shame, they might have heard that which is able to save their souls.

Friday 23, The congregation both morning and evening was large, and great was our rejoicing in the Lord. Saturday 24, in the evening I preached in a meadow at St. Ives, to one of the largest congregations I had seen in the county. Sunday 25, I met the children, the most difficult part of our office. About five in the evening I began preaching at Gwenap, to full twenty thousand persons. And they were so commodiously placed in the calm, still evening, that every one heard distinctly.

Tuesday 27, About noon I preached in the Piazza, adjoining to the Coinage-hall, in Truro. I was enabled to speak exceedingly plain, on *Ye are saved through faith*. I doubt the antinomians gnashed on me with their teeth: but I must declare the whole counsel of God. In the evening I preached in an open space at Mevegizzey, to most of the inhabitants of the town; where I saw a very rare thing; men swiftly increasing in substance, and yet not decreasing in holiness.

Wednesday 28, The rain drove us into the house at St. Austle, where I think some of the stout-hearted trembled. The next evening I preached at Medros, and was pleased to see an old friend, with his wife, his two sons, and two daughters. I believe God sent a message to their hearts, as they could not help shewing by their tears.

Sunday, September 1, I got to Plymouth church, a little after the service began. I admired the seriousness and decency of the congregation; none bowed or curtsied, or looked about them. And at the Lord's-Supper, although both the ministers spoke so low in delivering the elements, that none who were not very near, could hear a word they said, yet was the congregation as still as if no one had been in the church. I was likewise agreeably surprised at their number; when I was at the church in Hull, I think we had six communicants, besides those that came with me. Here I suppose were full three hundred.

Immediately after service I went to the Key, and preached on those words in the epistle for the day, *The Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe.* I wondered at the exquisite stupidity of the hearers, particularly the soldiers; who seemed to understand no more of the matter than so many oxen: so I told them in very plain terms; and some of them were ashamed.

Monday 2, In my way to Exeter, I read over an ingenious tract, containing some observations which I never saw before. In particular, that if corn sells for twice as much now, as it did at the time of the Revolution, it is in effect no dearer than it was then, because we have now twice as much money: that, if other things sell now for twice as much as they did then, corn ought to do so too: that though the price of all things increases as money increases, yet they are really no dearer than they were before: and, lastly, that to petition Parliament to alter these things, is to put them upon impossibilities; and can answer no end, but that of inflaming the people against their governors.

Wednesday 4, I was desired to call at Ottery, a large town, eleven miles from Exeter. I preached in the market-house to abundance of people, who behaved with great decency. At five, I preached in the market-place at Axminster, to a still larger congregation. I have seldom heard people speak with more honesty and simplicity, than many did, at the love-feast which followed. I have not seen a more unpolished people than these; but love supplies all defects: it supplies all the essentials of good breeding, without the help of a dancing-master.

Thursday 5, I went on to Corf-castle, in the Isle of Purbeck. At six I preached in the yard adjoining to the preaching-house. It was a season both of conviction and consolation.

Friday 6, I preached at the new house in Malcom, to as many as it would well contain. Saturday 7, about noon I stood upon the cross at Bruton, and proclaimed, *The grace*

of our Lord Jesus Christ. Many seemed to be astonished; all were quiet, and a few deeply affected.

In the evening I preached at Shepton-mallet, where the people in general appeared to be more serious, ever since the late terrible riot, in which two of them were killed. On Saturday I went on to Bristol.

Monday 9, I began, what I had long intended, visiting the society from house to house, setting apart, at least, two hours in a day for that purpose. I was surprised to find the simplicity with which one and all spoke, both of their temporal and spiritual state. Nor could I easily have known by any other means how great a work God has wrought among them. I found exceedingly little to reprove, but much to praise God for. And I observed one thing, which I did not expect; in visiting all the families, without Lawford-gate, by far the poorest about the city, I did not find so much as one person who was out of work.

Another circumstance I critically enquired into, What is the real number of the people? Dr. Price says (doubtless, to encourage our good friends the French and Spaniards,) "The people of England are between four and five millions; supposing them to be four or four and a half on an average, in one house." I found in the families which I visited, about six in a house: but one, who has lately made a more general enquiry, informs me, there are without Lawford-gate, seven in a house. The same information I received, from one who has lately made the enquiry, concerning the inhabitants of Redcliff. Now, if at four in a house, we are four millions, must we not at seven in a house, be seven millions?

But even this is far short of the truth, for a plain reason, the houses are miscomputed. To give one instance: the houses without Lawford-gate, are computed to be a thousand. Now, at the sitting of the Justices some years since, there were two hundred public-houses. Was then one house in five a public-house? No, surely; one in ten at the utmost. If so, there were two thousand houses, and consequently fourteen thousand persons. I believe, there are now

full twenty thousand. And these are nothing near a quarter of the present inhabitants of Bristol.

Wednesday 11, I preached about one at Bath; and about six, in a meadow, near the preaching-house in Frome, besought a listening multitude, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain.*

Thursday 12, I spent about two hours in Mr. Hoare's gardens at Stourton. I have seen the most celebrated gardens in England; but these far exceed them all: 1, In the situation; being laid out on the sloping sides of a semi-circular mountain: 2, In the vast bason of water enclosed between them, covering, I suppose, sixty acres of ground: 3, In the delightful interchange of shady groves and sunny glades, curiously mixed together. Above all, in the lovely grottos, two of which excel every thing of the kind which I ever saw; the fountain-grotto, made entirely of rock-work, admirably well imitating nature; and the castle-grotto, into which you enter unawares, beneath a heap of ruins. This is within totally built of roots of trees, wonderfully interwoven. On one side of it is a little hermitage, with a lamp, a chair, a table, and bones upon it.

Others were delighted with the temples, but I was not: 1, Because several of the statues about them were mean: 2, Because I cannot admire the images of devils: and we know the gods of the heathens are but devils: 3, Because I defy all mankind to reconcile statues with nudities, either to common sense or common decency.

Returning from thence, through Maiden-Bradley, we saw the clumsy house of the Duke of Somerset, and afterwards the grand and elegant one of Lord Weymouth, beautifully situated in a lovely park.

Friday 13, I went on to Midsummer-Norton, where the rector, being applied to, cheerfully granted me the use of his church, and himself made one of the congregation. I preached on those words in the second lesson, *O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?* About two I preached in the new house at Paulton, to a plain, simple, loving people; and spent the evening in Kingswood, endea-

vouring to remove some little offences, which had arisen in the family.

Wednesday 18, About one I preached at Bath, as usual, to a crowded audience; in the afternoon, at Keynsham, where, at length, we see some fruit of our labours. Thursday 19, finding few would come to the room at Pill, I preached in the market-place: many attended, and I am persuaded God cut some of them to the heart. About six I preached at Pensford, and spent the evening with the lovely family at Publow.

Saturday 21, I preached in the paddock at Bedminster. It is plain, (notwithstanding what some affirm) that the time of field-preaching is not past, while the people flock to it from every quarter.

Sunday 22, After reading prayers, preaching, and administering the sacrament at Bristol, I hastened away to Kingswood, and preached under the trees to such a multitude as had not been lately seen there. I began in King's-square, a little before five, where the word of God was quick and powerful. And I was no more tired at night than when I rose in the morning. Such is the power of God!

After settling all things at Bristol and Kingswood, and visiting the rest of the societies in Somersetshire, Wiltshire, and Hants, I returned in October to London with Mr. Fletcher.

Sunday, November 10, I was desired to preach at St. Vedast's church, Foster-lane, which contained the congregation tolerably well. I preached on those words in the gospel for the day, (how little regarded even by men that fear God!) *Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's.*

Wednesday 13, I set out with Mr. Fletcher to Norwich. I took coach at twelve, slept till six, and then spent the time very agreeably in conversation, singing and reading. I read Mr. Bolt's account of the affairs in the East-Indies: I suppose much the best that is extant. But what a scene is here opened. What consummate villains! what devils incarnate were the managers there! What utter strangers to

justice, mercy, and truth! To every sentiment of humanity! I believe no heathen history contains a parallel: I remember none in all the annals of antiquity. Not even the divine Cato, or the virtuous Brutus, plundered the provinces committed to their charge, with such merciless cruelty, as the English have plundered the desolated provinces of Indostan.

When we came to Norwich, finding many of our friends had been shaken by the assertors of the *horrible decree*, I employed the three following mornings in sifting the question to the bottom: many were confirmed thereby, and, I trust, will not again be removed from the genuine gospel. Thursday 14, I shewed in the evening what *the gospel* is, and what it is to *preach the gospel*. The next evening I explained at large the wrong and the right sense of *Ye are saved by faith;* and many saw how miserably they had been abused by those vulgarly called *gospel-preachers*.

Sunday 17, In the morning we had about a hundred and fifty communicants, and a remarkable blessing. In the afternoon and in the evening we were crowded enough. Monday 18, we set out for Yarmouth. Here I knew not where to preach, the mayor refusing me the use of the town-hall; but the chamberlain gave me the use of a larger building, formerly a church: in this a numerous congregation soon assembled, to whom I described the *sect which is every where spoken against*. I believe, all that were attentive will be a little more candid for the time to come.

Tuesday 19, I opened the new preaching-house at Lowestoff, a new and lightsome building. It was throughly filled with deeply attentive hearers: surely some of them will bear fruit unto perfection. Wednesday 20, Mr. Fletcher preached in the morning, and I at two in the afternoon: it then blew a thorough storm, so that it was hard to walk or stand, the wind being ready to take us off our feet. It drove one of the boats which were on the strand, from its moorings, out to sea: three men were in it, who looked for nothing every moment but to be swallowed up; but, presently five stout men put off in another open boat, and,

rowing for life, overtook them and brought them safe to land.

Thursday 21, I preached at Beccles. A duller place I have seldom seen. The people of the town were neither pleased nor vexed, as *caring for none of these things*: yet fifty or sixty came into the house, either to hear or see. The people of Loddon seemed in the evening of another spirit, resolved to *enter in at the strait gate*. Friday 22, we had a solemn parting with our friends at Norwich: and on Saturday evening I brought Mr. Fletcher back to London, considerably better than when he set out.

Friday 29, We considered the several plans which were offered for the new chapel. Having agreed upon one, we desired a surveyor to draw out the particulars, with an estimate of the expense: we then ordered proposals to be drawn up, for those who were willing to undertake any part of the building.

Monday, December 2, I set out for Bedford in the Diligence, and came thither at four in the afternoon. I found great freedom of speech in the evening, and perceived God was reviving his work in this people. Tuesday 3, I crossed over to St. Neot's, and had an hour's friendly conversation with Mr. V. O that all men would sit as loose to opinions as I do! that they would think and let think! I preached in the evening to a numerous congregation, with much enlargement of spirit. Wednesday 4, I preached at Godmanchester, and on Tuesday returned to London.

In the way, I read over Mr. Gray's Works, and his Life written by Mr. Mason. He is an admirable poet, not much inferior to either Prior or Pope; but he does not appear, upon the whole, to have been an amiable man. His picture, I apprehend, expresses his character; sharp, sensible, ingenious, but at the same time, proud, morose, envious, passionate, and resentful. I was quite shocked at the contempt with which he more than once speaks of Mr. Mason; one full as ingenious as himself, yea, full as good a poet: (as even Elfrida shews, as much as Mr. Gray despises, or affects to despise it) and over and above, possessed of that

modesty and humanity, wherein Mr. Gray was so greatly deficient.

Friday 13, Was the national fast. It was observed not only throughout the city, but (I was afterwards informed) throughout the nation, with the utmost solemnity. I shall not wonder, if God should now interpose and send us prosperity, since at length we are not too proud to acknowledge *there is a God that judgeth the earth.*

Monday 16, I preached at Canterbury; on Tuesday at Dover; Wednesday about eleven at poor, dry, dead Sandwich: but I now found more hope for the poor people than I had done for many years. In the evening I preached at Margate, to a very genteel, and yet very serious congregation; and, I believe, (although it blew a storm,) nearly a hundred were present in the morning.

Thursday 19, I had another truly comfortable opportunity at Canterbury. God lifted up the hands that hung down, and gave many a strong hope that they should yet see good days after all the days of darkness and heaviness. Friday 20, I returned to London, and on Sunday 22, buried the remains of Elizabeth Duchesne, a person eminently upright of heart, yet for many years a child of labour and sorrow. For nearly forty years she was zealous of good works, and at length shortened her days by labouring for the poor beyond her strength: but her end was peace: she now rests from her labours, and her works follow her.

Tuesday 31, I concluded the year with solemn praise to God, for continuing his great work in our land: it has never been intermitted one year or one month since the year 1738, in which my brother and I began to preach that strange doctrine of *Salvation by Faith.*

Wednesday, January 1, 1777, We met, as usual, to renew our covenant with God. It was a solemn season, wherein many found his power present to heal, and were enabled to urge their way with strength renewed.

Thursday 2, I began expounding, in order, the book of Ecclesiastes. I never before had so clear a sight either of the meaning or the beauties of it: neither did I imagine,

that the several parts of it were in so exquisite a manner connected together: all tending to prove that grand truth, that there is no happiness out of God.

Wednesday 8, I looked over the manuscripts of that great and good man, Charles Perronet. I did not think he had so deep communion with God: I know exceedingly few that equal him; and had he had an University education, there would have been few finer writers in England.

Monday 13, I took the opportunity of spending an hour every morning with the preachers, as I did with my pupils at Oxford: and we endeavoured not only to increase each other's knowledge, but to *provoke one another to love and to good works.* Wednesday 15, I began visiting those of our society who lived in Bethnal-green hamlet. Many of them I found in such poverty, as few can conceive without seeing it. Oh! why do not all the rich that fear God constantly visit the poor! Can they spend part of their spare time better? Certainly not: so they will find in that day when *every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labour.*

Such another scene I saw the next day, in visiting another part of the society. I have not found any such distress, no, not in the prison of Newgate. One poor man was just creeping out of his sick bed, to his ragged wife and three little children, who were more than half naked, and the very picture of famine; when one bringing in a loaf of bread, they all ran, seized upon it, and tore it in pieces in an instant. Who would not rejoice that there is another world?

Monday 20, Mrs. T. gave us a remarkable account. On Saturday the 11th instant, her little boy, a child of eminent piety, between five and six years old, gave up his spirit to God. She was saying to one in the house, "My son is gone to glory." A youth standing by, cried out, "But I am going to hell." He continued praying all Sunday and Monday, but in utter despair. On Tuesday he found a hope of mercy, which gradually increased. The next morning he

rejoiced with joy unspeakable, knowing his sins were blotted out: and soon after, Henry Terry, (the son of many tears to his poor mother,) slept in peace.

Tuesday 21, I dined at Mr. A.'s. A month or two ago he had a trial worthy of a christian. He saw his little son (between four and five years old) crushed to death in a moment. But he did not murmur; he could say, *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.*

Sunday 26, I preached again at All-hallows church, morning and afternoon. I found great liberty of spirit; and the congregation seemed to be much affected. How is this? Do I *yet please men?* Is the offence of the cross ceased? It seems, after being scandalous nearly fifty years, I am at length growing into a honourable man! Thursday 30, I had a visit from Mr. B., grown an old, feeble, decrepid man: hardly able to face a puff of wind, or to creep up and down stairs. Such is the fruit of cooping one's self up in a house: of sitting still day after day.

Monday, February 3, Hearing there was some disturbance at Bristol, occasioned by men whose tongues were set on fire against the government, I went down in the Diligence, and on Tuesday evening strongly enforced those solemn words, *Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to speak evil of no man.* I believe, God applied his word, and convinced many that they had been out of their way.

Finding the repeated attempts to set fire to the city had occasioned a general consternation, on Wednesday 5, I opened and applied those words to a crowded audience, *Is there any evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?* On Thursday I wrote "A calm Address to the Inhabitants of England." May God bless this, as he did the former, to the quenching of that evil fire which is still among us! On Saturday I returned to London.

Saturday 15, At the third message, I took up my cross, and went to see Dr. Dodd, in the Counter. I was greatly surprised. He seemed, though deeply affected, yet throughly resigned to the will of God. Mrs. Dodd, likewise,

behaved with the utmost propriety. I doubt not, God will bring good out of this evil. Tuesday 18, I visited him again, and found him still in a desirable state of mind: calmly giving himself up to whatsoever God should determine concerning him.

Wednesday 19, I was desired to see one that, after she had been filled with peace and joy in believing, was utterly distracted. I soon found it was a merely natural case: a temporary disorder, common to women at that period of life. Tuesday 25, I spent an agreeable hour with Dr. C—s, a deeply serious man, who would fain reconcile the Arminians and Calvinists. Nay, but he must first change *their hearts*.

Sunday, March 2, Being a warm, sunshiny day, I preached in Moorfields in the evening. There were thousands upon thousands: and all were still as night. Not only violence and rioting, but even scoffing at field-preachers is now over.

To-day I received, from an eye-witness, a particular account of a late remarkable occurrence. Captain Bell, a most amiable man, beloved of all that knew him, and just engaged to one whom he tenderly loved, sailed from England last autumn. On September 20, he was hailed by the Hawke, a small sloop, Capt. Arthur Crawford, commander, who told him he came from Halifax, in his Majesty's service, cruising for American privateers. Captain Bell invited him to breakfast, entertained him with all kindness, and made him some little presents; but on his cursing and swearing at the Americans, mildly reproved him, and he desisted. Mr. M'Aness, the supercargo, seeing him walk round the ship, and diligently observe every thing in it, told Captain Bell, "Be upon your guard, this is certainly an enemy." But the Captain answered, "It cannot be, no man can act so base a part."

Captain Crawford returned to his own ship, and sailing under the stern of the other, while Captain Bell and some others were standing on the quarter-deck, ordered his men to fire at him: they did so, and shot him in the belly, so

that his bowels came out; but he did not fall: he ordered them to fire again: he fell; and, while his men were carrying him away, Crawford took the vessel.

Captain Bell being conveyed into the cabin, sent and desired to speak with Captain Crawford; but he would not come. He then desired to speak with his own sailors, one by one. One of them saying, "Sir, you have been basely murdered:" he replied, "Love your enemies; pray for them that despitefully use you. What are our sufferings to those which our Lord endured for us?" He then desired the account which St. John gives of our Lord's sufferings, to be read to him. He desired his love to all that loved the Lord Jesus; particularly to her he was about to marry; then bidding them all farewel, he died in peace, about two hours after receiving the second shot.

But what did Captain Crawford do amiss? Have not the English also taken American ships by surprise? Yes; but not with such circumstances: for, 1st, he hoisted no colours, nor ever summoned the ship to yield: 2d, he fired on men who thought nothing of the matter, and pointed the men to Captain Bell in particular: so it was deliberate murder. Such is the mercy, such the gratitude of American rebels!

Monday 10, In the evening I preached at Reading. How many years were we beating the air at this town! stretching out our hands to a people as stupid as oxen! But it is not so at present: that generation is passed away, and their children are of a more excellent spirit. After preaching at Newbury and Ramsbury in the way, on Wednesday 12, I went on to Bristol.

Sunday 16, I preached at St. Warburgh's, the first church I ever preached in at Bristol. I had desired my friends not to come thither, but to leave room for strangers: by this means the church was well filled, but not over much crowded; which gives occasion to them that seek occasion, as it is a real inconvenience to the parishioners.

Friday 21, I preached at Bath. I often wonder at this; our chapel stands in the midst of all the sinners, and yet

going or coming to it, I never heard an immodest word, but prayers and blessings in abundance. Sunday 23, I preached at St. Ewin's church, but not upon Justification by Faith. I do not find this to be a profitable subject to an unawakened congregation. I explained here, and strongly applied that awful word, *It is appointed unto men once to die.*

Monday 24, I left Bristol, and preaching at Ramsbury, Witney, Oxford, and High Wycombe, in my way, on Thursday came to London, whence I cannot be long absent while the new chapel is building. Friday 28, I received an affectionate message from a great man. But I shall not wonder if the wind changes!

Sunday 30, Easter-day was a solemn and comfortable day, wherein God was remarkably present with his people. During the octave, I administered the Lord's-Supper every morning, after the example of the primitive church. Sunday, April 6, I began a journey through some of our societies, to desire their assistance towards the expense of the new chapel. I preached at Birmingham on Monday 7; in Congleton on Tuesday; and on Wednesday went on to Macclesfield. The new church here is far the most elegant that I have seen in the kingdom. Mr. Simpson read prayers, and I preached on the first verse of the second lesson, Heb. xi; and, I believe, many felt their want of the faith there spoken of. The next evening I preached on Heb. xii. 14, *Without holiness, no man can see the Lord.* I was enabled to make a close application, chiefly to those that expected to be saved by faith: I hope none of them will hereafter dream of going to heaven by any faith, which does not produce holiness.

Friday 11, I preached at Stockport about ten, and at Manchester in the evening. Monday 14, I preached about noon at Warrington, and in the evening at Liverpool, where many large ships are now laid up in the docks, which had been employed, for many years, in buying or stealing poor Africans, and selling them in America for slaves. The men-butchers have now nothing to do at this

laudable occupation. Since the American war broke out, there is no demand for human cattle: so the men of Africa, as well as Europe, may enjoy their native liberty.

Wednesday 16, About noon I preached at Wigan; in the evening at the new house in Bolton, crowded within and without, on *The wise man, who built his house upon a rock.* Many here are following his example, and continually increasing both in the knowledge and love of God. Thursday 17, I called upon Mr. Barker, at Little Leigh, just tottering over the great gulph. Being straitened for time, I rode from thence to Chester. I had not, for some years, rode so far on horseback, but it did me no hurt. After preaching, I took chaise, and came to Middlewich, a little before the Liverpool coach, in which I went on to London.

I have now finished Dr. Gele's "Essay toward an Amendment of the last Translation of the Bible." This part only takes in the Pentateuch; but many other texts are occasionally explained. Surely he was a man mighty in the Scriptures, and well acquainted with the work of God in the soul: and he plainly shews, that the Antinomians and Antiperfectionists, were just the same then as they are now.

Monday 21, Was the day appointed for laying the foundation of the new chapel. The rain befriended us much, by keeping away thousands who purposed to be there; but there were still such multitudes, that it was with great difficulty I got through them to lay the first stone. Upon this was a plate of brass, covered with another stone, on which was engraved, "This was laid by Mr. John Wesley, on April 21, 1777." Probably this will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up.

Sunday 27, The sun breaking out, I snatched the opportunity of preaching to many thousands in Moorfields. All were still as night, while I shewed how *The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.*

Monday 28, At one I took coach, and on Wednesday

evening preached at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. I love our brethren in the southern counties; but still I find few among them that have the spirit of our northern societies.

Saturday, May 3, I went to Sunderland, and strongly enforced, *Render unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's.* Monday 5, having finished my business in these parts, I set my face southward again; and after preaching at Durham, about eleven, went on to Darlington. I have not lately found so lively a work in any part of England as here. The society is constantly increasing, and seems to be all on fire for God. There is nothing among them, but humble, simple love; no dispute, no jar of any kind. They exactly answer the description that David Brainerd gives of his Indian congregation. I particularly desired, both the preachers and leaders, to have an especial care over them, and, if possible, to prevent either the devil or his agents, from poisoning their simplicity. Many of them already know, that *The blood of Jesus Christ, hath cleansed them from all sin.*

Wednesday 7, I went to Yarm: there I found a lovely young woman, in the last stage of a consumption; but such a one as I never read of, nor heard any physician speak of, but Dr. Wilson. The seat of the ulcers is not the lungs, but the windpipe. I never yet knew it cured. My housekeeper died of it last year. This young woman died in a few weeks.

Thursday 8, About eleven I preached at Osmotherly. I found my old friend, Mr. Watson, who first brought me into this country, was just dead, after living a recluse life nearly fifty years. From one that attended him, I learned, that the sting of death was gone, and he calmly delivered up his soul to God.

Friday 9, I went to Malton, hoping to meet Miss R——y there; but, instead of her, I found a letter, which informed me, that she was on the brink of the grave: but added, "Surely my Lord will permit me to see you once more in the body." I would not disappoint the congregation; but, as soon as I had done preaching, set out, and about four in

the morning came to Otley. I minutely enquired into the circumstances of her illness. She is dropped suddenly into the third stage of a consumption, having one or more ulcers in her lungs, spitting blood, having a continual pain in her breast, and a constant hectic fever, which disables her from either riding on horseback, or bearing the motion of a carriage. Mean time she breathes nothing but praise and love. Short-lived flower! and ripe for a better soil.

Saturday 10, After travelling between ninety and a hundred miles, I came back to Malton, and having rested an hour, went on to Scarborough, and preached in the evening: but the flux which I had had for a few days so increased, that at first, I found it difficult to speak: yet the longer I spoke the stronger I grew. Is not God a present help?

Sunday 11, I experienced a second time what one calls *febris ex insolatione*. The day was cold, but the sun shone warm on my back, as I sat in the window. In less than half an hour I began to shiver, and soon after had a strong fit of an ague. I directly laid down between blankets, and drank largely of warm lemonade. In ten minutes the hot fit came on, and quickly after I fell asleep. Having slept half an hour, I rose up and preached: afterwards I met the society; and I found no want of strength, but was just as well at the end as at the beginning.

Monday 12, I preached at Bridlington. Tuesday 13, in the morning at Beverley, and in the evening at Hull, on *Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life*: and yet, blessed be God, there are thousands walking in it now, who, a few years since, thought nothing about it.

Wednesday 14, At eleven I preached at Pocklington, with an eye to the death of that lovely woman, Mrs. Cross: a gay young gentleman, with a young lady, stepped in, stayed five minutes, and went out again, with as easy an unconcern, as if they had been listening to a ballad singer. I mentioned to the congregation the deep folly and ignorance implied in such behaviour. These pretty trifiers never thought, that, for this very opportunity, they are to give an account before men and angels!

In the evening I preached at York. I would gladly have rested the next day, feeling my breast much out of order: but notice having been given of my preaching at Tadcaster, I set out at nine in the morning. About ten the chaise broke down. I borrowed a horse; but, as he was none of the easiest, in riding three miles I was so thoroughly electrified, that the pain in my breast was quite cured. I preached in the evening at York; on Friday I took the diligence; and on Saturday afternoon came to London.

Whit-Sunday 18, Our service at the Foundry began as usual, at four. I preached in West-street chapel in the forenoon, and at the Foundry in the evening. In the afternoon I buried the body of Joseph Guilford, a holy man, and a useful preacher. Surely never before did a man of so weak talents, do so much good! He died, as he lived, in the full triumph of faith, vehemently rejoicing and praising God!

Tuesday 20, I met the committee for building, which indeed was my chief business at London. We consulted together on several articles, and were confidently persuaded, that he who had incited us to begin, would enable us to finish.

Saturday 24, My brother and I paid another visit to Dr. Dodd, and spent a melancholy and useful hour. He appears, so far as man can judge, to be a true, evangelical penitent.

To ease my journey, I went to Stevenage on Sunday evening. Monday 26, I went on to Witham Common, and on Tuesday reached Sheffield: the next day I went to Leeds, and after preaching in the evening, pushed on to Otley. Here I found E— R— weaker and happier than ever. Her life seemed spun out to the last thread. I spent half an hour with her, to

"Teach her at once, and learn of her to die."

I then rested two or three hours, and took chaise at two, on Thursday 29, hoping to reach Whitehaven in the evening; but I could only get to Cockermouth. Friday 30, I went on to Whitehaven, where I found a little vessel waiting for

me. After preaching in the evening, I went on board about eight o'clock, and before eight in the morning landed at Douglas, in the Isle of Man.

Douglas exceedingly resembles Newlyn in Cornwall, both in its situation, form, and buildings; only it is much larger, and has a few houses equal to most in Penzance. As soon as we landed, I was challenged by Mr. Booth, who had seen me in Ireland, and whose brother has been for many years a member of the society in Coolylough; a chaise was provided to carry me to Castletown. I was greatly surprised at the country. All the way from Douglas to Castletown it is as pleasant and as well cultivated as most parts of England, with many gentlemen's seats. Castletown a good deal resembles Galway, only it is not so large. At six I preached near the castle, I believe, to all the inhabitants of the town. Two or three gay young women shewed they knew nothing about religion; all the rest were deeply serious. Afterwards I spent an hour very agreeably at Mrs. Wood's, the widow of the late governor. I was much pressed to stay a little longer at Castletown, but my time was fixed.

Sunday, June 1, At six I preached in our own room, and, to my surprise, saw all the gentlewomen there. Young as well as old were now deeply affected, and would fain have had me stay, were it but an hour or two: but I was forced to hasten away, in order to be at Peele-town before the service began.

Mr. Corbett said, he would gladly have asked me to preach, but that the bishop had forbidden him; who had also forbidden all his clergy, to admit any Methodist preacher to the Lord's-Supper. But, is any clergyman obliged, either in law or conscience, to obey such a prohibition? by no means: the *will* even of the King does not bind any English subject, unless it be seconded by an express law: how much less the will of a bishop? "But did not you take an oath to obey him?" No; nor any clergyman in the three kingdoms. This is a mere vulgar error: shame that it should prevail almost universally.

As it rained, I retired, after service, into a large malt-

house. Most of the congregation followed, and devoured the word. It being fair in the afternoon, the whole congregation stopped in the church-yard; and the word of God was with power: it was a happy opportunity.

Monday 2, The greater part of them were present at five in the morning. A more loving, simple-hearted people than this I never saw; and no wonder, for they have but six papists, and no dissenters in the island. It is supposed to contain nearly thirty thousand people, remarkably courteous and humane. Ever since smuggling was suppressed, they diligently cultivate their land: and they have a large herring-fishery, so that the country improves daily. The castle at Peele (as well as the cathedral built within it,) is only a heap of ruins: it was very large, and exceedingly strong, with many brass guns; but they are now removed to England.

I set out for Douglas in the one-horse chaise; Mrs. Smyth riding with me. In about an hour, in spite of all I could do, the headstrong horse ran the wheel against a large stone: the chaise overset in a moment, but we fell so gently on smooth grass, that neither of us was hurt at all. In the evening I preached at Douglas to nearly as large a congregation as that at Peele, but not nearly so serious. Before ten we went on board; and about twelve, on Tuesday 3, landed at Whitehaven. I preached at five in the afternoon, and, hastening to Cockermouth, found a large congregation waiting in the castle-yard. Between nine and ten I took chaise; and about ten, on Wednesday 4, reached Settle.

In the evening I preached near the market-place, and all (but two or three gentlefolks) were seriously attentive. Thursday 5, about noon I came to Otley, and found E— R— just alive, but all alive to God. In the evening it seemed as if the departing saint had dropped her mantle upon the congregation. Such an awe was upon them, while I explained and applied, *They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.*

Friday 6, I preached at Bradforth, where a blessed work has increased, ever since William Brammah was here.

Hath not God chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise?

Sunday 8, About one I took my stand at Birstal, thousands upon thousands filled the vale and the side of the hill: and all, I found, could hear. Such another multitude assembled near Huddersfield in the evening. Many of these had never heard a Methodist preacher before, yet they all behaved well.

Monday 9, I spent one hour more at Otley. *Spectaculum Deo dignum!* I have not before seen so triumphant an instance of the power of faith. Though in constant pain, she has no complaint: so does the glory of God overshadow her, and swallow up her will in his! she is indeed

"All praise, all meekness, and all love."

Wednesday 11, I had appointed to preach in the new preaching-house at Colne. Supposing it would be sufficiently crowded, I went a little before the time; so that the galleries were but half full when I came into the pulpit. Two minutes after, the whole left-hand gallery fell at once, with a hundred and fifty, or two hundred persons. Considering the height, and the weight of people, one would have supposed many lives would have been lost: but I did not hear of one. Does not God give his angels charge over them that fear him? When the hurry was a little over I went into the adjoining meadow, and quietly declared the whole counsel of God.

On Thursday and Friday I preached at Halifax, Daw-Green, Horbury, and Wakefield. On Saturday I wrote "Thoughts upon God's Sovereignty." To a cool man, I think the whole matter will appear to rest on a single point. As Creator, he could not but act according to his own sovereign will: but as Governor, he acts, not as a mere sovereign, but according to justice and mercy.

Monday 16, I met the class of children at Rothwell: this consisted last year of eleven young maidens; they are increased to twenty. I think, seventeen or eighteen of them are now rejoicing in the love of God: and their whole be-

viour is suitable thereto, adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour.

Afterwards I went on to Rotherham, and was glad to find that the society is not discouraged by the death of that good man William Green, who had been as a father to them from the beginning. He never started, either at labour or suffering, but went on calmly and steadily, trusting God with himself and his eight children, even while all the waves and storms went over him. He died, as he lived, in the full assurance of faith, praising God with his latest breath.

Tuesday 17, I preached in the market-place at Chesterfield, on *It is appointed unto men once to die.* Although the congregation was numerous, yet I did not observe any either trifling or inattentive hearers. In the evening I preached at Derby. It was supposed the people would be afraid to come, as part of the roof had lately fallen in. (Indeed it fell an hour before the congregation met, otherwise many must have been hurt.) But they were not afraid; the house was well filled; and even the rich attended with seriousness.

Wednesday 18, I preached at Nottingham, to a serious, loving congregation. There is something in the people of this town, which I cannot but much approve of; although most of our society are of the lower class, chiefly employed in the stocking-manufactory, yet there is generally an uncommon gentleness and sweetness in their tempers, and something of elegance in their behaviour, which, when added to solid, vital religion, make them an ornament to their profession.

Thursday 19, I did not reach Leicester till the congregation had waited some time; so I began immediately to enforce, *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* I had designed not to call here at all, supposing it would be lost labour: but the behaviour of the whole congregation convinced me that I had judged wrong. They filled the house at five in the morning, and seemed determined to *stir up the gift of God which was in them.* Saturday 21, I returned to London.

Wednesday 25, I saw Dr. Dodd for the last time. He was in exactly such a temper as I wished. He never at any time expressed the least murmuring or resentment at any one, but entirely and calmly gave himself up to the will of God. Such a prisoner I scarcely ever saw before, much less such a condemned malefactor. I should think, none could converse with him without acknowledging that God is with him.

Thursday 26, I read the truly wonderful performance of Mr. Rowland Hill. I stood amazed! Compared to him Mr. Toplady himself is a very civil, fair-spoken gentleman! Friday 27, I wrote an answer to it: not rendering railing for railing: I have not so learned Christ, but speaking the truth in love!

Saturday 28, I have now completed my seventy-fourth year; and, by the peculiar favour of God, I find my health and strength, and all my faculties of body and mind just the same as they were at four and twenty.

Monday 30, I set out for Northamptonshire, and preached in the evening at Stony Stratford. Mr. Canham had prepared a large and commodious place; but it would not contain the congregation. However, all without, as well as within, except one fine lady, were serious and attentive.

Tuesday, July 1, I preached in the evening at Morton, near Buckingham; the thunder, attended with heavy rain, was likely to rob us of our whole congregation: we cried to God: the thunder and rain ceased, and we had a fair sun-shiny evening. A large number of people flocked together, some of whom came twelve or fourteen miles; and they did not lose their labour, for God accompanied his word with the demonstration of his Spirit.

Wednesday 2, The house was more than filled at five, and chiefly with genteel young women; of whom (I learned) there is a large number in this village, remarkable both for sense and seriousness. After dinner we went on to Oxford, where also we had a very serious congregation. So all the seed sown here has not fallen either on stony or thorny ground.

In the afternoon I went to Witney, and the evening being fair and mild, preached on Wood-green, to a far larger congregation than the house could have contained. I spent the rest of the evening profitably and agreeably, with a few of the excellent ones of the earth. I was ready to say, "It is good for me to be here." No! Go thou and preach the gospel!

Thursday 3, I was much comforted at Stroud among an earnest, serious, loving people. Friday 4, I preached in dull Gloucester at ten, and at six in the new house at Tewksbury. Saturday 5, I sent my chaise straight to Worcester, and took horse for Bengeworth. The church was tolerably filled. Afterwards I went down with Mr. Beale to his house; the same in which Mr. Benjamin Seward lived, three or four and forty years ago. In the evening I preached in the little chapel at Broad-Marston.

Sunday 6, I preached in Pebworth church morning and afternoon, and at Bengeworth in the evening. The church, large as it is, was well filled, and many, for the present, were much affected. I preached there once more at eight in the morning, and then rode on to Worcester. On Tuesday evening the rector of the parish was at the preaching; a candid, sensible man. He seemed much surprised, having never dreamed before that there was such a thing as common sense among the Methodists. The society here, by patient continuance in well doing, have quite overcome evil with good: even the beasts of the people are now tame, and open not their mouths against them. They profited much when the waves and storms went over them: may they profit as much by the calm!

Wednesday 9, I went through a delightful vale to Malvern-Wells, lying on the side of a high mountain, and commanding one of the finest prospects in the world, the whole vale of Evesham. Hitherto the roads were remarkably good; but they grew worse and worse till we came to Monmouth. Much disturbance was expected here; but we had none, all were deeply attentive. About six in the evening, on Thursday 10, I preached on the bulwarks at

Brecon. Friday 11, I called upon Mr. Gwynne, just recovering from a dangerous illness: but he is not recovered from the seriousness which it occasioned. May this be a lasting blessing!

Saturday 12, We dined at Llandilo: after dinner we walked in Mr. Ree's park, one of the pleasantest I ever saw: it is so finely watered by the winding river, running through and round the gently-rising hills: near one side of it, on the top of a high eminence, is the old castle; a venerable pile, at least as old as William the Conqueror, and "majestic, though in ruins."

In the evening I preached to a large congregation in the market-place at Caermarthen. I was afterwards informed, the mayor had sent two constables to forbid my preaching there; but if he did, their hearts failed them, for they said not one word.

Sunday 13, We had a plain, useful sermon from the vicar, though some said, he did not preach the gospel: he preached what these men have great need to hear, lest they seek death in the error of their life. In the evening I explained to a large congregation, who it is *that builds his house upon a rock:* I believe, many had ears to hear, even of the young and gay, to whom I made a particular application.

Monday 14, I reached Llwynguair about noon. In the evening Mr. Pugh read prayers, and I preached at Newport: this is the only town in Wales which I had then observed to increase. In riding along on the side of Newport-bay, I observed on the ground a large quantity of turfs. These are found by removing the sand above the high water mark, under which there is a continued bed of turf, with the roots of trees, leaves, nuts, and various kinds of vegetables: so that it is plain, the sea is an intruder here, and now covers what was once dry land. Such, probably, was the whole bay a few centuries ago: nay, it is not at all improbable, that formerly it was dry land from Aberystwith to St. David's Point.

Tuesday 15, Mr. Bowen carried me in his chaise to

Cardigan. This is the second town I have seen in Wales, which is continually increasing both in buildings and in number of inhabitants. I preached at noon, five or six clergymen being present, with a numerous congregation; and a more attentive one I have not seen: many, likewise, appeared deeply affected. If our preachers constantly attended here, I cannot think their labour would be in vain.

Wednesday 16, About nine I preached again in Newport church, and found much liberty among that poor, simple people. We dined with Admiral Vaughan at Tracoon, one of the most delightful spots that can be imagined. Thence we rode to Haverford-West, but the heat and dust were as much as I could bear: I was faint for a while; but it was all gone as soon as I came into the congregation: and, after preaching and meeting the society, I was as fresh as at six in the morning.

Thursday 17, I preached at Roach, and took a view of the old castle, built on a steep rock. A gentleman wisely asked Mr. S., "Pray is this *natural* or *artificial?*" He gravely replied, "Artificial to be sure: I imported it from the north of Ireland."

Friday 18, The more I converse with the society at Haverford, the more I am united to them. Saturday 19, about eleven I preached at Howton, two miles short of the ferry. There was an uncommon blessing among the simple-hearted people. At Pembroke, in the evening, we had the most elegant congregation I have seen since we came into Wales. Some of them came in dancing and laughing, as into a theatre: but their mood was quickly changed, and, in a few minutes, they were as serious as my subject—death. I believe, if they do not take great care, they will remember it—for a week!

Sunday 20, The congregation at St. Daniel's was more than the church could contain. After reading prayers, I preached an hour, (an uncommon thing with me,) on *Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord!* Many were cut to the heart: and at the Lord's-Supper many were

wounded, and many healed. Surely now, at least, if they do not harden their hearts, all these will know the day of their visitation.

Monday 21, Having been much pressed to preach at Jetterson, a colliery, six or seven miles from Pembroke, I began soon after seven. The house was presently filled, and all the space about the doors and windows, and the poor people drank in every word. I had finished my sermon, when a gentleman violently pressing in, bade the people get home and mind their business. As he used some bad words, my driver spake to him: he fiercely said, "Do you think I need to be taught by a chaise-boy?" the lad replying, "Really, sir, I do think so:" the conversation ended.

In the evening I preached in the market-place at Caermarthen, to such another congregation as I had there before; and my heart was so enlarged towards them, that I continued preaching a full hour. Tuesday 22, I preached at Llanelly about one, and at Swansey in the evening.

Wednesday 23, I preached in Swansey at five; in Neath between eight and nine; and about one at Margum. In the road between this and Bridge-end, we had the heaviest rain I ever remember to have seen in Europe: and it saved John Prickard's life; for presently man and beast were covered with a sheet of lightning; but as he was throughly wet, it did him no harm. In the evening I preached in Oldcastle church, near Bridge-end.

Thursday 24, I preached to a large and serious congregation, in the town-hall at Cowbridge. Friday 25, about eleven, I read prayers, and preached in Llantwyt church, to a very numerous congregation. I have not seen either so large or so handsome a church since I left England. It *was* sixty yards long; but one end of it is now in ruins. I suppose, it has been abundantly the most beautiful, as well as the most spacious church in Wales. In the evening I preached at Mrs. Jones's house in Fontegary. For the present, even the genteel hearers seemed affected: and God is able to continue the impression.

Saturday 26, I breakfasted at Fonmon castle, and found

a melancholy pleasure in the remembrance of past times. About noon I preached at Penmark, and in the evening in that memorable old castle at Cardiff.

Sunday 27, I preached in the town-hall, and again in the afternoon, to a crowded audience; after preaching in a little church at Carp Lylly. In the evening I preached in Mr. M.'s hall at Llandaff; and God applied his word, I think, to every heart. Monday 28, I preached at Newport, and in the evening reached Bristol.

Wednesday 30, I spent an hour or two with Mr. Fletcher, restored to life in answer to many prayers. How many providential ends have been answered by his illness! and perhaps still greater will be answered by his recovery.

Friday, August 1, I desired as many as could to join together in fasting and prayer, that God would restore the spirit of love and of a sound mind to the people in America. In the evening we had a watch-night at Kingswood; and I was agreeably surprised to observe, that hardly any one went away till the whole service was concluded.

Tuesday 5, Our yearly Conference began. I now particularly enquired (as that report had been spread far and wide) of every assistant, "Have you reason to believe from your own observation, that the Methodists are a fallen people? Is there a decay or an increase in the work of God where you have been? Are the societies in general more dead or more alive to God, than they were some years ago?" The almost universal answer was, "If we *must know them by their fruits*, there is no decay in the work of God, among the people in general. The societies are not dead to God: they are as much alive as they have been for many years: and we look on this report as a mere device of Satan to make our hands hang down."

"But how can this question be decided?" You can judge no farther than you see. You cannot judge of one part by another, of the people of London, suppose, by those of Bristol; and none but myself has an opportunity of seeing them throughout the three kingdoms.

But to come to a short issue. In most places, the

Methodists are still a poor, despised people, labouring under reproach, and many inconveniences: therefore, wherever the power of God is not, they decrease. By this then you may form a sure judgment. Do the Methodists, in general, decrease in number? Then they decrease in grace: they are a fallen, or, at least, a falling people. But they do not decrease in number; they continually increase: therefore, they are not a fallen people.

The Conference concluded on Friday as it began, in much love. But there was one jarring string, John Hilton told us, he must withdraw from our connexion, because he saw the Methodists were a fallen people. Some would have reasoned with him; but it was lost labour: so we let him go in peace.

Monday 11, I returned to London. Thursday 14, I drew up Proposals for the Arminian Magazine. Friday 15, the Committee for the building met, which is now ready for the roof. Hitherto God has helped us! Sunday 17, in the calm, fair evening, I took the opportunity to preach in Moorfields. The congregation was, at least, as large as I ever saw there. As yet I do not see any sign of the decay of the work of God in England.

Monday 18, I went down to Bristol again, and read in the way Dr. M'Bride's "Practice of Physic." Undoubtedly it is an ingenious book; yet it did not answer my expectation. Several things I could contradict from my own experience. E. g. he says, "All fevers are attended with thirst and vigilia:" nay, in two violent fevers I had no thirst at all, and slept rather more than when I was in health.

Tuesday 19, I went forward to Taunton, with Dr. Coke, who, being dismissed from his curacy, has bid adieu to his honourable name, and is determined to cast in his lot with us. In the evening I endeavoured to guard all who love or fear God, against that miserable bigotry which many of our mistaken brethren are advancing with all their might.

Wednesday 20, I preached at Tiverton: Thursday 21, at Launceston: Friday 22, about ten, in Bodmin. Thence I went unto St. Cuthbert's, and found that venerable old

man, Mr. Hoskins, calmly waiting for his discharge from the body. Saturday 23, at noon, I preached in Redruth; and in the evening on the cliff of St. Ives. In the following week I visited most of the western societies: and on Saturday 30, had the quarterly meeting. I now enquired particularly, whether the societies were increasing or decreasing. I could not hear of a decrease in any; but several were swiftly increasing, particularly those of St. Just, Penzance, and Helston.

Sunday 31, I preached in the morning at St. Agnes: in the evening to the large congregation in Gwenap; larger, it was supposed, by fifteen hundred or two thousand, than ever it had been before.

Saturday, September 27, Having abundance of letters from Dublin, informing me, that the society there was in the utmost confusion, by reason of some of the chief members, whom the preachers had thought it needful to exclude from the society; and finding all I could write was not sufficient to stop the growing evil, I saw but one way remaining; to go myself, and that as soon as possible. So the next day I took chaise with Mr. Goodwin, and made straight for Mr. Bowen's at Llyngwair, in Pembrokeshire; hoping to borrow his sloop, and so cross over to Dublin without delay. I came to Llyngwair on Tuesday 30. The next day, October 1, the captain of a sloop at Fishgard, a small sea-port town, ten or twelve miles from Llyngwair, sent me word, he would sail for Dublin in the evening; but he did not stir till about eight the next evening. We had a small, fair wind. From Fishguard to Dublin is about forty leagues. We had run ten or twelve, till about eight in the morning, Friday 3, it fell dead calm: the swell was then such as I never felt before, except in the bay of Biscay. Our little sloop, between twenty and thirty tons, rolled to and fro with a wonderful motion. About nine, the captain finding he could not get forward, would have returned, but he could make no way. About eleven, I desired we might [illegible] to prayer: quickly after the wind sprung up fair; but [illegible] increased, till about eight at night it blew a storm; and

and it was pitch dark, so that having only the captain and a boy on board, we had much ado to work the vessel: however, about ten, though we scarcely know how, we got safe into Dublin bay.

Saturday 4, Between seven and eight I landed at Ring's-end. Mr. M'Kenny met me, and carried me to his house. Our friends presently flocked from all quarters, and seemed equally surprised and pleased at seeing me. I moved no dispute, but desired a few of each side to meet me together at ten on Monday morning. In the evening, although on so short a warning, we had an exceedingly large congregation; on whom (waving all matter of contention) I strongly enforced those solemn words, *I must work the work of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work.*

Sunday 5, I was much comforted at St. Patrick's, where an uncommon awe seemed to rest on the whole assembly. In the evening I preached on Eph. iv. 30, &c. being the conclusion of the Epistle for the day. Nothing could be more seasonable, and I read it as a presage of good.

Monday 6, At ten I met the contending parties; the preachers on one hand, and the excluded members on the other. I heard them at large, and they pleaded their several causes with earnestness and calmness too: but four hours were too short to hear the whole cause; so we adjourned to the next day: mean time, in order to judge in what state the society really was, I examined them myself; meeting part of them to-day, and the rest on Tuesday and Wednesday. Four and thirty persons, I found, had been put out of, or left, the society: but, notwithstanding, as there were last quarter four hundred and fifty-eight members, so there are just four hundred and fifty-eight still. At the desire of the members lately excluded, I now drew up the short state of the case; but I could in no wise pacify them: they were all civil, nay, it seemed, affectionate to me; but they could never forgive the preachers that had expelled them: so that I could not desire them to return into the society: they could only remain friends at a distance.

Thursday 9, I was desired by some of our friends to clear up the point of *imputed righteousness*: I did so, by preaching on *Abraham believed God, and it was imputed to him for righteousness*. In opening these words, I shewed what *that faith* was, which was imputed to *him* for righteousness, viz. Faith in God's promise to *give him the land of Canaan*: Faith in the promise that *Sarah should conceive a son*: and the faith whereby *he offered up Isaac on the altar*. But Christ is not in any of these instances the direct or immediate object of *Abraham's faith*; whereas he is the direct, immediate object of that faith which is *imputed to us* for righteousness.

Saturday 11, I visited many, sick and well, and endeavoured to confirm them in their love towards each other. I was more and more convinced that God had sent me at this time, to heal the breach of his people.

Sunday 12, We had a lovely congregation in the morning, to whom I closely applied St. Peter's words, *I exhort you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly desires which war against the soul*. To the mixed multitude in the evening, I applied our Lord's words, *All things are ready: come unto the marriage*. I then took a solemn and affectionate leave of the society, and cheerfully commended them to the Great Shepherd; more in number, and I am persuaded more established in grace than they had been for twenty years.

Monday 13, In the morning we went on board, but the wind being right a-head, and blowing hard, we made but little way, till night, and the sea was so rough, that I could not sleep till midnight. Tuesday 14, after beating up and down several hours more, the captain thought best to run under the Caernarvonshire shore. About noon we put out to sea again, but the storm increased, and about four carried away our bowsprit, and tore one of the sails to tatters: but the damage was soon repaired, and before six, by the good providence of God, we landed at Holyhead.

Wanting to be in London as soon as possible, I took chaise at seven, and hastened to Bangor ferry; but here we

were at a full stop; they could not, or would not carry us over till one the next day; and they then gave us only two miserable horses, although I had paid before-hand (fool as I was) for four. At Conway ferry we were stopped again: so that with all the speed we could possibly make, even with a chaise and four, we travelled eight and twenty miles yesterday, and seventeen to-day. Thursday in the afternoon we reached Chester: Friday morning, Litchfield: and on Saturday morning London.

Monday 20, I went to High Wycombe; but good Mr. James having procured a drummer to beat his drum at the window of the preaching-house, I only prayed and sung by turns, from six to seven: and many of the people were much comforted. In the rest of the week I visited the societies at Oxford, Witney, Finstock, and Wallingford, and had reason to believe that many received the seed in honest and good hearts.

Monday 27, I preached at Stony Stratford. The congregation was large and attentive: so it always is; yet, I fear, they receive little good; for they *need no repentance*. Tuesday, I preached at Towcester: on Wednesday at Whittlebury: and on Thursday at Northampton: and some of even that heavy congregation seemed to feel, *The night cometh, when no man can work*.

Monday, November 3, I began visiting the classes, in London, in which I was fully employed for seven or eight days: afterwards I visited those in the neighbouring towns, and found reason to rejoice over them.

Sunday 16, I was desired to preach a charity sermon in St. Margaret's church, Rood-lane. In the morning I desired my friends not to come: in the afternoon it was crowded sufficiently, and, I believe, many of them felt the word of God *sharper than any two-edged sword*. Monday 17, I went to Norwich, and preached there in the evening: the house was far too small, the congregation being lately increased very considerably: but I place no dependence in this people; they wave to and fro like the waves of the sea.

Wednesday 19, I went over to Loddon, and preached at one to a much more settled congregation. In the evening I preached at Norwich, and afterwards administered the Lord's-Supper to the society: and I was almost persuaded that they will no longer be tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine.

Thursday 20, Abundance of people were present at five, and we had a solemn parting. I went to Lynn the same day; and Saturday 22, taking chaise soon after twelve, reached London in the afternoon.

Sunday 23, I preached in Lewisham church, for the benefit of the Humane Society, instituted for the sake of those who seem to be drowned, strangled, or killed by any sudden stroke. It is a glorious design, in consequence of which many have been recovered, that must otherwise have inevitably perished.

Monday 24, I spent the afternoon at Mr. Blackwell's, with the B—— of ——. His whole behaviour was worthy of a christian Bishop; easy, affable, courteous: and yet all his conversation spoke the dignity which was suitable to his character.

Having been many times desired, for nearly forty years, to publish a Magazine, I at length complied, and now began to collect materials for it. If it once begin, I am inclined to think it will not end but with my life.

Monday, December 1, I spent some hours both morning and afternoon, in visiting the sick at the west-end of the town; but I could not see them all. Wednesday 3, I visited as many as I could on the north-east part of the town. I spent the evening at Newington, with Mr. Fletcher, almost miraculously recovering from his consumption; and on Thursday 4, he set out with Mr. Ireland, for the south of France.

Tuesday 9, I visited the chief societies in Bedfordshire and Huntingdonshire, and returned by Hertford, where, for once, I saw a quiet and serious congregation. We had a larger congregation at Barnet in the evening than ever, and

a greater number of communicants. Will this poor, barren wilderness at length blossom and bud as the rose?

Saturday 13, Being strongly urged to lay the first stone of the house which was going to be built at Bath, on Sunday 14, after preaching at West-street chapel in the morning, and at St. Paul's, Shadwell, in the afternoon, I went to Brentford. I preached at six; and taking chaise at twelve, on Monday 15, easily reached Bath in the afternoon. Tuesday 16, I paid a short visit to Bristol; preached in the evening and morning following, Wednesday 17, and at one laid the foundation of the new chapel at Bath. The wind was piercingly cold, yet scarcely any of the congregation went away before the end of the sermon. After preaching at the room in the evening, I took chaise, and the next afternoon reached London.

Just at this time there was a combination among many of the post-chaise drivers on the Bath road, especially those that drove in the night, to deliver their passengers into each other's hands. One driver stopped at the spot they had appointed, when another waited to attack the chaise: in consequence of this many were robbed: but I had a good protector still. I have travelled all roads, by day and by night, for these forty years, and never was interrupted yet.

Thursday 25, I buried the remains of Mr. Bespham, many years master of a man-of-war. From the time he received the truth in love, he was a pattern to all that believe. His faith was full of mercy and good fruits: his works shall praise him in the gates.

Saturday 27, A few days since, my assistant, Mr. Baynes, by far the strongest person in our family, was taken ill of a fever; he was immediately attended, both by an apothecary and a physician; but their labour was in vain: this morning God called him into the world of spirits. I had no desire to part with him; but God knew what was best for him and me!

Wednesday 31, We concluded the old year, and began the new, with prayer and thanksgiving. Four or five of the local preachers assisted me: I was agreeably surprised;

their manner of praying being so artless and unlaboured; and yet rational and scriptural, both as to sense and expression.

Thursday, January 1, 1778, We had a very solemn opportunity of renewing our covenant with God. Tuesday 6, I spent an agreeable and a profitable hour with three German gentlemen, two of them Lutheran ministers, and the third, Professor of Divinity at Leipsic. I admired both their good sense, seriousness, and good-breeding. How few of our clergy exceed or equal them.

Monday 19, I went over to Tunbridge-Wells, and preached in the large dissenting meeting, to a numerous congregation; and deep attention sat on every face. Tuesday 20, I went on through miserable roads to Robertsbridge, where an unusually large congregation was waiting. Thence we went on to Rye, where the house was sufficiently crowded as usual. How large a society would be here, could *we* but spare them in *one* thing! Nay, but then all our labour would be in vain. One sin allowed would intercept the whole blessing.

Mr. Holman's widow being extremely desirous I should lodge at Carborough, two miles from Rye, I ordered my chaise to take me up at the preaching-house immediately after the service: she had sent a servant to shew me the way; which was a road dirty and slippery enough, cast up between two impassable marshes; the man waited awhile, and then went home, leaving us to guide ourselves. Many rough journeys I have had, but such a one as this I never had before: it was one of the darkest nights I ever saw; it blew a storm, and yet poured down with rain. The descent in going out of the town, was nearly as steep as the ridge of a house; as soon as we had passed it, the driver, being a stranger, knew not which way to turn. Joseph Bradford, whom I had taken into the chaise, perceiving how things were, immediately got out and walked at the head of the horses (which could not possibly keep their eyes open, the rain so violently beating in their faces) through rain, wind,

mud, and water, till in less than an hour he brought us safe to Carborough.

Wednesday 21, I went back to Shoreham. Mr. Perronet, though in his eighty-fifth year, is still able to go through the whole Sunday service. How merciful is God to the poor people of Shoreham! and many of them are not insensible of it.

Monday, February 2, I had the satisfaction of spending an hour with that real patriot, Lord ——. What an unheard of thing it is, that even in a court he should retain all his sincerity! He is indeed (what I doubt Secretary Craggs never was)

"Statesman, yet friend to Truth."

Perhaps no prince in Europe, besides King George, is served by two of the honestest, and two of the most sensible men in his kingdom!

This week I visited the society, and found a surprising difference in their worldly circumstances. Five or six years ago, one in three among the lower ranks of people was out of employment; and the case was supposed to be nearly the same through all London and Westminster. I did not now, after all the tragical outcries of want of trade that fill the nation, find one in ten out of business; nay, scarcely one in twenty, even in Spitalfields.

Sunday 15, I buried the remains of Richard Burke, a faithful labourer in our Lord's vineyard; a more unblamable character I have hardly known. In all the years that he has laboured with us, I do not remember that he ever gave me occasion to find fault with him in any thing. He was a man of unwearied diligence and patience, and his works do follow him.

Tuesday 17, I wrote "A Serious Address to the Inhabitants of England," with regard to the present state of the nation, so strangely misrepresented, both by ignorant and designing men; to remove, if possible, the apprehensions which have been so diligently spread, as if it were on the brink of ruin.

Thursday 26, I committed to the earth the remains of

George Parsons. He has left very few like him; so zealously, so humbly, so unreservedly devoted to God: for some time his profiting has appeared to all men; he ripened apace for eternity. He was as a flame of fire wherever he went, losing no occasion of speaking or working for God: so he finished his course in the midst of his years, and was quickly removed into the garner.

Friday 27, Was the day appointed for the national fast, and it was observed with due solemnity; all shops were shut up; all was quiet in the streets; all places of public worship were crowded; no food was served up in the King's house till five o'clock in the evening. Thus far, at least, we acknowledge God may direct our paths!

Sunday, March 1, I preached at Brentford in the evening; Monday 2, at Newbury; and the next evening at Bath.

Wednesday 4, I went on to Bristol; I found the panic had spread hither also, as if the nation were on the brink of ruin. Strange that those who love God should be so frightened at shadows! I can compare this only to the alarm which spread through the nation in King William's time, that on that very night the Irish papists were to cut the throats of all the protestants in England!

Monday 9, On this and the following days I visited the society, and found a good increase. This year I myself (which I have seldom done) chose the preachers for Bristol; and these were plain men, and likely to do more good than has been done in one year for these twenty years. Friday 13, I spent an hour with the children at Kingswood, many of whom are truly desirous to save their souls.

Monday 16, I took a cheerful leave of our friends at Bristol, and set out once more for Ireland. After visiting Stroud, Gloucester, and Tewksbury, on Wednesday 18, I went over to Bewdly, and preached about noon at the upper end of the town, to most of the inhabitants of it.

Thursday 19, I preached to a large congregation in the church at Bengeworth, and spent a little time very agreeably with the rector, a pious, candid, sensible man. In the evening I preached at Pebworth church; but I seemed out of

my element. A long anthem was sung; but, I suppose, none beside the singers could understand one word of it. Is not that praying in an unknown tongue? I could no more bear it in any church of mine than Latin prayers.

Friday 20, I preached at Birmingham. Saturday 21, calling at Wolverhampton, I was informed, that "some time since, a large, old house was taken, three or four miles from the town, which receives all the children that come, sometimes above four hundred at once. They are taught *gratis*, reading, writing, and popery, and when at age, bound out apprentices."

In the evening I preached in the shell of the new house at Newcastle-under-Lyme; and thence hastened forward, through Burslem, Congleton, Macclesfield, and Stockport, to Manchester. I found it needful here also to guard honest Englishmen against the vast terror which had spread far and wide. I had designed going from hence to Chester, in order to embark at Parkgate, but a letter from Mr. Wagner informing me, that a pacquet was ready to sail from Liverpool, I sent my horses forward, and followed them in the morning. But, before I came thither, the wind turned west; so I was content.

Sunday 22, I was much refreshed by two plain, useful sermons at St. Thomas's church, as well as by the serious and decent behaviour of the whole congregation. In the evening I exhorted all of our society, who had been bred up in the church, to continue therein.

Tuesday 31, We went on board the Duke of Leinster, and fell down the river, with a small side wind: but in the morning, after a dead calm, a contrary wind arose, and blew exceedingly hard.

Wednesday, April 1, The sea was rough enough; however, I went to sleep about my usual time, and in the morning found myself in Dublin Bay, and about seven we landed at the quay.

I was soon informed, that one of our friends, a strong, lively, healthy man, Mr. Ham, had died the day before. From the time he was taken ill, he was a mere self-con-

demned sinner, deeply convinced of his unfaithfulness to God, and declaring,

"I give up ev'ry plea beside;
Lord, I am damn'd; but thou hast died."

"When my wife dies," said he, "let her be carried to the room: she has been a honour to her profession: but I will not, I am not worthy: I have been no credit to you." He continued full of self-condemnation, till after a week's illness, his spirit returned to God.

I daily conversed with many of the society, and had the satisfaction to find them both more united together, and more alive to God than they had been for some years. Saturday I began meeting the classes, and was agreeably surprised. I had heard, that nearly a hundred persons had left the society; on strict enquiry, I found about forty were wanting; the present number being about four hundred and sixty; and therefore were more loving and unanimous than I ever knew them before.

Sunday 5, Meeting the society in the evening, I largely explained the reasons of the late separation, and strongly exhorted all our brethren, "not to render railing for railing."

Tuesday 7, I set out for the country, and reached Tyrrel's-pass: it being a mild evening, I preached to a numerous congregation. The next evening it was larger still; and the power of the Lord was present to heal.

Thursday 9, Between eight and nine I preached in the court-house at Mullingar, to a more serious congregation than I ever saw there before. In the evening I preached in the court-house at Longford, to a far more numerous, and equally serious congregation.

Friday 10, About eleven I preached at Abbydarrig, and before one set out for Athlone. The sun shone as hot as it uses to do at Midsummer. We had a comfortable time, both this evening and the next day; all being peace and harmony. Sunday 12, God spoke in his word, both to wound and to heal. One young woman came to me just after service, who then first rejoiced in God her Saviour.

Monday 13, About noon I preached at Ballinasloe, to a large congregation; some of whom seemed to be much affected; so did many at Aughrim in the evening. Tuesday 14, I went on to Eyre-court. The wind was now piercingly cold, so that I could not preach abroad; and there was no need, for the minister not only lent me his church, but offered me a bed at his house; but I was obliged to go forward. At six in the evening I preached at Birr, to a congregation of deeply-attentive hearers.

Wednesday 15, I met many of my old friends at Cooly-lough, and had a numerous congregation in the evening. Thursday 16, I preached in the riding-house in Tullamore. The commanding officer ordered all the soldiers to be present, and attended himself, with the rest of the officers, while I explained, *Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.*

Friday 17, (Good-Friday) I preached at Tullamore in the morning, and Mountmellick in the evening. Saturday 18, I preached at Portarlington in the evening; and about eight in the morning, to a very genteel, yet attentive audience, on *Acquaint thyself now with him, and be at peace.* I returned to Mountmellick before the church began, at which I would always be present, if possible. I would fain have preached abroad in the afternoon, but the weather would not permit; so we made all the room we could in the house, and had a solemn and comfortable meeting.

Monday 20, Mr. Jenkins, the vicar of Maryborough, read prayers, and I preached, on *Repent, and believe the gospel.* The congregation was far larger than when I was here before, and abundantly more attentive. Several clergymen were present, and several gentlemen; but they were as serious as the poor.

Tuesday 21, We found the election for Parliament men had put all Kilkenny in an uproar. In consequence of this, we had a small, dead congregation. But another cause of this was, the bitter and perpetual quarrels between the chief members of the society. I talked largely with the contend-

ing parties, and they promised better behaviour for the time to come.

Wednesday 22, I went on to Clonmell, where, our room being small, and the weather unfavourable for preaching abroad, we procured the largest room in the town, which was in the quaker's workhouse. I had scarcely sat down, when a young man came and said, "My father and mother send their kind respects, and would be glad of thy company this evening." His mother (now Mrs. Dudley) was my old acquaintance, Molly Stokes. I went at four, and spent an hour very agreeably; but much company coming in, Mr. Dudley desired I would call again in the morning. I then told him what his wife was reported to say of me: he answered me, it was an utter mistake; that she had never spoke a disrespectful word concerning me.

Thursday 23, Several of our brethren from Cork met me at Rathcormick. I was glad to find Mr. Rankin with them, just arrived from America. When we came to Cork, the congregation was waiting; so I began without delay. Sunday 26, I earnestly exhorted a numerous congregation at eight *to abstain from fleshly desires:* a necessary lesson in every place, and no where more so than in Cork. At St. Peter's church I saw a pleasing sight, the independent companies, raised by private persons associating together, without any expense to the government. They exercised every day, and if they answer no other end, at least keep the papists in order, who were exceedingly alert ever since the army was removed to America.

Monday 27, In going to Bandon, I read Abbe Raynal's "History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the Indies." I would be glad to propose a few queries. I ask, 1, Is not this "Philosophical History," so called, in many parts profoundly dull: exactly fitted to spread a pleasing slumber over the eyes of the gentle reader? 2, Are there not several passages quite obscure? Is this the fault of the author, or the translator? 3, Are there not several assertions which are false in fact: such as that of the healthiness of Batavia, one of the unhealthiest places in the known

world. 4, Do not many of his assertions so border upon the marvellous, that none but a disciple of Voltaire could swallow them: as the account of milk-white men, with no hair, red eyes, and the understanding of a monkey? 5, Is not Raynal one of the bitterest enemies of the christian revelation that ever set pen to paper: far more determined, and less decent than Voltaire himself? as where he so keenly inveighs against that horrid superstition, the depriving men of their natural liberty of whoredom! Does he not take every opportunity of wounding christianity through the sides of superstition or enthusiasm? Is not the whole laboured panegyric on the Chinese and the Peruvians a blow at the root of christianity: insinuating all along that there are no christians in the world so virtuous as these heathens? Prove this fact, and it undeniably follows that christianity is not of God. But who can prove it? Not all the baptized or unbaptized infidels in the world. From what authentic history of China is that account taken? From none that is extant: it is pure romance, flowing from the Abbe's fruitful brain. And from what authentic history of Peru is the account of the Peruvians taken? I suppose from that pretty novel of Marmontell, probably written with the same design. 6, Is not Raynal one of the most bitter enemies of monarchy that ever set pen to paper? With what acrimony does he personally inveigh against it, as absolutely, necessarily, essentially subversive, not only of liberty, but of all national industry, all virtue, all happiness! And who can deny it? Who? The Abbe himself! He totally confutes his own favourite hypothesis. For was not Atahualpa a monarch: yea, a far more absolute one than the King of France? And yet, was not Peru industrious, virtuous, and happy under this very monarch? So the Abbe peremptorily affirms, as it were, on purpose to confute himself. And is not the Emperor of China, at this day, as absolute a monarch as any in Europe? And yet, who so industrious, according to Reynal, who so virtuous, so happy as his subjects; so that he must totally give up either his argument against christianity, or that against monarchy. If the Peruvians were, and the

Chinese are, the most industrious, virtuous, and happy men, then monarchy is no way inconsistent with the industry, virtue, and happiness of a people. But if the Peruvians were, in these respects, and the Chinese are, no better than other men, (which is the very truth,) then the argument against christianity falls to the ground.

From the largeness and seriousness of the congregations at Bandon, I should have imagined the work of God was much increased; but, upon enquiry, I found just the contrary; nearly one third of those were wanting whom I left in the society three years ago; yet those who remained seemed much in earnest. In the evening God clothed his word with power; few appeared to be unaffected: and I was sorry I could not spend a little more time, where *the fields* were so *white to the harvest.*

Wednesday 29, I returned to Cork, and met the classes. O when will even the Methodists learn not to exaggerate? After all the pompous accounts I had had of the vast increase of the society, it is not increased at all; nay, it is a little smaller than it was three years ago: and yet many of the members are alive to God: but the smiling world hangs heavy upon them.

Sunday, May 3, I was a little surprised at a message from the gentlemen of the Aughrim Society, (a company of volunteers so called,) that "if I had no objection, they would attend at the new room in the evening." They did so, with another independent company who were just raised, The True Blues. A body of such personable men I never saw together before; the gentlemen in scarlet filled the side gallery; those in blue, the front gallery: but both galleries would not contain them all: some were constrained to stand below; all behaved admirably well, though I spoke exceedingly plain on *We preach Christ crucified.* No laughing, no talking; all seemed to hear as for life. Surely this is a token for good.

Monday 4, I went to Kilfinane, in the neighbourhood of which there is a considerable revival of the work of God. The rain continuing, I preached in a large, empty house,

and again at five in the morning. Probably I shall see that no more in the present world. We then went on, through abundance of rain, to Limerick.

I felt in the evening the spirit of the congregation, the same as many years ago; but in one circumstance I observed a considerable change: I used to have large congregations at my first coming to Limerick; but from the first day they gradually decreased. It was not so now, but poor and rich, protestants and papists, flocked together, from the beginning to the end. Had they a presage that they should see my face no more?

Thursday 7, I preached once more to the loving, earnest, simple-hearted people of Newmarket. Two months ago, good Philip Geier fell asleep, one of the palatines that came over and settled in Ireland, between sixty and seventy years ago. He was a father both to this and the other German societies, loving and cherishing them as his own children. He retained all his faculties to the last, and, after two days' illness, went to God.

Friday 8, Finding the poor people at Balligarane, whom I had not seen these five years, were very desirous to see me once more, I went over in the morning. Although the notice was exceedingly short, yet a large number attended. Saturday 9, I wrote a "Compassionate Address to the Inhabitants of Ireland:" through which, as well as through England, the mock-patriots had laboured to spread the alarm, as though we were all on the very brink of destruction.

Sunday 10, I examined the society, and have not known them for many years so much alive to God: and I do not remember to have ever found them so loving before: indeed the whole city seemed to breathe the same spirit. At three in the afternoon, I preached my farewel sermon, on 1 Cor. xiii. 13, and setting out immediately, reached Snegborough, before eight o'clock.

Tuesday 12, Setting out early, I intended to lodge at Clare-Galway, but we found there was no lodging to be had; however, they told us there was a good inn at Shrule,

not many miles farther; and there we found a house; but it afforded no food either for man or beast, so we were obliged to push on for Ballinrobe, which we reached about eleven o'clock. We came this day sixty-eight (English) miles: a good day's work for a pair of horses.

Wednesday 13, I preached in the evening to a large congregation; but most of them dead as stones. The next morning I crossed over to Hollymount, and preached to more than the house would contain. In the afternoon we came to Castlebarr, and had a lively congregation in the evening. Here we found the same spirit as at Limerick, and solemnly rejoiced in God our Saviour.

Sunday 17, Although the weather was rough and boisterous, the people flocked at nine from all quarters, papists and protestants, and God sent down a gracious rain, especially upon the backsliders. In the evening the court-house was exceedingly crowded, and the fire of love ran from heart to heart. One eminent backslider, who had drunk in iniquity like water, was utterly broken in pieces, and resolved to cut off the right hand at once, and to be altogether a christian. When we came into the house, I told them, "God has more work to do in this family." Two of John Carr's sons and four of his daughters were present. I prayed for them in faith; they were all soon in tears; their hearts were broken, and I left them mere sinners.

Monday 18, There were two roads to Sligo, one of which was several miles shorter, but had some sloughs in it: however, having a good guide, we chose this. Two sloughs we got over well: on our approaching the third, seven or eight countrymen presently ran to help us: one of them carried me over on his shoulders; others got the horses through; and some carried the chaise. We then thought the difficulty was past; but in half an hour we came to another slough: being helped over it, I walked on, leaving Mr. De Lap, John Carr, Joseph Bradford, and Jesse Bugden, with the chaise, which was stuck fast in the slough. As none of them thought of unharnessing the horses, the traces were soon broken; at length they fastened ropes to the chaise, and to

the stronger horse; and the horse pulling, and the men thrusting at once, they thrust it through the slough to the firm land. In an hour or two after, we all met at Ballinacurrah.

While I was walking, a poor man overtook me, who appeared to be in deep distress: he said, he owed his landlord twenty shillings' rent, for which he had turned him and his family out of doors; and that he had been down with his relations to beg their help, but they would do nothing. Upon my giving him a guinea, he would needs kneel down in the road to pray for me; and then cried out, "Oh! I shall have a house, I shall have a house over my head!" So, perhaps, God answered that poor man's prayer, by the sticking fast of the chaise in the slough.

Tuesday 19, In the evening I preached at Sligo, in the old court-house, an exceedingly spacious building. I know not that ever I saw so large a congregation here before; nor, considering their number, so well-behaved. Will God revive his work even in this sink of wickedness: and after so many deadly stumbling-blocks!

Upon enquiry, I found there had been for some time a real revival of religion here. The congregations have considerably increased, and the society is nearly doubled. We had in the evening a larger congregation than before, among whom were most of the gentry of the town: and all but one or two young gentlemen (so called) were remarkably serious and attentive.

I now received an intelligible account of the famous massacre at Sligo. A little before the revolution, one Mr. Morris, a popish gentleman, invited all the chief protestants to an entertainment: at the close of which, on a signal given, the men he had prepared fell upon them, and left not one of them alive. As soon as King William prevailed, he quitted Sligo; but, venturing thither about twenty years after, supposing no one then knew him, he was discovered, and used according to his deserts.

Thursday 21, I went on to Peter Taylor's, near Swadlingbar. At six I preached in a large room in the town, de-

signed for an assembly; where rich as well as poor behaved with the utmost decency.

Friday 22, We went through a lovely country to Belturbet, once populous, now greatly decayed. At eleven I preached in the armoury, a noble room, to a very large and very serious congregation. At six I preached in the court-house at Cavan, to a larger congregation than that at Belturbet.

Saturday 23, I was desired to preach once more at Cootehill, which I had not seen for many years. The use of the presbyterian meeting-house being procured, I had a very extraordinary congregation. To many church-people were added Seceders, Arians, Moravians, and what not; however, I went straight forward, insisting that *Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*

After dinner we went on to Clones, finely situated on the top of a hill, in the midst of a fruitful and well-cultivated country; and the people seemed as sprightly as the place. I preached in the Green Fort, near the town, to abundance of people, but no triflers. Sunday 24, I preached there again at nine, to a still larger congregation; but the far largest of all was in the evening, the people coming in from all parts of the country. There is something very peculiar in this people; they are more plain, open, and earnest, than most I have seen in the kingdom. Indeed some of our Irish societies, those in Athlone, Limerick, Castlebar, and Clones, have much of the spirit of our old Yorkshire societies.

Monday 25, I went through a pleasant country to Aughalan. A very large congregation was soon assembled; and the rich seemed to be as attentive as the poor. So they were also in the evening at Sidare.

Tuesday 26, We went on to Logheah. Wednesday 27, I received a very remarkable account from Mrs. Brown, a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood. She said, "Six years ago, my daughter Jane, then seventeen years old, was struck raving mad; she would strike any one she could, particularly her father; she cursed and swore horribly; she

never slept; and let her hands be bound ever so fast over night, they were loose in the morning. The best physicians were consulted, and all means used, but to no purpose. On Thursday, December 28, last, she violently struck her father on the breast: the next day, Friday 29, she was perfectly well, without using any means at all; and she has continued ever since, not only in her senses, but full of faith and love."

Thursday 28, Between nine and ten I preached at a village called Magharacolton, to a large and serious congregation; and in the evening at Londonderry. Considering the largeness and seriousness of the congregations, I wonder no more good is done here.

Monday, June 1, I went over to the New-Buildings, and took my honourable post in the Mill-Deep; attention sat on every face. So it usually does, when the poor have the gospel preached. I preached at Londonderry in the evening, on *I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.* How happy would many of these people be, if they had but throughly learned this lesson!

Wednesday 3, I took an account of the present society, a little smaller than it was three years ago. Thursday 4, I took my leave of this affectionate people, and about eleven preached at New-Town, Limavady. In the afternoon I went on to Kilrea, and was cordially received by Mr. Haughton, once a travelling preacher, now a magistrate and rector of a parish; but the church wherein it was at first proposed I should preach, is, as I found, a mere heap of ruins; so I preached in the new meeting-house, a very large and commodious building. Abundance of people flocked together; some of them seemed not a little affected; and all were seriously attentive; surely some will bring forth good fruit.

Friday 5, We went on to Colerain. As the barracks here are empty, we hired one wing, which, by laying several rooms into one, supplied us with a spacious preaching-house; but it would not contain a third of the congregation;

but, standing at the door, I had them all before me in the barrack-square.

Saturday 6, I was desired to take a ride to the celebrated Giant's Causeway. It lies eleven English miles from Colerain. When we came to the edge of the precipice, three or four poor boys were ready to hold our horses, and shew us the way down. It being dead low water, we could go any where, and see every thing to the best advantage. It is doubtless the effect of subterraneous fire. This manifestly appears from many of the stones which composed the pillars that are now fallen down: these evidently bear the mark of fire, being burnt black on one or the other surface. It appears, likewise, from the numerous pumice stones scattered among the pillars: just such pillars and pumices are found in every country which is, or ever was, subject to volcanos.

In the evening I saw a pleasing sight. A few days ago, a young gentlewoman, without the knowledge of her relations, entered into the society: she was informed this evening that her sister was speaking to me on the same account. As soon as we came into the room, she ran to her sister, fell upon her neck, wept over her, and could just say, "O sister, sister!" before she sunk down upon her knees to praise God. Her sister could hardly bear it; she was in tears too, and so were all in the room. Such are the first-fruits at Colerain. May there be a suitable harvest!

Sunday 7, I breakfasted with Mr. Boyd, the twin soul for humility and love, with Mr. Sh—, of Staplehurst. I read prayers for him, and administered the sacrament to such a number of communicants, as, I suppose, never met there before. A little before the time of preaching, the rain ceased, and we had a wonderful congregation in the barrack-yard in the evening: many of them were present at five in the morning, when I left them full of love and good desires. About nine I preached in the town-hall at Ballimannely; about twelve at another little town; and in the evening at Ballymena.

Tuesday 9, We rode through a small village, wherein

was a little society. One desiring me to step into a house there, it was filled presently; and the poor people were all ear, while I gave a short exhortation, and spent a few minutes in prayer. In the evening, as the town-hall at Carrickfergus could not contain the congregation, I preached in the market-house, on *Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole of man.* The people in general appeared to be more serious, and the society more earnest than they had been for many years.

Thence we went to Belfast, the largest town in Ulster, said to contain thirty thousand souls. The streets are well laid out, are broad, straight, and well built: the poor house stands on an eminence, fronting the main street, and having a beautiful prospect on every side, over the whole country: the old men, the old women, the male and the female children, are all employed according to their strength; and all their apartments are airy, sweet, and clean, equal to any thing of the kind I have seen in England.

I preached in the evening on one side of the New Church, to far the largest congregation I have seen in Ireland: but I doubt the bulk of them were nearly concerned in my text, *And Gallio cared for none of these things.*

Thursday 11, About nine I preached to five or six hundred people in the old church at Newtown, Claneboys. The sight of these vast buildings, and large gardens running to decay, through the extinction of the family that lately owned them, (so successful was the scheme of those wretches who purposely educated poor Mr. C—, the last of the family, in such a manner as to ensure his not living long, and his dying without issue) always makes me pensive: but still our comfort is, there is a God that judgeth the earth.

About twelve I preached at Kirkhubly; thence we went to Port-a-ferry, and found a ready passage to Strangford. I stood on the point of a rock, which projected into a large circular cavity, that contained in the hollow, and round the edge of it, all the multitude who flocked together. I spoke longer than I used to do; and was no more weary when I

had done, than I was at six in the morning. After service we went to Downpatrick, where I slept in peace.

Friday 12, I walked through the town; I suppose, one of the most ancient in Ulster. I was informed, it was once abundantly larger than it is now; consisting of the Irish town, then inhabited by none but Roman Catholics; and the English town, encompassed with a wall, and a deep ditch filled with water. At the head of the English town stands the abbey, on a hill which commands all the country. It is a noble ruin, and is far the largest building that I have seen in the kingdom. Adjoining to it is one of the most beautiful groves which I ever beheld with my eyes; it covers the sloping side of the hill, and has vistas cut through it every way. In the middle of it is a circular space, twenty or thirty yards in diameter. I would have preached there, but the rain drove into the house as many as could crowd together.

Saturday 13, I took my stand in the middle of the grove, the people standing before me on the gradually-rising ground, which formed a beautiful theatre; the sun just glimmered through the trees, but did not hinder me at all. It was a glorious opportunity. The whole congregation seemed to drink into one spirit.

Sunday 14, I preached at Dunsford in the morning. In the evening the congregation in the grove exceeded even that at Belfast; and I verily believe all of them were almost persuaded to be christians.

Monday 15, I left Downpatrick with much satisfaction; and in the evening preached in the Linen-hall at Lisburn, to nearly as large a congregation as that in the grove, but not nearly so much affected. Afterwards I went to my old lodging at Derry Aghy, one of the pleasantest spots in the kingdom; and I could relish it now! How does God bring us down to the gates of death, and bring us up again!

Tuesday 16, I preached at eight to a lively congregation, under the venerable old yew, supposed to have flourished in the reign of King James, if not of Queen Elizabeth.

Wednesday 17, At eleven, our brethren flocked to Lis-

burn, from all parts, whom I strongly exhorted, in the Apostle's words, *To walk worthy of the Lord.* At the love-feast which followed, we were greatly comforted; many of the country people declaring, with all simplicity, and yet with great propriety, both of sentiment and expression, what God had done for their souls.

Thursday 18, I preached at Ballinderry, (in my way to Lurgan) where many flocked together though at a very short warning. We had four or five times as many in the evening at Lurgan; but some of them wild as colts untamed. However, they all listened to that great truth, *Narrow is the way that leadeth to life.*

Friday 19, I preached about noon to a serious company at Derry-Anvil, and then went on to Cockhill. I preached here at the bottom of the garden; the table was placed under a tree, and most of the people sat on the grass before it; and every thing seemed to concur with the exhortation, *Acquaint thyself now with him, and be at peace.*

Saturday 20, I travelled through a delightful country to Charlemont, where Captain Tottenham was the commanding officer. We lodged with him in the castle, which stands on an eminence, and commands the country on all sides. A tent was set up in the castle-yard, where all the soldiers were drawn up at eleven, with abundance of people from many miles round, who were all attention. In the evening their number was considerably enlarged; but still all heard as for life.

Sunday 21, I preached at nine in the avenue at Armagh, to a large and serious congregation. It was increased fourfold at six in the evening; but many were there who behaved as if they had been in a bear-garden.

Monday 22, I took a walk to the Primate's, and went through the house, and all the improvements. The house is neat and handsome, but not magnificent; and is elegantly, but not splendidly furnished. The domain is beautifully laid out in meadow ground, sprinkled with trees; on one side of which is a long hill covered with a shrubbery, cut into serpentine walks. On each side of the shrubbery is a straight

walk, commanding a beautiful prospect. Since this Primate came, the town wears another face: he has repaired, and beautifully, the cathedral; built a row of neat houses for the choral vicars; erected a public library and an infirmary; procured the free-school to be rebuilt of the size of a little college, and a new-built horse-barrack, together with a considerable number of convenient and handsome houses; so that Armagh is at length rising out of its ruins into a large and populous city. So much good may any man of a large fortune do, if he lay it out to the best advantage!

Tuesday 23, I went on to Tandrogar, one of the pleasantest towns in Ireland: as it was a fair, calm evening, I had designed to preach in the avenue to the castle; but being desired to preach in the court-yard, I took my place under a tall, spreading tree, in the midst of a numerous congregation, who were still as night: there could not be devised a more pleasing scene; the clear sky, the setting sun, the surrounding woods, the plain, unaffected people, were just suitable to the subject, *My yoke is easy, and my burden light.*

Wednesday 24, For exactly two months, we have had only two days without rain. In the evening I preached in the same lovely place: I dined, supped, and lodged at Dr. Lesley's, the rector, a well-bred, sensible, and, I believe, a pious man. We had family-prayers before supper, which he read with admirable propriety and devotion; and I know not that I have spent a more agreeable evening since I came into the kingdom.

Thursday 25, I walked round Dr. Lesley's domain; a pleasanter spot I never saw: it lies on the top of a fruitful hill, at a small distance from the town, and commands the whole view of a lovely country, east, west, north, and south; and it is laid out with the finest taste imaginable. The ground I took for a park I found was an orchard, tufted with fruit-trees and flowering-shrubs, and surrounded with a close, shady walk. I spent another hour with the amiable family this morning, and it was an hour I shall not soon forget, but it will never return! For one, if not more, of that

lovely company, is since removed to Abraham's bosom! In the evening I preached to a large congregation at Newry; and on Saturday morning returned to Dublin.

I had now just finished Xenophon's Κυρου Παιδεια. Some parts of which I think are exceedingly dull, particularly his numerous speeches; and above all, the tedious dialogue between Cyrus and Cambyses: but what a beautiful picture does he draw of Cyrus! What an understanding! and what tempers! Did ever a heathen come up to this? Not since the world began. Few, exceedingly few, even of the best instructed christians have attained so unblamable a character.

Sunday 28, I am this day seventy-five years old, and I do not find myself, blessed be God, any weaker than I was at five-and-twenty: this also hath God wrought! All this week I visited as many as I could, and endeavoured to confirm their love to each other; and I have not known the society for many years so united as it is now.

Saturday, July 4, A remarkable piece was put into my hands, The Life of Mr. Morsay; and I saw no reason to alter the judgment which I had formed of him forty years ago. He was a man of uncommon understanding, and greatly devoted to God: but he was a consummate enthusiast: not the word of God, but his own imaginations, which he took for divine inspirations, were the sole rule both of his words and actions. Hence arose his marvellous instability, taking such huge strides backwards and forwards; hence his frequent darkness of soul; for when he departed from God's word, God departed from him. Upon the whole, I do not know that ever I read a more dangerous writer, one who so wonderfully blends together truth and falsehood, solid piety and wild enthusiasm.

Tuesday 7, Our little Conference began, at which about twenty preachers were present. On Wednesday we heard one of our friends at large, upon the "Duty of leaving the church;" but, after a full discussion of the point, we all remained firm in our judgment, that it is our duty not to

leave the church, wherein God has blessed us, and does bless us still.

Sunday 12, After I had several times explained the nature of it, we solemnly renewed our covenant with God. It was a time never to be forgotten; God poured down upon the assembly the spirit of grace and supplication, especially in singing that verse of the concluding hymn,

"To us the covenant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day."

This afternoon Mr. Delap, one of our preachers, walking through the city, met a crowd of people running from a mad-dog, who had bit several persons; he walked on, took up a large stone, struck the dog on the head, and knocked him down; he then leaped upon him, and dispatched him, while the people crowded round, and gave him abundance of thanks.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I visited many of those who had left the society; but I found them so deeply prejudiced, that till their hearts are changed, I could not advise them to return to it.

Thursday 16, I went with a few friends to Lord Charlemont's, two or three miles from Dublin. It is one of the pleasantest places I have ever seen. The water, trees, and lawns are so elegantly intermixed with each other; having a serpentine-walk running through a thick wood on one side, and an open prospect, both of land and sea, on the other. In the thickest part of the wood is the hermitage, a small room, dark and gloomy enough. The Gothic temple, at the head of a fine piece of water, which is encompassed with stately trees, is delightful indeed; but the most elegant of all the buildings is not finished; the shell of it is surprisingly beautiful, and the rooms well contrived, both for use and ornament. But what is all this, unless God be here? Unless he be known, loved, and enjoyed? Not only vanity, unable to give happiness, but vexation of spirit.

Sunday 19, In the evening I went on board the Prince of Orange; but the wind failing, we soon stuck upon a sand-bank: we got clear of it about five in the morning, and set sail. All the day before there had been a strong north-east wind; this had raised the sea to an uncommon degree, which affected me full as much as a storm: however, lying down at four in the afternoon, I fell asleep, and slept most of the time till four in the morning: about six we landed on Liverpool quay, and all my sickness was over.

Tuesday 21, We had, as usual, a very numerous and very serious congregation. Wednesday 22, I went on to Bolton. The new house here is the most beautiful in the country: it was well filled in the evening, and I believe many of the audience tasted largely of the powers of the world to come, while I enlarged upon our Lord's words, *Neither can they die any more; for they are equal to angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.*

Friday 24, I preached at Bury and Rochdale, and the next evening at Halifax. Sunday 26, the house was tolerably well filled at eight. Understanding there was great need of it, I preached on *Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God, the things that are God's:* I spoke with all plainness, and yet did not hear that any one was offended.

At one I preached on those words in the Gospel for the day, *Reckon ye yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.* Such a time I have not known for some years: the house was extremely crowded; but I believe there was not only no inattentive, but no unaffected hearer. In the evening I preached at Bradforth to such a congregation as I have not seen since I left London.

Saturday, August 1, I was desired to take a view of Mr. Bushfield's improvements near Bingley. His house stands on the top of a hill, clothed with wood, opposite to another, which is covered with tall oaks. Between the hills runs the river; on the top, at the bottom, through the midst,

and along the side of the woods, he has made partly straight, partly serpentine walks; some of which command a lovely prospect. He is continually making new improvements; but will not that thought frequently intrude,

"Must I then leave thee, paradise? Then leave
These happy shades and mansions fit for gods?"

Sunday 2, At one I preached at the foot of Birstal-hill to the largest congregation that ever was seen there. It was supposed there were twelve or fourteen thousand, but there were some thousands more at Leeds: I think it was the largest congregation I have seen for many years, except that at Gwenap in Cornwall.

Tuesday 4, Our Conference began; so large a number of preachers never met at a Conference before. I preached morning and evening till Thursday night, then my voice began to fail; so I desired two of our preachers to supply my place the next day. On Saturday the Conference ended.

Sunday 9, I preached at eight in the market-place at Dewsbury, to some thousands of serious people, as Mr. Pawley would not permit me to preach in the church, "because it would give offence!"

After visiting Bradforth and Halifax, I struck across to Manchester and Stockport, and went on by moderate journies to London. Having soon finished my business there, on Monday 17, Dr. Coke, my brother, and I, took coach for Bristol; and early on Thursday 20, I set out for Cornwall. I preached at Taunton that evening; Friday 21, at Exon; and on Saturday reached the dock.

Sunday 23, At seven I preached in our room, and at one on the quay at Plymouth. The common people behaved well; but I was shocked at the stupidity and ill-breeding of several officers, who kept walking and talking together all the time, with the most perfect unconcern. We had no such Gallios in the evening at the dock, though the congregation was four times as large. Surely this is an

understanding people: may their love be equal to their knowledge.

Monday 24, In the way to Medras, Mr. Furz gave me a strange relation, which was afterwards confirmed by eye and ear witnesses. "In July, 1748, Martin Hoskins, of Sithney, being in a violent passion, was struck raving mad, and obliged to be chained down to the floor. Charles Skelton went to see him; he cried out, "Who art thou? Hast thou faith? No! thou art afraid." Charles felt an inexpressible shock, and was raving mad himself. He continued so for several days, till some agreed to keep a day of fasting and prayer. His lunacy then ended as suddenly as it began; but what was peculiarly remarkable was, while he was ill Martin was quite well; as soon as he was well, Martin was as ill as ever.

Thence I went on to Redruth, Helston, and Penzance. On Thursday 27, in the evening, I preached in the market-place at St. Just: very few of our old society are now left; the far greater part of them are in Abraham's bosom; but the new generation are of the same spirit, serious, earnest, devoted to God; and particularly remarkable for simplicity and christian sincerity.

Friday 28, The stewards of the societies met at St. Ives, a company of pious, sensible men. I rejoiced to find that peace and love prevailed through the whole circuit: those who stiled themselves my Lady's preachers, who screamed, and railed, and threatened to swallow us up, are vanished away. I cannot learn that they have made one convert, a plain proof that God did not send them.

Saturday 29, I found the venerable old man at St. Cuthbert's, pale, thin, and scarcely half alive; however he made shift to go in a chaise to the preaching, and deaf as he was, to hear almost every word: he had such a night's rest as he had not had for many months, and in the morning seemed hardly the same person. It may be, God will give him a little longer life, for the good of many.

Sunday 30, About five I preached in the amphitheatre at

Gwenap, it was believed, to four and twenty thousand: afterwards I spent a solemn hour with the society, and slept in peace.

Monday 31, About eleven I preached to a large and serious congregation, near the town-hall in Bodmin, and about six in the evening at Launceston; a town as little troubled with religion as most in Cornwall.

Tuesday, September 1, I went to Tiverton. I was musing here on what I heard a good man say long since, "Once in seven years I burn all my sermons; for it is a shame if I cannot write better sermons now than I could seven years ago." Whatever others can do, I really cannot. I cannot write a better sermon on *The Good Steward*, than I did seven years ago: I cannot write a better on *The Great Assize*, than I did twenty years ago: I cannot write a better on *The Use of Money*, than I did nearly thirty years ago: nay, I know not that I can write a better on *The Circumcision of the Heart*, than I did five and forty years ago. Perhaps, indeed, I may have read five or six hundred books more than I had then, and may know a little more history, or natural philosophy than I did: but I am not sensible that this has made any essential addition to my knowledge in divinity. Forty years ago, I knew and preached every christian doctrine which I preach now.

Thursday 3, About noon I preached at Cathanger, about eight miles from Taunton. It was an exceedingly large house, built (as the inscription over the gate testifies) in the year 1555, by Serjeant Walsh, who had then eight thousand pounds a year, perhaps, more than equal to twenty thousand now. But the once famous family is now forgotten; the estate is mouldered almost into nothing; and three quarters of the magnificent buildings lie level with the dust. I preached in the great hall, like that of Lincoln College, to a very serious congregation. In the evening I preached at South Petherton, once a place of renown, and the capital of a Saxon kingdom: as is vouched by a palace of King Ina still remaining, and a very large and ancient church. I suppose the last blow given to it was by Judge

Jeffries, who, after Monmouth's rebellion, hanged so many of the inhabitants, and drove so many away, that it is never likely to lift up its head again.

Friday 4, I spent some time in the evening, and an hour in the morning with the lovely children at Publow. Such another company of them I never saw, since Miss Bosanquet removed from Laton-Stone.

Saturday 5, I returned to Bristol. Sunday 6, at eight I preached near the Drawbridge: at two near Kingswood school, under the tree which I planted for the use of the next generation: and at five near King's-square, to a very numerous and exceedingly serious congregation.

Monday 7, In my way to Bath, I read a pamphlet which surprised me exceedingly. For many years I had heard the king severely blamed, for giving all places of trust and profit to Scotchmen. And this was so positively and continually affirmed, that I had no doubt of it. To put the matter beyond all possible dispute, the writer appeals to the Court Calendar of the present year, which contains the names of all those that hold places under the king. And hereby it appears, that of four hundred and fifty odd places, just *eight* are possessed by Scotchmen; and of the hundred and fifty-one places in the royal household, *four* are possessed by Scots, and no more. Ought not this to be echoed through the three kingdoms, to shew the regard to truth these wretches have, who are constantly endeavouring to inflame the nation against their sovereign, as well as their fellow-subjects!

Tuesday 8, In the evening I stood on one side of the market-place of Frome, and declared to a very numerous congregation, *His commandments are not grievous*. They stood as quiet as those at Bristol, a very few excepted, most of whom were, by the courtesy of England, called *gentlemen*. How much inferior to the keelmen and colliers!

On Wednesday and Thursday, I made a little excursion into Dorsetshire, and on Saturday returned to Bristol. Sunday 13, we had a comfortable opportunity at the room in the morning, as well as at the square in the afternoon,

where the congregation was considerably larger than the Sunday before. But on Sunday 20, it was larger still. Now let the winter come: we have made our full use of the Michaelmas summer.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, on meeting the classes, I carefully examined whether there was any truth in the assertion, that above a hundred in our society were concerned in unlawful distilling: the result was, that I found two persons, and no more, that were concerned therein.

I now procured a copy of part of Mr. Fl—'s late letter to Mr. J., which I think it my duty to publish, as a full answer to the lying accounts which have been published concerning that bad man. "Mr. Voltaire, finding himself ill, sent for Dr. Fronchin, first physician to the Duke of Orleans, one of his converts to infidelity, and said to him, 'Sir, I desire you will save my life. I will give you half my fortune if you will lengthen out my days, only six months. If not, I shall go to the devil, and carry you with me.'"

Thursday 24, I read prayers and preached in Midsummer-Norton church. Thence I went to Bradford, on a sultry hot day, such as were several days this month; and preached on the *Seed that fell among thorns.* God strongly applied his word.

Tuesday 29, I preached at Almsbury to a large number of plain people, who seemed just ripe for the gospel. We observed Friday, October 2, as a day of fasting and prayer for our king and nation. We met, as usual, at five, at nine, at one, and in the evening. At each time, I believe, some found that God was with us: but more especially in the concluding service.

Saturday 3, Visiting one at the poor-house, I was much moved to see such a company of poor, maimed, halt, and blind, who seemed to have no one caring for their souls. So I appointed to be there the next day; and at two o'clock had all that could get out of bed, young and old, in the

great hall. My heart was greatly enlarged toward them, and many blessed God for the consolation.

Monday I went with my brother to the Devizes, and preached in a large, commodious room. This and the following evening we preached at Sarum. Wednesday 7, we went on to Winchester. I had thoughts of preaching abroad, if happily any thing might awaken a careless, self-conceited people: but the rain would not permit; and it made the road so heavy, that we could not reach Portsmouth common till nearly six.

Thursday 8, One of our friends, whom I have known several years, Mrs. Sarah M—d, and on whose veracity I could depend, was mentioning some uncommon circumstances: I desired her to relate them at large, which she readily did as follows:

"Six or seven years ago, a servant of my husband's died of the small pox. A few days after, as I was walking into the town, I met him in his common every day clothes, running towards me. In about a minute he disappeared.

"Mr. Heth, a surgeon and apothecary died in March, 1756. On the 14th of April following, I was walking with two other women in the High-street, about day-break, and we all three saw him, dressed as he usually was, in a scarlet surtout, a bushy wig, and a very small hat. He was standing and leaning against a post, with his chin resting on his hands. As we came towards him, (for we were not frighted at all,) he walked towards us, and went by us. We looked steadily after him, and saw him till he turned into the market-house.

"Not long after this, Mr. Sm— died. Ten or twelve days after, as I was walking near his house, about eleven o'clock, in a bright, sun-shiny day, I saw him standing at his chamber window, and looking full upon me; but it was with the most horrid countenance that I ever saw. As I walked on, I could not keep my eyes off him, till he withdrew from the window, though I was so terrified with his ghastly look, that I was ready to drop down."

Friday 9, I returned to London, and Sunday 11, buried

the remains of Eleanor Lee. I believe she received the great promise of God, entire sanctification, fifteen or sixteen years ago, and that she never lost it for an hour. I have conversed intimately with her ever since, and never saw her do any action, little or great, nor heard her speak any word which I could reprove. Thou wast indeed *a Mother in Israel!*

Tuesday 13, I took a little tour into Oxfordshire, and preached in the evening at Wallingford. Wednesday 14, I went on to Oxford, and having an hour to spare, walked to Christ-Church, for which I cannot but still retain a peculiar affection. What lovely mansions are these! What is wanting to make the inhabitants of them happy? That, without which no rational creature can be happy; the experimental knowledge of God. In the evening I preached at Finstock to a congregation gathered from many miles round. How gladly could I spend a few weeks in this delightful solitude! But I must not rest yet. As long as God gives me strength to labour, I am to use it. Thursday 15, I preached at Witney. Since Nancy B. has been detained here, the work of God has greatly revived. Mysterious Providence! That one capable of being so extremely useful, should be thus shut up in a corner!

Friday 16, I was desired to preach at Thame, on my return to London. I came thither a little after ten. The mob had been so troublesome there, that it was a doubt with the preachers whether the place should not be given up. However, I thought it might not be amiss, before this was done, to make one trial myself: but I found it impracticable to preach abroad, the wind being so exceedingly sharp. I went therefore into a large building, formerly used by the presbyterians. It was quickly filled, and more than filled, many being obliged to stand without: yet there was no breath of noise; the whole congregation seemed to be "all but their attention dead." We had prayed before, that God would give us a quiet time, and he granted us our request.

Immediately after, a strange scene occurred. I was desired to visit one who had been eminently pious, but had

now been confined to her bed for several months, and was utterly unable to raise herself up. She desired us to pray, that the chain might be broken. A few of us prayed in faith. Presently she rose up, dressed herself, came down stairs, and, I believe, had not any farther complaint. In the evening I preached at High-Wycombe, and on Saturday returned to London.

Monday 19, About noon I reached Mr. Fary's, near Little Brickhill. I designed to preach in the house; but the number of people obliged me to preach abroad, in spite of the keen east winds. Tuesday 20, I preached about noon at Hanslope; and in the evening at Moreton, near Buckingham. Wednesday 21, I preached about noon at Silston, (properly Silverstone,) and then walked with a company of our friends to Whittlebury. This is the flower of all our societies in the circuit, both for zeal and simplicity. Thursday 22, I preached at Towcester; on Friday at Northampton, and on Saturday returned to London.

Monday 26, I set out in the Diligence to Godmanchester, hoping to be there by six in the evening: but we did not come till past eight; so most of the people being gone, I only gave a short exhortation. At five in the morning we had a large congregation, but a much larger in the evening. Wednesday 28, about noon, I preached at St. Neot's, and afterwards visited a lovely young woman, who appeared to be in the last stage of a consumption, and was feebly gasping after God. She seemed to be just ripe for the gospel, which she drank in with all her soul. God speedily brought her to the blood of sprinkling, and a few days after, she died in peace.

I preached in the evening at Bedford, and the next day, Thursday 29, at Luton. We had a miserable preaching-house here: but Mr. Cole has now fitted up a very neat and commodious room, which was throughly filled with well-behaved and deeply attentive hearers. How long did we seem to be ploughing upon the sand here! But it seems there will be some fruit at last.

Friday 30, I preached at noon to fifty or sixty dull

creatures, at poor, desolate Hertford; and they heard with something like seriousness. In the afternoon I went on to London.

Sunday, November 1, Was the day appointed for opening the new chapel in the City Road. It is perfectly neat, but not fine; and contains far more people than the Foundry: I believe, together with the morning chapel, as many as the Tabernacle. Many were afraid that the multitudes crowding from all parts would have occasioned much disturbance: but they were happily disappointed: there was none at all; all was quietness, decency, and order. I preached on part of Solomon's *Prayer at the Dedication of the Temple*, and both in the morning and afternoon, (when I preached on the *Hundred, forty and four thousand standing with the Lamb on Mount Sion,)* God was eminently present in the midst of the congregation.

Monday 2, I went to Chatham, and preached in the evening to a lively, loving congregation. Tuesday 3, I went by water to Sheerness. Our room being far too small for the people that attended, I sent to the governor to desire (what had been allowed me before) the use of the chapel. He refused me, (uncivilly enough,) affecting to doubt whether I was in orders! so I preached to as many as it would contain in our own room.

Wednesday 4, I took a view of the old church at Minster, once a spacious and elegant building. It stands pleasantly on the top of a hill, and commands all the country round. We went from thence to Queensborough, which contains above fifty houses, and sends two members to parliament. Surely the whole Isle of Sheepy is now but a shadow of what it was once.

Thursday 5, I returned to Chatham, and on the following morning set out in the stage-coach for London. At the end of Stroud, I chose to walk up the hill, leaving the coach to follow me: but it was in no great haste: it did not overtake me till I had walked above five miles. I cared not if it had been ten: the more I walk, the sounder I sleep.

Sunday 15, Having promised to preach in the evening at

St. Antholine's church, I had desired one to have a coach ready at the door, when the service at the new chapel was ended: but he had forgot; so that after preaching and meeting the society, I was obliged to walk as fast as I could to the church. The people were so wedged together, that it was with difficulty I got in. The church was extremely hot; but this I soon forgot; for it pleased God to send a gracious rain upon his inheritance.

Thursday 26, I fulfilled the dying request of Ann Thwayte, by burying her remains, and preaching her funeral sermon. In all the changes of those about her she stood steadfast, doing and suffering the will of God: she was a woman of faith and prayer, in life and death adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour.

Sunday 29, I was desired to preach a charity sermon in St. Luke's church, Old-street. I doubt whether it was ever so crowded before: and the fear of God seemed to possess the whole audience. In the afternoon I preached at the new chapel: and at seven in St. Margaret's, Rood-lane, full as much crowded as St. Luke's. Is then the scandal of the cross ceased?

Tuesday, December 1, I went to Rye. Here, as in many other places, those who begin to flee from the wrath to come, are continually *received to doubtful disputations;* puzzled and perplexed with intricate questions concerning absolute and unconditional decrees. Lord, how long wilt thou suffer this? How long shall these well-meaning zealots destroy the dawning work of grace, and strangle the children in the birth?

Wednesday 2, In the evening I preached at Robert's-Bridge, and spoke with all possible plainness, both for the sake of threescore children, and of a large congregation of serious, attentive people. Thursday 3, many at Sevenoaks seemed deeply affected, while I was applying those words, *Do you now believe?* especially while I was reminding them of the deep work which God wrought among them twelve or fourteen years ago. Friday, going on to Shoreham, I found Mr. Perronet once more brought back from

the gates of death; undoubtedly for the sake of his little flock; who avail themselves of his being spared too, and continually increase not only in number, but in the knowledge and love of God.

Sunday 6, I buried the remains of Merchant West, snatched away in the midst of his years. From a child he had the fear of God, and was serious and unblamable in his behaviour. When he was a journeyman, he was reverenced by all that wrought in the shop with him: he was a pattern of diligence in all things, spiritual and temporal. During a long and severe illness, his patience was unshaken, till he joyfully resigned his spirit to God.

Monday 7, I took a little journey to Canterbury and Dover, and was much comforted among a loving, earnest people. Friday 11, I preached at Lambeth, in the chapel newly prepared by Mr. Edwards, whose wife has seventy-five boarders. Miss Owen, at Publow, takes only twenty, thinking she cannot do her duty to any more.

Friday 18, I called upon Colonel Gallatin. But what a change is here! The fine gentleman, the soldier, is clean gone, sunk into a feeble, decrepit old man; not able to rise off his seat, and hardly able to speak.

Sunday 20, I buried what was mortal of honest Silas Told. For many years he attended the malefactors in Newgate, without fee or reward: and, I suppose, no man for this hundred years has been so successful in that melancholy office. God had given him peculiar talents for it; and he had amazing success therein. The greatest part of those whom he attended died in peace, and many of them in the triumph of faith.

Friday, (Christmas-day,) our service began at four, as usual, in the new chapel. I expected Mr. Richardson to read prayers at West-street chapel, but he did not come; so I read prayers myself, and preached, and administered the sacrament to several hundreds of people. In the afternoon I preached at the new chapel, throughly filled in every corner; and in the evening at St. Sepulchre's, one of the largest parish-churches in London. It was warm enough,

being sufficiently filled: yet I felt no weakness or weariness, but was stronger after I had preached my fourth sermon than I was after the first.

Thursday 31, We concluded the old year with a solemn watch-night, and began the new with praise and thanksgiving. We had a violent storm at night: the roaring of the wind was like loud thunder. It kept me awake half an hour: I then slept in peace.

Friday, January 1, 1779, At length we have a house capable of containing the whole society. We met there this evening, to renew our covenant with God: and we never meet on that solemn occasion without a peculiar blessing.

Tuesday 12, I dined and drank tea with four German ministers. I could not but admire the wisdom of those that appointed them. They seem to consider, not only the essential points, their sense and piety, but even those smaller things, the good breeding, the address, yea, the persons of those they send into foreign countries.

Sunday 24, I visited a young woman in such terrible fits as I scarcely ever saw before: and she was hardly out of one, when she fell into another, so that it seemed she must soon lose her reason, if not her life: but Dr. Wilson, in one or two days time, restored her to perfect health.

Monday, February 8, Finding many serious persons were much discouraged by *prophets of evil* confidently foretelling very heavy calamities, which were coming upon our nation, I endeavoured to lift up their hands, by opening and applying those comfortable words, Psalm xliii. 5, 6. *Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? Why art thou so disquieted within me? O put thy trust in God; for I will yet give him thanks, who is the help of my countenance and my God.*

Wednesday 10, Was the national fast. So solemn a one I never saw before. From one end of the city to the other, there was scarcely any one seen in the streets. All places of public worship were crowded in an uncommon degree; and an unusual awe sat on most faces. I preached on the words

of God to Abraham, interceding for Sodom, *I will not destroy the city for ten's sake.*

Monday 15, I went to Norwich in the stage-coach, with two very disagreeable companions, called a gentleman and gentlewoman, but equally ignorant, insolent, lewd, and profane. Wednesday 17, I went to Yarmouth, and preached to a large and serious congregation. Thursday 18, I preached at Lowestoffe, where is a great awakening, especially among youth and children; several of whom, between twelve and sixteen years of age, are a pattern to all about them.

Friday 19, I preached at Loddon, and afterwards talked with a girl, sixteen years of age. She was justified two months since, and has not yet lost the light of God's countenance for a moment, but has been enabled to rejoice evermore, and to pray without ceasing. But being surrounded with relations who neither loved nor feared God, they were pressing upon her continually, till by little and little she sunk back into the world, and had neither the power nor form of religion left.

Sunday 21, I returned to Norwich, and took an exact account of the society. I wish all our preachers would be accurate in their accounts, and rather speak under than above the truth. I had heard again and again of the increase of the society. And what is the naked truth? Why, I left in it two hundred and two members: and I find one hundred and seventy-nine! Sunday 21, at twelve I took coach, and in the morning reached London.

Sunday 28, Immediately after preaching at Spitalfields, I hasted away to St. Peter's, Cornhill, and declared to a crowded congregation, *God hath given us his Holy Spirit.* At four I preached in the new chapel, for the benefit of the Reformation Society. This also I trust will be a means of uniting together the hearts of the children of God of various denominations.

Monday, March 1, I went to Bristol. Thursday 4, I went over to Paulton, and preached at noon to the liveliest

people in all the circuit. This people are now just of the same spirit as those of Bristol were forty years ago.

Thursday 11, I opened the new chapel at Bath: it is about half as large as that at London, and built nearly upon the same model. After reading prayers, I preached, on *We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.* I believe God sent his word home to many hearts. We concluded the service with the Lord's-Supper.

Monday 15, I began my tour through England and Scotland: the lovely weather continuing, such as the oldest man alive has not seen before, for January, February, and half of March. In the evening I preached at Stroud; the next morning at Gloucester, designing to preach in Stanley at two, and at Tewksbury in the evening: but the minister of Gratton (near Stanley) sending me word, I was welcome to the use of his church; I ordered notice to be given, that the service would begin there at six o'clock. Stanley chapel was thoroughly filled at two. It is eighteen years since I was there before; so that many of those whom I saw there then, were now grey-headed; and many were gone Abraham's bosom. May we follow them as they did Christ!

I was preparing to go to Gratton, when one brought me word from Mr. Roberts, that he had changed his mind; so I preached in Mr. Stephen's orchard, to far more than his church would have contained. And it was no inconvenience either to me or them, as it was a mild, still evening.

Wednesday 17, I preached at Tewksbury about noon, and at Worcester in the evening. Thursday 18, upon enquiry, I found there had been no morning preaching since the Conference! So the people were of course weak and faint. At noon I preached in Bewdley, in an open space, at the head of the town, to a very numerous and quiet congregation. Here Mrs. C—— informed me, "This day twelve-month I found peace with God: and the same day my son, till then utterly thoughtless, was convinced of sin.

Some time after he died, rejoicing in God, and praising him with his latest breath."

Friday 19, I preached in Bengeworth church about noon, and about six in Pebworth church. Saturday 20, I went on to Birmingham. Sunday 21, just at the time of preaching, at Bromwich-heath, began such a storm as that which ushered in the year: yet, as no house could contain the people, I was constrained to stand in the court-yard. For a moment I was afraid of the tiles falling on the people; but they regarded nothing but the word. As I concluded, we had a furious shower of hail: hitherto could the prince of the power of the air go, but no farther.

After preaching at Wednesbury, Darlaston, Dudley, and Wolverhampton, on Wednesday 24, I went on to Madeley. In the way I finished a celebrated "Essay on Taste." And is this the treatise that gained the premium? It is lively and pretty, but neither deep nor strong: scarcely any of the terms are accurately defined; indeed defining is not this author's talent. He has not by any means a clear apprehension; and it is through this capital defect, that he jumbles together true and false propositions, in every chapter and in every page.

To this essay three extracts are subjoined: the first is much to the purpose: the second is a superficial, empty thing. Is this a specimen of "the great Mr. Alembert?" But I was most surprised at the third. What, is this extracted from "the famous Montesquieu?" It has neither strength, nor clearness, nor justness of thought! And, is this the writer so admired all over Europe? He is no more to be compared to Lord Forbes, or Dr. Beattie, than a mouse to an elephant.

Thursday 25, I preached in the new house, which Mr. Fletcher has built in Madeley Wood. The people here exactly resemble those at Kingswood, only they are more simple and teachable: but, for want of discipline, the immense pains which he has taken with them has not done the good which might have been expected.

I preached at Shrewsbury in the evening; and on Fri-

day 26, about noon, in the assembly-room at Broseley. It was well we were in the shade, for the sun shone as hot as it usually does at midsummer. We walked from thence to Coalbrook-Dale, and took a view of the bridge which is shortly to be thrown over the Severn. It is one arch, a hundred feet broad, fifty-two high, and eighteen wide, all of cast-iron, weighing many hundred tons. I doubt whether the Colossus of Rhodes weighed much more.

Saturday 27, I preached at Newcastle-under-Lyme. Sunday 28, at Burslem, morning and afternoon. Monday 29, I went on to our loving brethren at Congleton, and preached on the nature of christian zeal: a measure of this they have already, but they want much more. Tuesday 30, and the next day, I preached at Macclesfield. The hearts of many were enlarged: and the society, I found was increasing both in number and strength.

Thursday, April 1, About one, I preached at New-Mills, in Derbyshire: a commodious preaching-house, lately built, has proved a blessing to the whole country: they flocked together from every quarter, and are thankful, both to God and man. In the evening I preached at Stockport, where I received a strange account of poor William Hamilton, who left us to join the Quakers, and is as miserable as he can live, afraid to see any man lest he should kill him. O what a poor exchange has this unhappy man made!

April 2, About one I opened the new chapel at Davyholme. Sunday 4, Easter-day, was a solemn festival. In the afternoon I preached at Oldham, to such a congregation as I have not seen since I was in the Cornish amphitheatre: and all, beside a few giddy children, were seriously attentive.

Monday 5, I preached at Northwich. I used to go on from hence to Little Leigh: but since Mr. Barker is gone hence, that place knows us no more. I cannot but wonder at the infatuation of men that really love and fear God, and yet leave great part of it, if not all their substance, to men that neither love nor fear him! Surely if I did little good with

my money while I lived, I would, at least, do good with it when I could live no longer.

Tuesday 6, I went to Mr. S——'s, at Nantwich, a nephew of Mr. Matthew S——, who was fifty years ago, one of our little company at Oxford, and was then both in person, in natural temper, and in piety, one of the loveliest young men I knew. Mr. Joseph S—— was then unborn, and was for many years without God in the world: but he is now as zealous in the works of God as he was once in the works of the devil. While I preached it was a season of strong consolation; but one young gentlewoman refused to be comforted. She followed me into Mr. S——'s all in tears, but would neither touch meat nor drink. After I had spent a little time in prayer, she broke out into prayer herself. And she did not cease till God turned her sorrow into joy unspeakable.

After preaching at Alpraham and Chester, on Wednesday I went on to Warrington. The proprietor of the new chapel had sent me word, that I was welcome to preach in it; but he had now altered his mind; so I preached in our own, and I saw not one inattentive hearer.

I preached at Liverpool in the evening and the next day; at Wigan on Friday; on Saturday and Sunday, at Bolton. Monday 12, I preached at Bury about one, and in the evening at Rochdale: now was the day of visitation for this town: the people were all on fire. Never was such a flame kindled here before, chiefly by the prayer-meetings scattered through the town. Tuesday 13, I preached at nine to a crowded audience in the new house at Bacup; at one, in the shell of the house at Paddiham, where there is at length a prospect of peace, after abundance of disturbance caused by one, who neither fears God nor reverences man. In the evening I preached at Colne; but the people were still in such a panic, that few durst go into the left-hand gallery. Wednesday 14, after a delightful ride through the mountains, I preached first in Todmorden, and then in Heptonstall church. I afterwards lodged at the Ewood, which I still love, for good Mr. Grimshaw's sake.

Thursday 15, I went to Halifax, where a little thing had lately occasioned great disturbance. An angel blowing a trumpet, was placed on the sounding-board over the pulpit. Many were vehemently against this; others as vehemently for it: but a total end was soon put to the contest, for the angel vanished away. The congregations, morning and evening, were very large; and the work of God seems to increase, in depth as well as extent.

Sunday 18, In the morning I preached in Haworth church; but in the afternoon, I could not; thousands upon thousands were gathered together, so that I was obliged to stand in the church-yard. And, I believe, all that stood still, were able to hear distinctly.

Monday 19, I preached in Bingley church to a numerous congregation. I dined with Mr. Busfield, in his little paradise; but it can give no happiness, unless God is there. Thence I went to Otley. Here also the work of God increases, particularly with regard to sanctification. And I think every one who has experienced it, retains a clear witness of what God has wrought.

Thursday 22, I was a little surprised at a passage in Dr. Smollet's History of England, Vol. xv. pp. 121, 122.

"*Imposture* and *fanaticism*, still hang upon the skirts of religion. Weak minds were seduced by the *delusions* of a *superstition*, stiled *Methodism*, raised upon the affectation of superior sanctity, and *pretensions* to divine illumination. Many thousands were infected with this enthusiasm, by the endeavours of a few, obscure preachers, such as Whitefield, and the two Wesleys, who found means to lay the whole kingdom under contribution."

Poor Dr. Smollet! Thus to transmit to all succeeding generations a whole heap of notorious falsehoods!

"*Imposture* and *fanaticism!*" Neither one nor the other had any share in the late revival of scriptural religion, which is no other than the love of God and man, gratitude to our Creator, and good-will to our fellow-creatures. Is this *delusion* and *superstition?* No, it is real wisdom; it is solid virtue. Does this fanaticism "hang upon the skirts of reli-

gion?" Nay, it is the very essence of it. Does the Doctor call this *enthusiasm*? Why? Because he knows nothing about it. Who told him that these "obscure preachers made *pretensions* to divine illumination?" How often has that silly calumny been refuted, to the satisfaction of all candid men? However, they "found means to lay the whole kingdom under contribution." So does this frontless man, blind and bold, stumble on without the least shadow of truth?

Mean time what faith can be given to his history? What credit can any man of reason give, to any fact, upon his authority?

In travelling this week, I looked over Baron Swedenborg's account of heaven and hell. He was a man of piety, of a strong understanding, and most lively imagination. But he had a violent fever when he was five-and-fifty years old, which quite overturned his understanding. Nor did he ever recover it; but it continued "majestic, though in ruins." From that time he was exactly in the state of that gentleman at Argos,

"*Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos,*
In vacuo lætus sessor, plausorq; theatro."

"Who wond'rous tragedies was wont to hear
Sitting alone in th' empty theatre."

His words therefore, from that time, were *ægri somnia*, the dreams of a disordered imagination; just as authentic as "Quevedo's Visions of Hell." Of this work in particular I must observe, that the doctrine contained therein, is not only quite unproved, quite precarious, from beginning to end, as depending entirely on the assertion of a single, brain-sick man; but that in many instances, it is contradictory to Scripture, to reason, and to itself. But over and above this, it contains many sentiments that are essentially and dangerously wrong. Such is that concerning the Trinity, for he roundly affirms God to be only one person who was crucified; so that he revives and openly asserts the long-exploded heresy of the Sabellians and Patripassians; yea, and that of

the Anthropomorphites, affirming, that God constantly appears in heaven in the form of a man. And the worst is, he flatly affirms, "None can go to heaven who believes there are three persons in the Godhead;" which is more than the most violent Arian or Socinian ever affirmed before.

Add to this, that his ideas of heaven are low, grovelling, just suiting a Mahometan paradise: and his account of it has a natural tendency to sink our conceptions, both of the glory of heaven and of the inhabitants of it; whom he describes as far inferior, both in holiness and happiness, to Gregory Lopez, or Monsieur De Renty. And his account of hell leaves nothing terrible in it: for, first, he quenches the unquenchable fire. He assures us there is no fire there: only he allows that the governor of it, the devil, sometimes orders the spirits that behave ill, to be "laid on a bed of hot ashes." And, secondly, he informs you, that all the damned enjoy their favourite pleasures. He that delights in filth, is to have his filth; yea, and his harlot too! Now how dreadful a tendency must this have, in such an age and nation as this? I wish those pious men, Mr. Clowes and Clotworty, would calmly consider these things, before they usher into the world any more of this mad-man's dreams.

Monday 26, I preached at Huddersfield, where there is a great revival of the work of God. Many have found peace with God: sometimes sixteen, eighteen, yea twenty in one day. So that the deadly wound they suffered, when their predestinarian brethren left them, is now fully healed; and they are not only more lively, but more in number than ever they were before.

Tuesday 27, I saw a melancholy sight indeed! One that ten years ago was clearly perfected in love, but was worried by Mr. ——, day and night, threaping him down, "he was in a delusion," that at length it drove him stark mad: and so he continues to this day. Observe! it was not perfection drove this man mad, but the incessant teasing him with doubtful disputations.

Wednesday 28, I had promised to preach at six in the morning, to the poor prisoners at Whiteley. Though the

ground was covered with snow, so many people flocked together, that I was constrained to preach in the court of the prison. The snow continued to fall, and the north-wind to whistle round us: but, I trust, God warmed many hearts.

I preached at Wakefield in the evening. Thursday 29, at Rothwell and Leeds, and on Friday noon at Harewood. In the afternoon we walked to Mr. Lascelles' house. It is finely situated on a little eminence, commanding a most delightful prospect, of hill and dale, and wood and water. It is built of a fine white stone, with two grand and beautiful fronts. I was not much struck with any thing within. There is too much sameness in all the great houses I have seen in England: two rows of large, square rooms, with costly beds, glasses, chairs, and tables: but here is a profusion of wealth; every pane of glass, we were informed, cost six and twenty shillings; one looking glass cost five hundred pounds, and one bed, six hundred. The whole floor was just on the plan of Montague-house, now the British Museum. The grounds round the house are pleasant, indeed, particularly the walks on the river-side, and through the woods. But what has the owner thereof, save the beholding them with his eyes!

Saturday, May 1, I looked over the first volume of Mr. Bryant's "Ancient Mythology." He seems to be a person of immense reading, and indefatigable industry: but I have two objections to the whole work: 1, That his discoveries being built chiefly on etymologies, carry no certainty in them. 2, That were they ever so certain, they are of no consequence. For instance: whether Chiron was a man or a mountain, and whether the Cyclops were giants or watch-towers, are points of no manner of importance either to me or any man living.

Sunday 2, Dr. Kershaw, the vicar of Leeds, desired me to assist him at the sacrament. It was a solemn season. We were ten clergymen, and seven or eight hundred communicants. Mr. Atkinson desired me to preach in the afternoon. Such a congregation had been seldom seen there: but I

preached to a much larger in our own house at five; and I found no want of strength.

Friday 7, After having visited the intermediate societies, I came to Darlington, and found some of the liveliest people in the north of England. All but one or two of the society are justified; great part of them partakers of the great salvation; and all of them seem to retain their first simplicity, and to be as teachable as little children.

Sunday 9, I preached in the market-place, and all the congregation behaved well, but a party of the queen's dragoons. Monday 10, I preached at Barnard-castle, and saw a quite different behaviour in the Durham militia, the handsomest body of soldiers I ever saw, except in Ireland. The next evening they all came, both officers and soldiers, and were a pattern to the whole congregation. In my journey to Brough, (where I preached at noon,) I read over a volume of Dr. Blair's sermons. He is an elegant, but not a deep writer; much resembling, but not equalling, Mr. Seed. I do not remember that any day in January, February, or March, was nearly so cold as this.

Wednesday 12, After preaching at Cuthburton and in Teesdale, I went a little out of my way to see one of the wonders of nature. The river Tees rushes down between two rocks, and falls sixty feet perpendicular, into a bason of water sixty feet deep. In the evening I preached to the lovely congregation in Weardale, and the next day went on to Newcastle.

Sunday 16, I preached at Gateshead-Fell in the morning, and in the new house, near Sheephill, at noon. Here the work of God greatly revives: many have been lately convinced of sin; and many are enabled from day to day to rejoice in God their Saviour.

Monday 17, About noon I preached at Shields, and in the evening at Sunderland. Tuesday 18, I read prayers and preached in Monk-Wearmouth church, and Thursday 20, returned to Newcastle. Sunday 23, in the morning I preached at Ballast-hills; about two, at the Fell; about five, at the Garth-heads. The congregation was double to

that at the Fell; and, I trust, God gave us a double blessing.

Monday 24, I preached at five in the orphan-house; about nine at Placey; at noon in the market-house at Morpeth. Many soldiers who were marching through the town, came in; and the power of the Lord was present to heal. In the evening I preached in the court-house at Alnwick, and at night was no more tired than in the morning.

Tuesday 25, We walked through the castle. Two of the rooms are more elegant than even those at Harewood-house. But it is not a profusion of ornaments; (they are exceedingly plain and simple) it is not an abundance of gold and silver, but a *je ne scai quoi* that strikes every person of taste.

In the evening I preached in the town-hall at Berwick. Many officers as well as soldiers were there: and the whole congregation seemed much affected. Shall we see fruit at Berwick also? Wednesday 26, we had such a congregation at Dunbar as I have not seen there for many years. Thursday 27, I went on to Edinburgh. I was agreeably surprised at the singing in the evening. I have not heard such female voices, so strong and clear, any where in England.

Friday 28, I went to Glasgow, and preached in the house; but the next evening by the river-side. Sunday 30, at seven I spoke exceedingly strong words in applying the Parable of the Sower. In the afternoon I went to the English chapel: but how was I surprised! Such decency have I seldom seen even at West-street, or the new-room in Bristol. 1, All, both men and women, were dressed plain: I did not see one high head. 2, No one took notice of any one, at coming in; but after a short ejaculation, sat quite still. 3, None spoke to any one during the service, nor looked either on one side or the other. 4, All stood, every man, woman, and child, while the psalms were sung. 5, Instead of an unmeaning voluntary, was an anthem, and one of the simplest and sweetest I ever heard. 6, The prayers, preceding a sound, useful sermon, were seriously and devoutly read. 7, After service, none bowed, or curtsied, or spoke, but went quietly and silently away.

After church I preached again by the river-side to a great multitude of serious people; I believe, full as many more as we had the Sunday before at Newcastle. Surely we shall not lose all our labour here.

Monday 31, I returned to Edinburgh, and June 1, set out on my northern journey. In the evening I preached at Dundee. The congregation was, as usual, very large and deeply *attentive*: but that was all: I did not perceive that any one was *affected* at all. I admire this people! So decent: so serious: and so perfectly unconcerned!

Wednesday 2, We went on to Arbroath, where was nearly as large a congregation as at Dundee, but nothing so serious; the poor Glassites here, pleading for a merely notional faith, greatly hinder either the beginning or the progress of any real work of God. Thursday 3, I preached at Aberdeen, to a people that can *feel* as well as *hear*. Friday 4, I set out for Inverness, and about eight preached at Inverary, to a considerable number of plain, country people, just like those we see in Yorkshire. My spirit was much refreshed among them, observing several of them in tears. Before we came to Strathbogie, (now new-named Huntley,) Mr. Brackenbury was much fatigued: so I desired him to go into the chaise, and rode forward to Keith.

Mr. Gordon, the minister, invited us to drink tea at his house. In the evening I went to the market-place. Four children, after they had stood a-while to consider, ventured to come near me: then a few men and women crept forward, till we had upwards of a hundred. At nine, on Sunday 6, I suppose they were doubled, and some of them seemed a little affected. I dined at Mr. Gordon's, who behaved in the most courteous, yea, and affectionate manner. At three I preached in the kirk, one of the largest I have seen in the kingdom, but very ruinous. It was thoroughly filled, and God was there in an uncommon manner. He sent forth his voice, yea, and that a mighty voice, so that, I believe, many of the stout-hearted trembled. In the evening I preached once more in the market-place, on those

awful words, *Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*

Monday 7, I came to Grange-Green, near Forres, about twelve o'clock: but I found the house had changed its master since I was here before, nine years ago. Mr. Grant, (who then lived here in his brother's house,) was now Sir Lodowick Grant, having succeeded to the title and estate of Sir Alexander, dying without issue: but his mind was not changed with his fortune; he received me with cordial affection, and insisted on my sending for Mrs. Smith and her little girl, whom I had left at Forres. We were all here as at home, in one of the most healthy and most pleasant situations in the kingdom; and I had the satisfaction to observe my daughter sensibly recovering her strength, almost every hour. In the evening all the family were called in to prayers, to whom I first expounded a portion of Scripture. Thus ended this comfortable day. So has God provided for us in a strange land.

Tuesday 8, I found another hearty welcome from Mr. Dunbar, the minister of Nairn. A little after ten I preached in his kirk, which was full from end to end. I have seldom seen a Scotch congregation so sensibly affected: indeed, it seemed that God smote the rocks, and brake the hearts of stone in pieces.

In the afternoon I reached Inverness, but found a new face of things there. Good Mr. Mackenzie had been for some years removed to Abraham's bosom. Mr. Fraser, his colleague, a pious man, of the old stamp, was likewise gone to rest. The three present ministers are of another kind; so that I have no more place in the kirk: and the wind and rain would not permit me to preach on the green: however, our house was large, though gloomy enough. Being now informed, (which I did not suspect before,) that the town was uncommonly given to drunkenness, I used the utmost plainness of speech, and, I believe, not without effect. I then spent some time with the society, increased from twelve to between fifty and sixty: many of these know in whom they have believed; and many are *going on to*

perfection: so that all the pains which have been taken to stop the work of God here, have hitherto been in vain.

Wednesday 9, We had another rainy day, so that I was again driven into the house: and again I delivered my own soul, to a larger congregation than before. In the morning we had an affectionate parting, perhaps, to meet no more. I am glad, however, that I have made three journies to Inverness. It has not been lost labour.

Between ten and eleven, I began preaching at Nairn. The house was pretty well filled again; and many more of the gentry were there, than were present on Tuesday. It pleased God to give me again liberty of speech, in opening and applying those words, *God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.* About two we reached Sir Lodowick Grant's. In the evening we had a very serious congregation. Afterwards I spent an hour very agreeably with the family, and two or three neighbouring gentlemen.

Friday 11, We did not stop at Keith, but went on to Strathbogie. Here we were in a clean, convenient house, and had every thing we wanted. All the family very willingly joined us in prayer. We then slept in peace.

Saturday 12, About one, I preached at Inverary, to a larger congregation than before, and was again refreshed with the simplicity and earnestness of the plain country people. In the evening I preached at Aberdeen. Sunday 13, I spoke as closely as I could, both morning and evening, and made a pointed application to the hearts of all that were present. I am convinced this is the only way whereby we can do any good in Scotland. This very day I heard many excellent truths delivered in the kirk; but as there was no application, it was likely to do as much good as the singing of a lark. I wonder the pious ministers in Scotland are not sensible of this. They cannot but see that, no sinners are convinced of sin, none converted to God, by this way of preaching. How strange it is then, that neither reason nor experience teaches them to take a better way!

Monday 14, I preached again at Arbroath; Tuesday 15,

at Dundee, and Wednesday 16, at Edinburgh. Thursday 17, I examined the society. In five years I found five members had been gained: ninety-nine being increased to a hundred and four. What then have our preachers been doing all this time? 1, They have preached four evenings in the week, and on Sunday mornings: the other mornings they have fairly given up. 2, They have taken great care not to speak too plainly, lest they should give offence. 3, When Mr. Brackenbury preached the old Methodist doctrine, one of them said, "You must not preach such doctrine here. The doctrine of Perfection is not calculated for the meridian of Edinburgh." Waving then all other hinderances, is it any wonder that the work of God has not prospered here?

On Friday and Saturday I preached with all possible plainness; and some appeared to be much stirred up. On Sunday 20, I preached at eight, and at half an hour past twelve; and God gave us a parting blessing.

I was in hopes of preaching abroad at Dunbar in the evening; but the rain would not permit. Monday 21, I preached in the court-house at Alnwick, and finding the people were greatly alarmed with the news of the French and Spanish fleets, I opened and applied, *Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him.* I believe, many laid hold on the promise, and were not a little comforted.

Tuesday 22, Finding the panic had spread to Newcastle, I strongly enforced those words, *The Lord sitteth above the water-floods: the Lord remaineth a king for ever.* Wednesday 23, I rested here. Lovely place; and lovely company: but, I believe, there is another world: therefore, I must *arise and go hence.*

Thursday 24, I preached at Stockton-upon-Tees at noon, and at Yarm in the evening. Friday 25, at two in the afternoon, I preached to a lovely congregation at Potto, and to such another at Hutton-Rudby. I was afterwards agreeably surprised in examining the select society. Many of them have been members thereof for nearly twenty years: and

not one of them has lost the pure love of God, ever since they first received it.

Saturday 26, After preaching at Stokesley and Gisborough, I went on to our loving, earnest brethren at Whitby; just of the same spirit with those at Darlington, in the opposite point of the circuit. Sunday 27, I preached at eight in the room, and at five in the market-place, to a large congregation: they were deeply attentive, but no more affected than the stones they stood upon.

Monday 28, I preached in the new preaching-house at Robin Hood's-Bay, and then went on to Scarborough. Tuesday 29, I spent agreeably and profitably with my old friends; and in my way to Bridlington, Wednesday 30, took a view of Flamborough-head; it is a huge rock, rising perpendicular from the sea to an immense height, which gives shelter to an innumerable multitude of sea-fowl of various kinds.

I preached in the evening at Bridlington, and afterwards heard a very uncommon instance of paternal affection. A gentleman of the town had a favourite daughter, whom he set up in a milliner's shop. Some time after she had a concern for her soul, and believed it her duty to enter into the society. Upon this her good father forbad her his house, demanding all the money he had laid out, and required her instantly to sell all her goods, in order to make the payment!

In this journey I looked over the "History of Whitby," in which are many curious things. Among others, there is an account of St. Ninian, a monk of Whitby Abbey, long before the Conquest. Here is also an account of the father of the Percy family; he came over with William the Conqueror, and took his name from a town in Normandy. So the pretty tale of *piercing the eye* of the Scotch King proves to be mere invention!

Thursday, July 1, This was the first of eighteen or twenty days, full as hot as any I remember in Georgia: and yet the season is remarkably healthy. I preached in Beverley at noon, and at Hull in the evening. Saturday 3, I reached Grimsby, and found a little trial. In this, and many other

parts of the kingdom, those striplings, who call themselves Lady Huntingdon's preachers, have greatly hindered the work of God. They have neither sense, courage, nor grace, to go and beat up the devil's quarters, in any place where Christ has not been named; but wherever we have entered, as by storm, and gathered a few souls, often at the peril of our lives, they creep in, and, by doubtful disputations, set every one's sword against his brother. One of these has just crept into Grimsby, and is striving to divide the poor little flock: but I hope his labour will be in vain, and they will still hold the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Sunday 4, I had designed to preach abroad at Lowth, but the rain drove us into the house. In the evening I expounded, and strongly applied, the story of Dives and Lazarus. The whole congregation, except a few poor gentlemen, behaved with decency.

Monday 5, I preached about eleven, at Langham-Row, to a congregation gathered from many miles round, on *How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!* As a great part of them were athirst for perfect love, they drank in every word. In the afternoon we went to Raithby: it is a small village, on the top of a hill. The shell of Mr. Brackenbury's house was just finished, near which he has built a little chapel. It was quickly filled with deeply serious hearers. I was much comforted among them, and could not but observe, while the landlord and his tenants were standing together, how

"Love, like death, makes all distinctions void."

Tuesday 6, After an absence of nearly twenty years, I once more visited poor Coningsby, and preached at eleven in their new preaching-house, to a plain, simple people. In the evening I took my usual stand, in the market-place, at Horncastle. The wild men were more quiet than usual, I suppose, because they saw Mr. Brackenbury standing by me, whom they knew to be in commission for the peace for this part of the county.

Wednesday 7, I preached at Sturton and Gainsborough;

and Thursday 8, at Scotter, where the poor people walk *in the fear of God, and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost.* In the evening I preached at Ouston, and on Friday 9, went on to Epworth. How true is this trite remark,

" *Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos,*
Ducit, et immemores non sinet esse sui!"

" The natal soil to all, how strangely sweet!
The place where first he breath'd, who can forget?"

In the evening I took my usual stand in the market-place, but had far more than the usual congregation. Saturday 10, taking a solitary walk in the church-yard, I felt the truth of, *One generation goeth, and another cometh.* See how the earth drops its inhabitants as the tree drops its leaves.

Sunday 11, About eight I preached at Misterton, and about one at Overthorpe; but good Alice Shadford was not there: she was long a mother in Israel, a burning and shining light, an unexceptionable instance of perfect love. After spending nearly a hundred years on earth, she was some months since transplanted to Paradise.

So general an out-pouring of God's Spirit we had seldom known, as we had at Epworth in the afternoon.

" Like mighty wind, or torrent fierce
It did opposers all o'errun."

O that they may no more harden their hearts, lest God should swear, *They shall not enter into my rest!*

Monday 12, I preached at Crowle, and afterwards searched the church-yard to find the tomb of Mr. Ashbourn: we could find nothing of it there: at length we found a large flat stone in the church: but the inscription was utterly illegible, the letters being filled up with dust: however, we made a shift to pick it out, and then read as follows:

" Here lieth the body of Mr. Solomon Ashbourn. He died in 1711, and solemnly bequeathed the following verses to his parishioners:

" Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears,

ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye—Acts vii. 51.

"I have laboured in vain: I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God—Isaiah xlix. 4."

But that generation, which was abandoned to all wickedness, is gone; so are most of their children: and there is reason to hope, that the curse entailed on them and their children is gone also; for there is now a more lively work of God here than in any of the neighbouring places.

Tuesday 13, About noon I preached at Swinfleet, under the shade of some tall elms. At six in the evening I preached on the green, at Thorne, to a multitude of people. The work of God goes on swiftly here; many are awakened, many converted to God. Wednesday 14, I preached to an elegant congregation at Doncaster; in the evening, to a numerous one at Rotherham. Thursday 15, I preached in Paradise-square, at Sheffield, to the largest congregation I ever saw on a week day. Friday 16, I preached in the evening at Derby, to many genteel and many plain people. Saturday 17, I preached at noon in Castle-Donnington, but in the open air, for there was no enduring the house: yet they persuaded me to preach within at Nottingham, in the evening; but the house was as hot as an oven. Sunday 18, I made shift to preach in the room at eight; but at five I went to the Cross. We had a London congregation, and all as well behaved as if they had been in Moorfields.

One who had left us, to join the Quakers, desired to be present at the love-feast; in the close of which, being able to contain himself no longer, he broke out and declared, he must join us again. I went home with him, and after spending some time in prayer, left him full of love and thankfulness.

Monday 19, At five our house was quite filled with people, and with the presence of God. Farewel, ye loving, lovely followers of the Lamb. May ye still adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour!

About nine I preached in the market-place at Loughbo-

rough; about noon at Griffy-dam; and in the evening at Ashby. Tuesday 20, I preached in Markfield church about noon, and in the evening at Leicester, where we had an exceeding solemn time, while I described the Son of Man coming in his glory.

Wednesday 21, The house was filled at five, and we had another solemn opportunity. About eight, calling at Hinckley, I was desired to preach; as also at Forcell, ten or twelve miles farther. When I came to Coventry I found notice had been given for my preaching in the park, but the heavy rain prevented. I sent to the mayor, desiring the use of the town-hall: he refused, but the same day gave the use of it to a dancing-master. I then went to the womens'-market. Many soon gathered together, and listened with all seriousness. I preached there again the next morning, Thursday 22, and again in the evening: then I took coach for London: I was nobly attended: behind the coach were ten convicted felons, loudly blaspheming and rattling their chains: by my side sat a man with a loaded blunderbuss, and another upon the coach.

Sunday 25, Both the chapels were full enough. On Monday I retired to Lewisham to write.

Tuesday, August 3, Our Conference began, which continued and ended in peace and love. Sunday 8, I was at West-street in the morning, and at the new chapel in the evening, when I took a solemn leave of the affectionate congregation. This was the last night which I spent at the Foundry. What hath God wrought there in one and forty years!

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. XIX.

FROM AUGUST 9, 1779, TO SEPTEMBER 3, 1782.

MONDAY, August 9, I set out for Wales, with my brother and his family. In the evening I preached at Oxford; the next at Witney. Wednesday, we went on to Gloucester, where I preached with much satisfaction to a crowded audience. Thursday 12, we went on to Monmouth, where the late storm is blown over. I preached at six in the evening; but did not observe one inattentive person then, any more than at five in the morning.

Friday 13, As I was going down a steep pair of stairs, my foot slipped, and I fell down several steps: falling on the edge of one of them, it broke the case of an almanack, which was in my pocket, all to pieces: the edge of another stair met my right buckle, and snapt the steel chape of it in two; but I was not hurt. So doth our good Master give his angels charge over us! In the evening I preached at Brecknock, and, leaving my brother there, on Saturday 14, went forward to Caermarthen.

This evening, and in the morning, Sunday 15, the new preaching-house contained the congregation: but, in the afternoon, we had, I think, the largest congregation I ever

saw in Wales. I preached on the Gospel for the day, the story of the Pharisee and the Publican; and, I believe, many were constrained to cry out for the present, *God, be merciful to me a sinner!*

Monday 16, In the evening I preached in the market-place again to a very serious congregation, many of whom were in tears, and felt the word of God to be sharper than a two-edged sword.

Tuesday 17, Having some steep mountains to climb, I took a pair of post-horses. About four miles from the town, one of them began to kick and flounce, without any visible cause, till he got one of his legs over the pole. Mr. Broadbent and I then came out of the chaise, and walked forward. While the drivers were setting the chaise right, the horses ran back almost to the town; so that we did not reach Llynguare till between two and three o'clock. Mr. Bowen was not returned from a journey to Glasgow; however, I spent a very comfortable evening with Mrs. Bowen and the rest of the family.

Wednesday 18, I preached about ten in Newport church, and then we went on to Haverford-West. Here we had a very different congregation, both as to number and spirit; and we found the society striving together for the hope of the gospel. Thursday 19, we went over to Fracoon, one of the loveliest places in Great-Britain. The house stands in a deep valley, surrounded with tall woods, and them with lofty mountains: but as Admiral Vaughan was never married, this ancient family will soon come to an end. At two I preached in Newport church, and in the evening at Haverford.

Friday 20, Many of us met at noon, and spent a solemn hour in intercession for our king and country. In the evening, the house was throughly filled with people of all denominations. I believe, they all felt that God was there, and that he was no respecter of persons.

Saturday 21, I went to Pembroke. Understanding that a large number of American prisoners were here, in the evening I took my stand over against the place where they were

confined, so that they all could hear distinctly. Many of them seemed much affected. O that God may set their souls at liberty!

Sunday 22, Mr. Rees, a neighbouring clergyman, assisting me, I began at St. Daniel's between nine and ten. The congregation came from many miles round, and many of them were greatly refreshed. While we rode to Haverford after dinner, I think it was full as hot as it uses to be in Georgia, till, about five o'clock, a violent shower exceedingly cooled the air: but it ceased in half an hour, and we had then such a congregation as was scarcely ever seen here before: and though many of the gentry were there, yet a solemn awe spread over the whole assembly.

Monday 23, I came once more to Caermarthen. Finding the people here, (as indeed in every place,) under a deep consternation, through the terrible reports which flew on every side, I cried aloud in the market-place, *Say ye unto the righteous, it shall be well with him.* God made it a word in season to them, and many were no longer afraid.

Tuesday 24, Setting out immediately after preaching, about eight I preached at Kidwelly, about nine miles from Caermarthen, to a very civil and unaffected congregation. At eleven, though the sun was intensely hot, I stood at the end of the church-yard in Llanelly, and took occasion, from a passing-bell, strongly to enforce those words, *It is appointed unto men once to die.* About six I preached at Swansey to a large congregation, without feeling any weariness.

Wednesday 25, I preached at five, and about eight in the town-hall at Neath. In the afternoon I preached in the church near Bridge-end, to a larger congregation than I ever saw there before; and at six in the town-hall at Cowbridge, much crowded, and hot enough. The heat made it a little more difficult to speak; but, by the mercy of God, I was no more tired when I had done, than when I rose in the morning.

Thursday 26, I preached at five, and again at eleven.

I think this was the happiest time of all: the poor and the rich seemed to be equally affected. Oh! how are the times changed at Cowbridge, since the people compassed the house where I was, and poured in stones from every quarter: but my strength was then according to my day, and, (blessed be God!) so it is still.

In the evening I preached in the large hall at Mr. Matthews' in Landaff. And will the rich also hear the words of eternal life! *With God all things are possible.*

Friday 27, I preached at Cardiff about noon, and at six in the evening. We then went on to Newport, and setting out early in the morning, reached Bristol in the afternoon. Sunday 29, I had a very large number of communicants. It was one of the hottest days I have known in England. The thermometer rose to eighty degrees: as high as it usually rises in Jamaica.

Being desired to visit a dying man on Kingsdown, I had no time but at two o'clock. The sun shone without a cloud, so that I had a warm journey: but I was well repaid; for the poor sinner found peace. At five I preached to an immense multitude in the square: and God comforted many drooping souls.

Monday 30, I set out for the West, and in the evening preached at Taunton, on *Walk worthy of the Lord.* Tuesday 31, after preaching at Collumpton about noon, in the evening I preached at Exeter, in a convenient room, lately a school: I suppose, formerly a chapel. It is both neat and solemn, and is believed to contain four or five hundred people. Many were present again at five in the morning, September 1, and found it a comfortable opportunity. Here a gentleman, just come from Plymouth, gave us a very remarkable account. "For two days the combined fleets of France and Spain lay at the mouth of the harbour. They might have entered it with perfect ease. The wind was fair: there was no fleet to oppose them: and the island, which is the grand security of the place, being incapable of giving them any hinderance: for there was scarcely any

garrison, and the few men that were there had no wadding at all, and but two rounds of powder. But had they not cannon? Yes, in abundance: but only two of them were mounted! Why then did they not go in, destroy the dock, and burn, or at least plunder the town? I believe, they could hardly tell themselves. The plain reason was, the bridle of God was in their teeth: and he had said, 'Hitherto shall ye come, and no farther.'"

After preaching at Tiverton, Halberton, Taunton, and South-Brent in the way, on Saturday 4, I returned to Bristol.

Sunday 5, Being willing to make the best of the fine weather, I preached at eight on the Quay, on *The Lord sitteth above the water-floods: the Lord remaineth a king for ever.* At ten I began the service at Kingswood, and in the afternoon preached in the avenue to a multitude of people; but we had five or six times as many at King's-square: and great was our rejoicing in the Lord.

Monday 6, I preached on David's prayer, *Lord, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness.* And how remarkably has he heard this prayer with regard to the French Ahithophels! Wednesday 8, I preached at Paulton, where the people are still all alive: and the society is still as one family: consequently it increases both in grace and number. At six I preached at Pensford, and spent a pleasant evening with the lovely family at Publow. Where is there such another? I cannot tell: I doubt, not in Great-Britain or Ireland.

Sunday 12, I found it work enough to read prayers, and preach, and administer the sacrament, to several hundreds of people: but it was comfortable work; and I was no more tired at the end than at the beginning.

Monday 13, I preached at Bath and Bradford: on Tuesday at the end of the new house in Frome. Wednesday 15, I preached at Malcom and Shaftsbury: Thursday 16, at Shepton-Mallet. Here also, as well as at Paulton, (the two most unlikely places in the circuit,) a spreading flame is

kindled. I preached at Coleford in the evening. Among this plain, simple people, the power of God is always present.

Sunday 19, The rain would not suffer me to preach abroad. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday I examined the society, and found a large number had been called home this year. A few are still tottering over the grave: but death hath lost its sting.

Thursday 23, I preached in the afternoon near the Fish-ponds. The people here had been remarkably dead for many years; but since that saint of God, Bathsheba Hall, with her husband, came among them, a flame is broke out: the people flock together in troops, and are athirst for all the promises of God.

In the evening one sat behind me in the pulpit at Bristol, who was one of our first masters at Kingswood. A little after he left the school he likewise left the society: riches then flowed in upon him; with which, having no relations, Mr. Spenser designed to do much good—after his death. *But God said unto him, Thou fool!* Two hours after, he died intestate, and left all his money to—be scrambled for!

Reader! If you have not done it already, make your will before you sleep!

Friday 24, James Gerrish, junior, of Road, near Frome, was, for several years, zealous for God: but he too grew rich, and grew lukewarm, till he was seized with a consumption. At the approach of death, he was *horribly afraid;* he was *in the lowest darkness and in the deep:* but *he cried unto God in his trouble,* and was *delivered out of his distress.* He was filled with peace and joy unspeakable, and so continued till he went to God. His father desired I would preach his funeral sermon, which I accordingly did this day at Road. I concluded the busy day with a comfortable watch-night at Kingswood.

Monday 27, I preached at Pill. On Wednesday I opened the new chapel in Guinea-street. Thursday 30, I preached at Amesbury, on Communion with God, while deep awe sat on the face of all the people. Friday,

October 1, I took a solemn leave of the children at Kingswood. Several of them have been convinced of sin again and again; but they soon trifled their convictions away. Sunday 3, I preached once more in the square, to a multitude of people; and afterward spent a solemn hour with the society, in renewing our covenant with God.

Monday 4, I left Bristol, preached at the Devizes at eleven, and in the evening at Sarum. Tuesday 5, I preached at Whitchurch, where many, even of the rich, attended, and behaved with much seriousness. Wednesday 6, at eleven I preached in Winchester, where there are four thousand five hundred French prisoners. I was glad to find they have plenty of wholesome food, and are treated, in all respects, with great humanity.

In the evening I preached at Portsmouth Common. Thursday 7, I took a view of the camp adjoining to the town, and wondered to find it as clean and neat as a gentleman's garden. But there was no chaplain. The English soldiers of this age have nothing to do with God!

Friday 8, We took chaise as usual, at two, and about eleven came to Cobham. Having a little leisure, I thought I could not employ it better, than in taking a walk through the gardens. They are said to take up four hundred acres, and are admirably well laid out. They far exceed the celebrated gardens at Stow; and that in several respects. 1, In situation, lying on a much higher hill, and having a finer prospect from the house. 2, In having a natural river, clear as crystal, running beneath and through them. 3, In the buildings therein, which are fewer indeed, but far more elegant: yea, and far better kept, being nicely clean, which is sadly wanting at Stow: and, lastly, In the rock work: to which nothing of the kind at Stow is to be compared.

This night I lodged in the new house at London. How many more nights have I to spend there?

Monday 11, I began my little tour into Northamptonshire. In the evening I preached at Stony-Stratford: the next day at Hanslope, and at Morton, a little mile from Buck-

ingham. Wednesday 13, having so lately seen Stourhead and Cobham gardens, I was now desired to take a view of the much more celebrated gardens at Stow. The first thing I observed was the beautiful water which runs through the gardens to the front of the house. The tufts of trees, placed on each side of this, are wonderfully pleasant: and so are many of the walks and glades through the woods, which are disposed with a fine variety. The large pieces of water interspersed, give a fresh beauty to the whole. Yet there are several things which must give disgust to any person of common sense. 1, The buildings, called temples, are most miserable, many of them both within and without. Sir John Vanbrugh's is an ugly, clumsy lump, hardly fit for a gentleman's stable. 2, The temples of Venus and Bacchus, though large, have nothing elegant in the structure: and the paintings in the former, representing a lewd story, are neither well designed, nor executed: those in the latter are quite faded, and most of the inscriptions vanished away. 3, The statues are full as coarse as the paintings; particularly those of Apollo and the Muses, whom a person, not otherwise informed, might take to be nine cook-maids. 4, Most of the water in the ponds is dirty and thick as puddle. 5, It is childish affectation to call things here by Greek or Latin names, as Styx, and the Elysian fields. 6, It was ominous for my Lord to entertain himself and his noble company in a grotto built on the bank of Styx, that is, on the brink of hell. 7, The river on which it stands is a black, filthy puddle, exactly resembling a common sewer. 8, One of the stateliest monuments is taking down, the Egyptian pyramid; and no wonder, considering the two inscriptions, which are still legible: the one

"Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor: neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te præter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur!"

The other,

"Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:

Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas."

Upon the whole, I cannot but prefer Cobham gardens to those at Stow: for, 1, The river at Cobham shames all the ponds at Stow: 2, There is nothing at Stow comparable to the walk near the wheel, which runs up the side of a steep hill, quite grotesque and wild. 3, Nothing in Stow gardens is to be compared to the large temple, the pavillion, the antique temple, the grotto, or the building at the head of the garden: nor to the neatness which runs through the whole.

But there is nothing even at Cobham to be compared, 1, To the beautiful cross at the entrance of Stourhead gardens. 2, To the vast body of water. 3, The rock-work grotto. 4, The temple of the sun. 5, The hermitage. Here too every thing is nicely clean, as well as in full preservation: add to this, that all the gardens hang on the sides of a semicircular mountain; and there is nothing, either at Cobham or Stow, which can balance the advantage of such a situation.

On this and the two following evenings, I preached at Whittlebury, Towcester, and Northampton. On Saturday I returned to London.

Monday 18, I set out for Sussex, and, after visiting the societies there, returned to London on Saturday 23. I was in hopes, by bringing her with me, to save the life of Miss A., of Ewhurst, far gone in a consumption: but she was too far gone; so that though that journey helped her for a while, yet she quickly relapsed, and soon after died in peace.

Sunday 24, I preached a charity sermon in Shadwell church. I spoke with all possible plainness: and, surely, some out of an immense multitude will receive the truth, and bring forth fruit with patience.

Monday 25, I set out for Norwich. Tuesday 26, I went on to Yarmouth; on Wednesday to Lowestoffe, on Friday to Loddon. Saturday 30, I came to Norwich again.

Monday, November 1, I crossed over to Lynn, and

settled the little affairs there; on Wednesday 3, went on to Colchester, and on Friday to London. Saturday 5, I began examining the society, which usually employes me eleven or twelve days.

Saturday 13, I had the pleasure of an hour's conversation with Mr. G., one of the members of the first congress in America. He unfolded a strange tale indeed. How has poor K. G. been betrayed on every side! But this is our comfort: there is one higher than they: and he will command all things to work together for good.

The following week I examined the rest of our society, but did not find such an increase as I expected: nay, there was a considerable decrease, plainly owing to a senseless jealousy that had crept in between our preachers, which had grieved the Holy Spirit of God, and greatly hindered his work.

Monday 22, My brother and I set out for Bath, on a very extraordinary occasion. Some time since, Mr. Smyth, a clergyman, whose labours God had greatly blessed in the North of Ireland, brought his wife over to Bath, who had been, for some time, in a declining state of health. I desired him to preach every Sunday evening in our chapel, while he remained there; but, as soon as I was gone, Mr. M'Nab, one of our preachers, vehemently opposed that, affirming it was the common cause of all the lay preachers; that they were appointed by the Conference, not by *me*, and would not suffer the clergy to ride over their heads: Mr. Smyth in particular, of whom he said all manner of evil. Others warmly defended him. Hence the society was torn in pieces, and thrown into the utmost confusion.

Tuesday 23, I read to the society a paper which I wrote nearly twenty years ago, on a like occasion. Herein I observed, that "the Rules of our Preachers were fixed by *me*, before any Conference existed," particularly the twelfth: "Above all, you are to preach *when* and *where* I appoint." By obstinately opposing which rule, Mr. M'Nab has made all this uproar. In the morning, at a meeting of the preachers, I informed Mr. M'Nab, that as he did not agree to our

fundamental rule, I could not receive him as one of our preachers, till he was of another mind.

Wednesday 24, I read the same paper to the society at Bristol, as I found the flame had spread thither also. A few at Bath separated from us on this account; but the rest were thoroughly satisfied: so, on Friday 26, I took coach again, and on Saturday reached London.

In this journey, I read Dr. Warner's History of Ireland, from its first settlement to the English conquest; and, after calm deliberation, I make no scruple to pronounce it a mere senseless romance. I do not believe one leaf of it is true from the beginning to the end. I totally reject the authorities on which he builds: I will not take Flagherty's, or Keating's word for a farthing. I doubt not, Ireland was, before the christian æra, full as barbarous as Scotland or England. Indeed, it appears, from their own accounts, that the Irish, in general, were continually plundering and murdering each other, from the earliest ages to that period: and so they were ever since, by the account of Dr. Warner himself, till they were restrained by the English. How then were they converted by St. Patrick? (cousin-german to St. George!) To what religion? Not to christianity. Neither in his age, nor the following, had they the least savour of christianity, either in their lives or their tempers.

Sunday 28, I preached a charity sermon, at St. Peter's, Cornhill. Monday 29, I visited the societies in Kent, and returned on Saturday.

Sunday, December 5, In applying those words, *What could I have done for my vineyard which I have not done?* I found such an uncommon pouring out of the convincing Spirit, as we have not known for many years. In the evening, the same Spirit enabled me strongly to exhort a numerous congregation to *Come boldly to the throne of grace, and to make all their requests known unto God with thanksgiving.*

Tuesday 7, I preached in Rotherithe chapel, a cold, uncomfortable place, to a handful of people, who appeared to be just as much affected as the benches they sat upon.

Thursday 9, in speaking on those words, *Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live*, I took occasion to exhort all who had not done it already, to settle their temporal affairs without delay. Let not any man who reads these words put it off a day longer!

Monday 13, I retired to Lewisham and settled the society-book. Fifty-seven members of the society have died this year, and none of them *as a fool dieth*. An hundred and seventy have left the society. Such are the fruits of senseless prejudice.

Saturday 25. We began the service at the new chapel, as usual, at four in the morning: afterwards I read prayers and preached, and administered the Lord's-Supper at West-street: in the afternoon I preached at the new chapel again; then met the society, and afterwards the married men and women; but after this, I was no more tired than when I rose in the morning.

Wednesday 29, Mr. Hatton, lately come from America, gave us an account of his strange deliverance. He was collector of the customs for the eastern ports of Maryland, and zealous for King George: therefore the rebels resolved to dispatch him, and a party was sent for that purpose, under one Simpson, who owed him five hundred pounds. But first he sent him the following note:

"SIR,

"We are resolved to have you, dead or alive: so we advise you to give yourself up, that you may give us no more trouble. I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant."

Mr. Hatton not complying with this civil advice, a party of rifle-men was sent to take him. He was just going out, when a child told him they were at hand, and had only time to run and get into a hollow, which was under the house. The maid clapped to the trap-door, and covered it over with flax. They searched the house from top to bottom; opened all the closets; turned up the beds; and, finding nothing, went away. He was scarcely come out, when

another party beset the house, and came so quick, that he had but just time to get in again. And the maid, not having flax enough at hand, covered the door with foul linen. When these also had wearied themselves with searching and went away, he put on his boots and great coat, took a gun and a rug, (it being a sharp frost) and crept into a little marsh near the house. A third party came quickly, swearing he must be about the house, and they would have him if he were alive. Hearing this, he stole away with full speed, and lay down near the sea-shore between two hillocks, covering himself with sea-weeds. They came so near that he heard one of them swear, "If I find him, I will hang him on the next tree." Another answered, "I will not stay for that: I will shoot him the moment I see him."

After some time, finding they were gone, he lifted up his head, and heard a shrill whistle from a man fifty or sixty yards off. He soon knew him to be a deserter from the rebel army. He asked Mr. H. what he designed to do? who answered, "Go in my boat to the English ships, which are four or five and twenty miles off." But the rebels had found and burned the boat. So knowing their life was gone, if they stayed till the morning, they got into a small canoe, (though liable to overset with a puff of wind) and set off from shore. Having rowed two or three miles, they stopped at a little island, and made a fire, being almost perished with cold. But they were quickly alarmed by a boat rowing toward the shore. Mr. Hatton standing up, said, "We have a musket and a fusee. If you load one, as fast as I discharge the other, I will give a good account of them all." He then stepped to the shore, and bade the rowers stop and tell him who they were: Declaring he would fire among them, if any man struck another stroke. Upon their answering, he found they were friends, being six more deserters from the rebel army: so they gladly came on shore and brought provisions with them, to those who before had neither meat nor drink. After refreshing themselves, they all went into the boat, and cheerfully rowed to the English ships.

Friday 31, We concluded the year at West-street, with a solemn watch-night. Most of the congregation stayed till the beginning of the year, and cheerfully sang together,

"Glory to God, and thanks, and praise,
Who kindly lengthens out our days," &c.

Sunday, January 2, 1780, We had the largest congregation at the renewal of our covenant with God, which ever met upon the occasion. And we were thoroughly convinced, that God was not departed from us: he never will, unless we first depart from him.

Tuesday 18, Receiving more and more accounts of the increase of popery, I believed it to be my duty to write a letter concerning it, which was afterwards inserted in the public papers. Many were grievously offended, but I cannot help it; I must follow my own conscience.

Saturday 22, I spent an hour or two very agreeably, in Sir Ashton Lever's Museum. It does not equal the British Museum in size, nor is it constructed on so large a plan, as it contains no manuscripts, no books, no antiquities, nor any remarkable works of art. But I believe, for natural curiosities, it is not excelled by any museum in Europe. And all the beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects, are admirably well ranged and preserved; so that if you saw many of them elsewhere, you would imagine they were alive! The hippopotamos, in particular, looks as fierce as if he were just coming out of the river; and the old lion appears as formidable now, as when he was stalking in the tower.

Sunday 28, In the evening I retired to Lewisham to prepare matter, (who would believe it?) for a monthly magazine.

Friday, February 4, Being the national fast, I preached first at the new chapel, and then at St. Peter's, Cornhill. What a difference in the congregation! Yet out of these stones God can raise up children to Abraham.

Thursday 17, I preached at Dorking, and could not but reflect, in this room I lodged the first time I saw poor Mr. Ireland; emphatically poor! poor beyond expression; though he left fourscore thousand pounds behind him!

Thursday 24, I met the building committee, according to whose representation our income at last nearly answers our expences. If so it will clear itself in a few years.

Monday 28, Taking the post-coach, I reached Newbury time enough to preach to a crowded audience. Tuesday 29, and Wednesday, I preached at Bath, where brotherly love is now restored.

Thursday, March 2, I went to Bristol, and enjoyed much peace among a quiet, loving people. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I examined the society, and had reason to rejoice over them.

Monday 13, I set out for the north, and in the evening preached at Stroud, where is a considerable increase of the work of God. Tuesday 14, I preached in the church at Pitchcomb, but it would by no means contain the congregation. In the evening I preached at Tewkesbury; and on Wednesday 15, at Worcester, to a very serious congregation. Thursday 16, about noon, I began preaching at Bewdly, in an open space, at the head of the town. The wind was high and exceedingly sharp, but no one seemed to regard it: in the middle of the sermon came a man beating a drum; but a gentleman of the town soon silenced him. Friday 17, about noon I preached at Bengeworth church, to the largest congregation I ever saw there; and in Pebworth church about six, to a larger congregation than I had seen there before. I found uncommon liberty in applying those words, (perhaps a last warning to the great man of the parish, Mr. Martin,) *Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*

Saturday 18, I went on to Birmingham; and Sunday 19, preached at eight in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon; in the evening at Wednesbury. Monday 20, I reached Congleton, and preached to a lively congregation on our Lord's words, *Lazarus, come forth!* Tuesday 21, I preached in the new chapel at Macclesfield. Thursday 23, at Stockport and Manchester.

On Good-Friday, I preached at seven in Manchester; about one, in Oldham; and in Manchester at six. Satur-

day 25, I went on to Bolton, where the work of God is continually increasing. On Easter-day I set out for Warrington. Mr. Harmer read prayers both morning and afternoon. We had a large congregation in the morning, as many as the church could well contain in the afternoon, and more than it could contain in the evening. At last there is reason to hope, that God will have a steady people even in this wilderness.

The next evening, when a few of the society were met together, the power of God came mightily upon them; some fell to the ground; some cried aloud for mercy; some rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Two or three found a clear sense of the love of God; one gay young woman in particular, who was lately much prejudiced against this way, but is now filled with joy unspeakable.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I spent at Liverpool, being undetermined whether to proceed or not. At length I yielded to the advice of my friends, and deferred my journey to Ireland: so I preached at Northwich about noon; and in the evening at Alpringham, in the midst of all the old Methodists. We had a very different congregation at Nantwich in the evening: but as many as could get into the house, or near the door, behaved very seriously.

Saturday, April 1, I returned to Chester, and found many alive to God, but scarcely one that retained his pure love. Sunday 2, I reached Warrington about ten: the chapel was well filled with serious hearers; and I believe God confirmed the word of his grace. Hastening back to Chester, I found a numerous congregation waiting, and immediately began, *This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*

Monday 3, I returned to Manchester; and Tuesday 4, strongly applied, *What could I have done for my vineyard, which I have not done?* At present there are many here that bring forth good grapes, but many swiftly increase in goods. And I fear very few sufficiently watch and pray that they may not set their hearts upon them.

Wednesday 5, I preached at Bolton. Thursday 6, about

noon, at Bury; and at Rochdale in the evening. Friday 7, I went to Delf, a little village upon the mountains, where a remarkable work of God is just broken out. I was just set down, when the minister sent me word, I was welcome to preach in his church. On hearing this, many people walked thither immediately, nearly a mile from the town; but in ten minutes he sent word his mind was changed. We knew not then what to do till the trustees of the Independent Meeting offered us the use of their house. It was quickly filled, and truly God bore witness to his word. In the evening I preached at Huddersfield.

Saturday 8, About noon, I opened the new house at Mirfield, and in the evening preached at Daw-Green. Sunday 9, I went on to Birstal, and took my stand at the front of the house, though the north-east wind whistled round about. I preached again between four and five, pointing them to the great Bishop and Shepherd of their souls.

Monday 10, I preached in the prison at Whitelee; in the evening at Morely, and on Tuesday morning at Cross-hall. The family here are much grown in grace since I saw them last. Most of them now enjoy the great salvation, and walk worthy of their vocation. And all around them *see their good works, and glorify their Father which is in heaven.*

In the evening I preached to a very genteel congregation at Wakefield. Wednesday 12, after preaching at Rothwell, I enquired what was become of that lovely class of little girls, most of them believers, whom I met here a few years since? I found, those of them that had pious parents remain to this day. But all of them whose parents did not fear God, are gone back into the world.

In the evening I preached in the new house at Leeds. Thursday 13, I opened the new house at Hunslet. On Friday I preached at Woodhouse. Sunday 16, our house at Leeds was full at eight; yet every one heard distinctly. In the afternoon I preached at the old church; but a considerable part of the people could not hear: indeed the church is remarkably ill constructed: had it been built with com-

mon sense, all that were in it, and even more, might have heard every word.

Monday 17, I left Leeds in one of the roughest mornings I have ever seen. We had rain, hail, snow, and wind in abundance. About nine I preached at Bramley; between one and two at Pudsey. Afterwards I walked to Fulnack, the German settlement. Mr. Moore shewed us the house, chapel, hall, lodging-rooms, the apartments of the widows, the single men, and single women. He shewed us likewise the work-shops of various kinds, with the shops for grocery, drapery, mercery, hardware, &c. with which, as well as with bread from their bake-house, they furnish the adjacent country. I see not what but the mighty power of God can hinder them from acquiring millions: as they, 1, Buy all materials with ready money at the best hand. 2, Have above a hundred young men, above fifty young women, many widows, and above a hundred married persons, all of whom are employed from morning to night, without any intermission, in various kinds of manufactures, not for journeymen's wages, but for no wages at all, save a little very plain food and raiment. As they have, 3, A quick sale for all their goods, and sell them all for ready money. But can they lay up treasure on earth, and at the same time lay up treasure in heaven?

In the evening I preached at Bradforth, where I was well pleased to find many, both men and women, who had never suffered any decay since they were perfected in love. Wednesday 19, I went to Otley, but Mr. Ritchie was dead before I came: but he had first witnessed a good confession. One telling him, "You will be better soon." He replied, "I cannot be better; for I have God in my heart. I am happy, happy, happy in his love." Mr. Wilson, the vicar, after a little hesitation, consented, that I should preach his funeral sermon: this I did to-day. The text he had chosen was, *To you that believe he is precious.* Perhaps such a congregation had hardly been in Otley church before! Surely the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass!

Sunday 23, Mr. Richardson being unwilling that I should preach any more in Haworth church, Providence opened another: I preached in Bingley church, both morning and afternoon: this is considerably larger than the other. It rained hard in the morning: this hindered many, so that those who did come, got in pretty well in the forenoon; but in the afternoon very many were obliged to go away.

After preaching at several other places on Monday and Tuesday, Wednesday 26, I preached in Heptonstall church, well filled with serious hearers. In the evening I preached near Tadmorden, in the heart of the mountains. One would wonder where all the people came from. Thursday 27, I preached in Todmorden church, with great enlargement of heart. In the afternoon we went into Blackburn: it seemed the whole town was moved. But the question was, where to put the congregation. We could not stand abroad because of the sun: so, as many as could, squeezed into the preaching-house. All the chief men of the town were there. It seems as if the last will be first.

Sunday 30, We had a lovely congregation at Colne, but a much larger at one and at five. Many of them came ten or twelve miles; but I believe not in vain. God gave them a good reward for their labour.

Monday, May 1, We reached Graffington about ten: the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad. It was fair all the time I was preaching, but afterwards rained much. At Pateley-bridge, the vicar offered me the use of his church: though it was more than twice as large as our preaching-house, it was not near large enough to contain the congregation. How vast is the increase of the work of God! particularly in the most rugged and uncultivated places! How does he send the springs of grace also into the vallies that run among the hills!

Tuesday 2, We came to Ripon, and observed a remarkable turn of Providence. The great hinderance of the work of God in this place, has suddenly disappeared: and the poor people, being delivered from their fear, gladly flock together to hear his word. The new preaching-house was

quickly more than filled. Surely some of them will not be forgetful hearers!

In the afternoon we travelled through a delightful country; the more so, when contrasted with the horrid mountains. The immense ruins of Garvaix Abbey shew what a stately pile it was once. Though we were at a lone house, a numerous congregation assembled in the evening; on whom I enforced, *This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.*

Wednesday 3, Judging it impracticable to pass the mountains in a carriage, I sent my chaise round, and took horse. At twelve I preached at Swaledale, to a loving people, increasing both in grace and number. Thence we crossed over another range of dreary mountains, and in the evening reached Barnard-castle. Not being yet inured to riding, I now felt something like weariness: but I forgot it in the lively congregation, and in the morning it was gone.

Thursday 4, About eight I preached to a serious congregation at Cuthbertson, and about one at Newbiggin in Teesdale. We doubted, how we should get over the next mountain, the famous Pikelow, after so long and heavy rains; but I scarcely ever remember our getting over it so well. We found the people in Weardale, as usual, some of the liveliest in the kingdom, knowing nothing and desiring to know nothing, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Friday 5, Notice having been given, without my knowledge, of my preaching at Ninthead, all the lead-miners that could, got together, and I declared to them, *All things are ready.* After riding over another enormous mountain, I preached at Gamblesby (as I did about thirty years ago) to a large congregation of rich and poor. The chief man of the town was formerly a Local Preacher, but now keeps his carriage. Has he increased in holiness as well as in wealth? If not, he has made a poor exchange.

In the evening, a large upper room, designed for an assembly, was procured for me at Penrith. But several of the poor people were struck with a panic, for fear the room should fall. Finding there was no remedy, I went down into

the court below, and preached in great peace, to a multitude of well-behaved people. The rain was suspended while I preached, but afterwards returned and continued most of the night. Saturday 6, I went on to Whitehaven, and in the evening, exhorted all who knew in whom they had believed, *To walk worthy of God in all well pleasing; being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.*

Sunday 8, I preached at eight, at two, and at five; but could not preach abroad, because of the rain. We were in hopes of sailing for the Isle of Man the next morning, as a little vessel was waiting for us; but the wind then turned full against us. By this means I had an opportunity given me of meeing the select society. I was pleased to find, that none of them have lost the pure love of God, since they received it first. I was particularly pleased with a poor negro. She seemed to be fuller of love than any of the rest. And not only her voice had an unusual sweetness, but her words were chosen and uttered with a peculiar propriety. I never heard either in England or America, such a negro speaker, (man or woman) before.

Tuesday 9, Finding no hopes of sailing, after preaching morning and evening, I went to Cockermouth. Wednesday 10, at eight I preached in the town-hall; but to the poor only, the rich could not rise so soon. In the evening I preached in the town-hall at Carlisle: and from the number and seriousness of the hearers, I conceived a little hope, that even here, some good will be done.

Thursday 11, I reached Newcastle, and on Friday 12, went to Sunderland. Many of our friends prosper in the world, I wish their souls may prosper also. Sunday 14, I preached at Gateshead-Fell at two o'clock, and hoped to preach at the Garth-heads at five. But the rain drove us into the house: but all was well; for many found God was there.

Monday 15, I set out for Scotland; and Tuesday 16, came to Berwick-upon-Tweed. Such a congregation I have not seen there for many years. Perhaps the seed which has

so long seemed to be sown in vain, may at length produce a good harvest.

Wednesday 17, I went on to Dunbar: I have seldom seen such a congregation here before: indeed some of them seemed at first disposed to mirth, but they were soon serious as death. And truly the power of the Lord was present to heal those that were willing to come to the throne of grace. Thursday 18, I read with great expectation, Dr. Watts's Essay on Liberty; but I was much disappointed: it is abstruse and metaphysical. Surely he wrote it, either when he was very young or very old.

In the evening I endeavoured to preach to the hearts of a large congregation at Edinburgh. We have cast much bread upon the waters here. Shall we not find it again, at least, after many days.

Friday 19, I preached at Joppa, a settlement of colliers, three miles from Edinburgh: some months ago, as some of them were cursing and swearing, one of our local preachers going by, reproved them. One of them followed after him, and begged he would give them a sermon: he did so several times. Afterwards the travelling preachers went, and a few quickly agreed to meet together. Some of these now know in whom they have believed, and walk worthy of their profession.

Saturday 20, I took one more walk through Holyrood-house, the mansion of ancient kings: but how melancholy an appearance does it make now! The stately rooms are dirty as stables: the colours of the tapestry are quite faded; several of the pictures are cut and defaced. The roof of the royal chapel is fallen in; and the bones of James the fifth, and the once beautiful Lord Darnley, are scattered about like those of sheep or oxen. Such is human greatness! Is not a living dog better than a dead lion!

Sunday 21, The rain hindered me from preaching at noon upon the castle-hill. In the evening the house was well filled, and I was enabled to speak strong words: but I am not a preacher for the people of Edinburgh: Hugh Saunderson and Michael Fenwick are more to their taste.

Tuesday 23, A gentleman took me to see Roslin-castle, eight miles from Edinburgh. It is now all in ruins, only a small dwelling-house is built on one part of it. The situation of it is exceedingly fine, on the side of a steep mountain, hanging over a river, from which another mountain rises, equally steep and clothed with wood. At a little distance is the chapel, which is in perfect preservation, both within and without. I should never have thought that it had belonged to any one less than a sovereign prince! The inside being far more elegantly wrought, with variety of Scripture-histories, in stone-work, than I believe can be found again in Scotland, perhaps not in all England.

Hence we went to Dunbar. Wednesday 24, in the afternoon I went through the lovely garden of a gentleman in the town, who has laid out walks hanging over the sea, and winding among the rocks; one of them leads to the castle, wherein that poor injured woman, Mary Queen of Scots, was confined. But time has well nigh devoured it; only a few ruinous walls are now standing.

Thursday 25, We went on to Berwick. Friday 26, in returning to Alnwick, we spent an hour at H., an ancient monastery. Part of it the Duke of Northumberland has repaired, furnished it in a plain manner, and surrounded it with a little garden. An old inscription bears date 1404, when part of it was built by the fourth Earl of Northumberland. How many generations have had their day since that time! and then passed away like a dream! We had a happy season at Alnwick with a large and deeply attentive congregation.

Saturday 27, At noon I preached in the town-hall at Morpeth, and God applied his word to many hearts. In the afternoon I preached to the loving colliers at Placey, and then went on to Newcastle.

Sunday 28, Between eight and nine in the morning I preached at Gateshead-Fell, on fellowship with God, a subject which not a few of them understand by heart-felt experience. The congregation at Sheephill, about noon, was far too large for any house to contain. Such was the power

of God, that I almost wondered any could help believing. At five I preached at the Garth-heads to a still more numerous congregation: but there were few among them who remembered my first preaching near that place, in the Keelman's Hospital. For what reason the wise managers of that place forbade my preaching there any more, I am yet still to learn.

Wednesday 31, Taking my leave of this affectionate people, I went to Mr. Parker's at Shincliff, near Durham. The congregation being far too large to get into the house, I stood near his door. It seemed as if the whole village were ready to receive the truth in the love thereof. Perhaps their earnestness may provoke the people of Durham to jealousy.

In the afternoon we took a view of the castle at Durham, the residence of the bishop. The situation is wonderfully fine, surrounded by the river, and commanding all the country. And many of the apartments are large and stately; but the furniture is mean beyond imagination! I know not where I have seen such in a gentleman's house, or a man of five hundred a year, except that of the Lord-Lieutenant in Dublin. In the largest chambers the tapestry is quite faded, beside that it is coarse and ill-judged. Take but one instance. In Jacob's vision you see, on the one side, a little paltry ladder, and an angel climbing it, in the attitude of a chimney-sweeper; on the other side, Jacob staring at him, from under a large silver laced hat!

Thursday, June 1, About ten I preached at Aycliff, a large village, twelve miles from Durham: all the inhabitants whereof seem now as full of good-will, as they were once of prejudice.

I preached at Darlington in the evening. It is good to be here: the liveliness of the people animates all that come near them. On Friday evening we had a love-feast, at which many were greatly comforted, by hearing such artless, simple accounts of the mighty works of God.

Saturday 3, At noon I preached to a large congregation at Northallerton. The sun shone full in my face when I be-

gan, but it was soon over-cast. And I believe, this day, if never before, God gave a general call to this careless people. In the evening I preached at Thirsk. When I was here last, a few young women behaved foolishly. But all were deeply serious now, and seemed to feel, that God was there.

Sunday 4, The service began about ten, at Stavely, near Boroughbridge. Mr. Hartley, the rector, read prayers. But the church would scarcely contain half the congregation, so that I was obliged to stand upon a tomb-stone, both morning and afternoon. In the evening I preached at Boroughbridge to a numerous congregation, and all were attentive, except a few soldiers, who seemed to understand nothing of the matter.

Monday 5, About noon, I preached at Tockwith, and then went on to York. I was surprised to find a general faintness here; one fruit of which was, that the morning preaching was given up. Tuesday 6, was the quarterly meeting, the most numerous I ever saw. At two was the love-feast; at which several instances of the mighty power of God were repeated; by which it appears, that his work is still increasing in several parts of the circuit.

An arch news-writer published a paragraph to-day, probably designed for wit, concerning "the large pension which the famous Wesley received for defending the King." This so increased the congregation in the evening, that scores were obliged to go away. And God applied that word to many hearts, *I will not destroy the city for ten's sake!*

Wednesday 7, I preached at Pocklington and Swinfleet. Thursday 8, I preached on the green at Thorne to a listening multitude: only two or three were much diverted at the thought of seeing the dead, small, and great standing before God!

Friday 9, About noon I preached at Crowle; and in the evening at Epworth, on *I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.* Saturday 10, in the evening I preached at Ouston; and passing the Trent early in the morning, on Sun-

day 11, preached at Kirton, about eight, to a very large, and very serious congregation. Only before me stood one, something like a gentleman, with his hat on, even at prayer. I could scarcely help telling him a story. In Jamaica, a negro passing by the Governor, pulled off his hat: so did the Governor: at which, one expressing his surprise, he said, "Sir, I should be ashamed if a negro had more good manners than the Governor of Jamaica."

About two I preached at Gainsborough, and again at five, to a very numerous congregation. We had then a love-feast, and one of the most lively which I have known for many years. Many spoke, and with great fervor, as well as simplicity, so that most who heard blessed God for the consolation.

Monday 12, About eleven I preached at Newton-upon-Trent, to a large and very genteel congregation. Thence we went to Newark; but our friends were divided as to the place where I should preach. At length they found a convenient place, covered on three sides, and on the fourth open to the street. It contained two or three thousand people well, who appeared to hear, as for life: only one big man, exceedingly drunk, was very noisy and turbulent, till his wife *(fortissima Tyndaridarum!)* seized him by the collar, gave him two or three hearty boxes on the ear, and dragged him away like a calf. But at length he got out of her hands, crept in among the people, and stood as quiet as a lamb.

Tuesday 13, I accepted of an invitation from a gentleman at Lincoln, in which I had not set my foot for upwards of fifty years. At six in the evening I preached in the Castle-yard, to a large and attentive congregation. They were all as quiet as if I had been at Bristol. Will God have a people here also!

Wednesday 14, I preached again at ten in the morning. In the middle of the sermon a violent storm began; on which Mr. Wood, the keeper, opened the door of the court-house, which contained the whole of the congregation. I have

great hope some of these will have their fruit unto holiness, and in the end, everlasting life.

Heavy rain drove us into the house at Horncastle in the evening. Thursday 15, I preached at Raithby: two of Mr. Brackenbury's brothers spent the evening with us. Friday 16, we went on to Boston, the largest town in the county, except Lincoln. From the top of the steeple, which I suppose is by far the highest tower in the kingdom, we had a view, not only of all the town, but of all the adjacent country. Formerly this town was in the fens; but the fens are vanished away: great part of them is turned into pasture, and part into arable land. At six the house contained the congregation, all of whom behaved in the most decent manner. How different from those wild beasts, with whom Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Mather had to do!

Saturday 17, The house was pretty well filled in the morning, and many were much affected. A gentleman who was there, invited me to dinner, and offered me the use of his paddock: but the wind was so exceedingly high that I could not preach abroad, as I did when I was here before, just six-and-twenty years ago. And Mr. Thompson, a friendly Anabaptist, offering me the use of his large meeting-house, I willingly accepted the offer. I preached to most of the chief persons in the town, on 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 3. And many of them seemed utterly amazed. *Open their eyes, O Lord, that they sleep not in death!*

Sunday 18, I gave them a parting discourse at seven; and after adding a few members to the little society, and exhorting them to cleave close to each other, I left them with a comfortable hope, that they would not be scattered any more.

About noon I preached in the market-place at Wainfleet, once a large sea-port town, till the harbour was blocked up by sand. The congregation behaved exceedingly well. We now passed into Marshland, a fruitful and pleasant part of the county: such is Langham-row in particular, the abode of honest George Robinson, and his fourteen children. Al-

though it was a lone house, yet such a multitude of people flocked together, that I was obliged to preach abroad. It blew a storm, and we had several showers of rain; but no one went away. I do not wonder that this society is the largest, as well as the liveliest, in these parts of Lincolnshire.

Monday 19, I preached at Louth, where the people used to be rough enough, but now were serious and calmly attentive. Such a change, in a whole town, I have seldom known, in the compass of one year.

Tuesday 20, After preaching at Tealby, I went on to Grimsby, where I am still more at home than in any place in the east of Lincolnshire; though scarcely any of our first members remain; they are all safely lodged in Abraham's bosom. But here is still a loving people, though a little disturbed by the Calvinists, who seize on every halting soul as their own lawful prey. Wednesday 21, I preached at Scotter, to a lovely, simple-hearted people, and at Epworth in the evening.

Thursday 22, I preached once more at Crowle, to a numerous and deeply serious congregation. Every one thought, "Can any good come out of Crowle?" But God's thoughts were not as our thoughts! There is now such a work of God in this, as is in few of the places round about it.

Saturday 24, I preached about noon at Belton: there was the dawn of a blessed work here; but "My Lady's Preachers," so called, breaking in, set every one's sword against his brother. Some of them revive a little: but I doubt whether they will ever recover their first love.

Sunday 25, Sir William Anderson, the rector, having sent an express order to his curate, he did not dare to gainsay: so at ten I began reading prayers to such a congregation as, I apprehend, hardly ever assembled in this church before. I preached on Luke viii. 18, part of the second Lesson. Not a breath was heard; all was still, "as summer's noon-tide air:" and, I believe, our Lord then sowed seed in many hearts, which will bring forth fruit to

perfection. After dinner I preached at Westwood-side. The high wind was a little troublesome; but the people regarded it not. We concluded the day with one of the most solemn love-feasts I have known for many years.

Monday 26, Finningley church was well filled in the evening, and many seemed much affected. Tuesday 27, I preached at Doncaster about noon, and to a larger congregation at Rotherham, in the evening. Wednesday 28, I went to Sheffield: but the house was not ready; so I preached in the square.

I can hardly think I am entered this day into the seventy-eighth year of my age. By the blessing of God I am just the same as when I entered the twenty-eighth. This hath God wrought, chiefly by my constant exercise, my rising early, and preaching morning and evening.

Thursday 29, I was desired to preach at Worksop: but, when I came, they had not fixed on any place. At length they chose a lamentable one, full of dirt and dust, but without the least shelter from the scorching sun: this few could bear; so we had only a small company of as stupid people as ever I saw. In the evening I preached in the old house at Sheffield; but the heat was scarcely supportable. I took my leave of it at five in the morning, and in the evening preached in the new house, throughly filled with rich and poor, to whom I declared, *We preach Christ crucified.* And he bore witness to his word in a very uncommon manner.

Saturday, July 1, I preached once more at Rotherham. Sunday 2, at eight, I preached at Sheffield. There was afterward such a number of communicants, as was never seen at the old church before. I preached again at five; but very many were constrained to go away. We concluded our work, by visiting some that were weak in body, but strong in faith, desiring nothing but to do and suffer the will of God.

Monday 3, and Tuesday 4, I preached at Derby. Wednesday 5, at a church eight miles from it. In the afternoon, as I was going through Stapleford, in my way to Notting-

ham, I was stopped by some who begged me to look into their new preaching-house. Many following me, the house was soon filled, and we spent half an hour together, to our mutual comfort. In the evening I preached at Nottingham. Wednesday 5, I preached in Loughborough about eleven, and in the evening at Leicester. I know not how it is, that I constantly find such liberty of spirit in this place! Thursday 6, the room, at five, according to custom, was filled from end to end. I have not spent a whole day in Leicester for these fifty-two years. Surely I shall before I die. This night we spent in Northampton, then went on to London.

Sunday 9, We had a full congregation at the new chapel, and found God had not forgotten to be gracious. In the following days, I read over, with a few of our preachers, the large Minutes of the Conference, and considered all the articles, one by one, to see whether any should be omitted or altered.

Sunday 16, Was a day of much refreshment and strong consolation to many, who are persuaded that God will revive his work, and build up the waste places. Monday 17, my brother and I set out for Bath. I preached at Reading in the evening. On Tuesday evening I preached at Ramsbury-park. On Wednesday we reached Bath.

A year ago there was such an awakening here, as never had been from the beginning; and, in consequence of it, a swift and large increase of the society. Just then Mr. M'Nab, quarreling with Mr. Smyth, threw wildfire among the people, and occasioned anger, jealousies, judging each other, back-biting, and tale-bearing without end: and, in spite of all the pains which have been taken, the wound is not healed to this day. Both my brother and I now talked to as many as we could, and endeavoured to calm and soften their spirits; and on Friday and Saturday I spoke severally to all the members of the society that could attend. On Friday evening, both in the preaching, and at the meeting of the society, the power of God was again present to heal: as also on Saturday, both morning and evening: and a few are added to the society.

Sunday 23, I preached, after reading prayers, at ten, at half an hour past two, and in the evening. Very many heard, I hope some *felt* what was spoken. We have sown: O may God give the increase!

Monday 24, I went on to Bristol. While I was at Bath, I narrowly observed and considered the celebrated Cartoons; the three first in particular. What a poor *designer* was one of the finest painters in the world! 1, Here are two men in a boat; each of them more than half as long as the boat itself! 2, Our Lord saying to Peter, *Feed my sheep*, points to three or four sheep standing by him. 3, While Peter and John heal the lame man, two naked boys stand by them! For what? Oh! pity that so fine a painter should be utterly without common sense!

In the evening I saw one of the greatest curiosities in the vegetable creation, *the nightly Cereus*. About four in the afternoon, the dry stem began to swell: about six, it gradually opened, and, about eight, it was in its full glory: I think, the inner part of this flower, which was snow white, was about five inches diameter: the yellow rays which surrounded it, I judged, were in diameter nine or ten inches. About twelve, it began to droop, being covered with a cold sweat: at four, it died away.

The people at Bath were still upon my mind; so, on Thursday 27, I went over again; and God was with us, of a truth, whenever we assembled together. Surely God is healing the breaches of this poor, shattered people.

Sunday 30, Forty or fifty of our preachers being come, we had a solemn opportunity in the morning. We had the most numerous congregation in the afternoon which has been seen here for many years. And will not the Lord be glorified in our reformation, rather than our destruction?

Tuesday, August 1, Our Conference began. We have been always hitherto straitened for time. It was now resolved, For the future we will allow nine or ten days for each Conference, that every thing relating to the carrying on the work of God may be maturely considered.

Friday 4, I preached on a convenient piece of ground, at

one end of Radcliff-parade. Great part of the immense congregation had never heard this kind of preaching before: yet they were deeply attentive, while I opened and applied those awful words, *I saw the dead small and great, stand before God.*

Sunday 6, We had the largest number of communicants that had ever met at the new room, and the largest congregation at five that had ever met near King's-square. Wednesday 9, we concluded the Conference in much peace and love. Friday 11, the sultry heat continuing, I would not coop myself up in the chapel, but preached again near Radcliff-parade, with much comfort and peace.

Monday 14, For fear of the violent heat, we set out for Cornwall very early in the morning: but we feared where no fear was; for that very day the heat was at an end, and a mild rain began, which, at intervals, followed us almost to the Land's-end.

After preaching at South-Brent, Taunton, and Collumpton, on Friday 16, we came to Exeter. It is still a day of small things here, for want of a convenient preaching-house. Thursday 17, I went on to Plymouth. Here I expected little comfort. A large preaching-house was built; but who was to pay for it? I preached in it at six, at five in the morning, and on Friday evening; and from the number and spirit of the hearers, could not but hope that good will be done here also.

Saturday 19, I snatched the opportunity of a fair evening to preach in the square at Plymouth-Dock. Sunday 20, at seven in the morning, and at five in the evening, I preached at the Dock: in the afternoon in Plymouth house. It was crowded sufficiently. After preaching, I made a collection for the house, which amounted to above five and twenty pounds. When I had done, Mr. Jane said, "This is not all. We must have a weekly collection both here and at the Dock. Let as many as can, subscribe six-pence a week for one year. I will subscribe five shillings a week: and let this be reserved for the payment of the debt." It

was done; and, by this simple method, the most pressing debts were soon paid.

Monday 21, I preached to a large and quiet congregation in the main street at St. Austle. Tuesday 22, I preached at Mevagizzy, in the evening at Helston. Wednesday 23, I went on to Penzance. It is now a pleasure to be here: the little flock being united together in love. I preached at a little distance from the preaching-house. A company of soldiers were in town, whom, toward the close of the sermon, the good officer ordered to march through the congregation: but, as they readily opened and closed again, it made very little disturbance.

Thursday 24, I preached near the preaching-house at St. Just. God applied his word with power; more especially at the meeting of the society, when all our hearts were as melting wax. Friday 25, I preached in the market-place at St. Ives, to most of the inhabitants of the town. Here is no opposer now: rich and poor *see*, and very many *feel* the truth.

I now looked over a volume of Mr. K.'s Essays. He is a lively writer, of middling understanding: but I cannot admire his style at all; it is prim, affected, and highly frenchified. I object to the beginning so many sentences with participles: this does well in French, but not in English. I cannot admire his judgment in many particulars. To instance in one or two. He depresses Cowley beyond all reason; who was far from being a mean poet. Full as unreasonably does he depress modern eloquence. I believe I have heard speakers at Oxford, to say nothing of Westminster, who were not inferior to either Demosthenes or Cicero.

Saturday 26, We had our quarterly meeting at Redruth, where all was love and harmony. Sunday 27, it was supposed, twenty thousand people were assembled at the amphitheatre in Gwenap: and yet all, I was informed, could hear distinctly, in the fair, calm evening.

Monday 28, I preached at Wadebridge, and Port-Isaac. Tuesday 29, at Camelford and Launceston. Hence we hastened toward Bristol, by way of Wells, where, the

weather being intensely hot, so that we could not well bear the room, I preached on the shady side of the market-place, on *By grace ye are saved through faith.* As I was concluding, a serjeant of the militia brought a drum: but he was a little too late. I pronounced the blessing, and quietly walked away. I know not that ever I felt it hotter in Georgia than it was here this afternoon.

Sunday, September 3, I preached three times at Bath, and, I believe, not without a blessing. Wednesday 6, I preached at Paulton. The flame kindled last year, still continues to burn here: and, what is strange, though so many have set their hand to the plough, there are none that look back. In all the number, I do not find so much as one backslider.

Thursday 7, I spent an hour with the children, the most difficult part of our work. About noon I preached to a large and serious congregation at Chew-Magna; in the evening to a still more serious company at Stoke, where Mr. Griffin is calmly waiting for the call that summonses him to Abraham's bosom.

Monday 11, As I drew near Bath, I wondered what had drawn such a multitude of people together, till I learned that one of the members for the city had given an ox to be roasted whole: but their sport was sadly interrupted by heavy rain, which sent them home faster than they came; many of whom dropped in at our chapel, where, I suppose, they never had been before.

Tuesday 12, At the invitation of that excellent woman, Mrs. Turner, I preached about noon in her chapel in Trowbridge. As most of the hearers were dissenters, I did not expect to do much good: however, I have done my duty: God will look to the event. Thursday 14, I read prayers and preached in Clutton church; but it was with great difficulty, because of my hoarseness, which so increased, that in four and twenty hours I could scarcely speak at all. At night I used my never-failing remedy, bruised garlick applied to the soles of the feet. This cured my hoarseness in six hours: in one hour it cured my lumbago, the pain in

the small of my back which I had had ever since I came from Cornwall.

Wednesday 20, I preached in the market-place at Pill, to the most stupid congregation I have lately seen. Thursday 21, I married Mr. Horton and Miss Durbin: may they be patterns to all around them! Sunday 24, I preached in Temple church, the most beautiful and the most ancient in Bristol.

Sunday, October 1, I preached as usual, morning and evening, at the room. About two I preached a funeral sermon at Kingswood, for that blessed saint, Bathsheba Hall; a pattern, for many years, of zealously doing and patiently suffering the will of God. In the evening about seven hundred of us joined in solemnly renewing our covenant with God.

Monday 2, After preaching at the Devizes, I went on to Sarum. Tuesday 3, I walked over to Wilton, and preached to a very serious congregation in the new preaching-house. I found at Sarum the fruit of Captain Webb's preaching: some were awakened, and one perfected in love: yet I was a little surprised at the remark of some of our eldest brethren, That they had never heard perfection preached before.

Wednesday 4, The preaching-house at Whitchurch, though much enlarged, could not contain the congregation in the evening. Some genteel people were inclined to smile at first, but their mirth was quickly over. The awe of God fell upon the whole congregation, and many *rejoiced unto him with reverence*. Saturday 7, I returned from Portsmouth to London.

Monday 16, I went to Tunbridge-Wells, and preached to a serious congregation on Rev. xx. 12. Tuesday 17, I came back to Sevenoaks, and in the afternoon walked over to the Duke of Dorset's seat. The park is the pleasantest I ever saw: the trees are so elegantly disposed. The house, which is, at least, two hundred years old, is immensely large: it consists of two squares, considerably bigger than the two quadrangles in Lincoln College. I believe, we were

shewn above thirty rooms, beside the hall, the chapels, and three galleries. The pictures are innumerable; I think, four times as many as in the Castle at Blenheim. Into one of the galleries, opens the king's bed-chamber, ornamented above all the rest. The bed-curtains are cloth of gold, and so richly wrought, that it requires some strength to draw them. The tables, the chairs, the frames of the looking-glasses, are all plated over with silver. The tapestry, representing the whole history of Nebuchadnezzar, is as fresh as if newly woven: but the bed-curtains are exceedingly dirty, and look more like copper than gold. The silver on the tables, chairs, and glasses, look as dull as lead. And to complete all, King Nebuchadnezzar among the beasts, together with his eagle's claws, has a large crown upon his head, and is clothed in scarlet and gold!

Monday 23, I visited, for a few days, the societies in Northamptonshire. Monday 30, I went to High Wycombe, where the new preaching-house was well filled in the evening. Tuesday 31, we had such a congregation at noon in Oxford as I never saw there before: and what I regarded more than their number was their seriousness: even the young gentlemen behaved well; nor could I observe one smiling countenance, although I closely applied these words, *I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.*

Sunday, Nov. 5, I preached at the new chapel on Luke ix. 55, *Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of:* and shewed that, supposing the papists to be heretics, schismatics, wicked men, enemies to us, and to our church and nation, yet we ought not to persecute, to kill, hurt, or grieve them, but barely to prevent their doing hurt. In the ensuing week I finished visiting the classes, and had the satisfaction to find, that the society is considerably increased, both in number and grace, since the Conference.

Monday 20, I went on to Chatham, and finding the society groaning under a large debt, advised them to open a weekly subscription. The same advise I gave to the society at Sheerness. This advice they all cheerfully followed, and with good effect. On Friday 24, we agreed to follow the

same example at London; and in one year we paid off £.1400

Monday 27, I went to Bedford, and preached in the evening. Tuesday 28, I preached at St. Neot's. Wednesday 29, at ten I preached in Godmanchester, and about six in the new house at Huntingdon. I have seldom seen a new congregation behave with such seriousness. Thursday 30, I came to Luton, and found that child of sorrow and pain, Mrs. Cole, was gone to rest. For many years she had not known an hour's ease; but she died in full, joyous peace. And how little does she regret all that is past, now the days of her mourning are ended!

Monday, December 4, I visited the eastern societies in Kent, and on Friday returned to London. Sunday 10, I began reading and explaining to the society, the large minutes of the Conference. I desire to do all things openly and above board. I would have all the world, and especially all of our society, see not only all the steps we take, but the reasons why we take them.

Saturday 16, Having a second message from Lord George Gordon, earnestly desiring to see me, I wrote a line to Lord Stormont, who, on Monday the 18th, sent me a warrant to see him. On Tuesday 19, I spent an hour with him, at his apartment in the tower. Our conversation turned upon popery and religion. He seemed to be well acquainted with the Bible; and had abundance of other books, enough to furnish a study. I was agreeably surprised to find he did not complain of any person or thing; and cannot but hope, his confinement will take a right turn, and prove a lasting blessing to him.

Friday 22, At the desire of some of my friends, I accompanied them to the British Museum. What an immense field is here for curiosity to range in! One large room is filled from top to bottom with things brought from Otaheite: two or three more, with things dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum! Seven huge apartments are filled with curious books; five with manuscripts, two with fossils of all sorts, and the rest with various animals! But what account will a

man give to the Judge of quick and dead for a life spent in collecting all these?

Sunday 25, Desiring to make the most of this solemn day, I preached early in the morning at the new chapel: at ten and four I preached at West-street, and in the evening met the society at each end of the town.

Friday 29, I saw the indictment of the grand jury against Lord George Gordon. I stood aghast! What a shocking insult upon truth and common sense! But it is the usual *form:* the more is the shame. Why will not the Parliament remove this scandal from our nation?

Saturday 30, Waking between one and two in the morning, I observed a bright light shine upon the chapel. I easily concluded there was a fire near, probably in the adjoining timber-yard: if so, I knew it would soon lay us in ashes. I first called all the family to prayer: then going out, we found the fire about a hundred yards off, and had broken out while the wind was south: but a sailor cried out, "Avast! Avast! the wind is turned in a moment!" So it did, to the west, while we were at prayer, and so drove the flame from us. We then thankfully returned, and I rested well the residue of the night.

Sunday 31, We renewed our covenant with God: we had the largest company that I ever remember, perhaps two hundred more than we had last year: and we had the greatest blessing. Several received either a sense of the pardoning love of God, or power to love him with all their hearts.

Monday, January 1, 1781, We began, as usual, the service at four, praising him who maugre all our enemies, had brought us safe to the beginning of another year.

Sunday 7, Much of the power of God rested on the congregation, while I was declaring, how *The Son of God was manifested, to destroy the works of the devil.*

Sunday 14, I preached at St. John's, Wapping. Although the church was extremely crowded, yet there was not the least noise or disorder, while I besought them all, *by*

the mercies of God, to present themselves a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God.

Thursday 18, Hearing Mr. Holmes was extremely weak, I went down to Burling, and found him very near worne out, just tottering over the grave: however, he would creep with me to the church, which was filled, though the night was exceedingly dark. I preached on, *Repent and believe the gospel.* The congregation appeared to be quite stunned. In the morning I returned to London.

Tuesday 23, I went to Dorking, and buried the remains of Mrs. Attersal, a lovely woman, snatched away in the bloom of youth. I trust it will be a blessing to many, and to her husband in particular.

Thursday 25, I spent an agreeable hour, at a concert of my nephews: but I was a little out of my element among Lords and Ladies. I love plain music and plain company best.

Monday, February 12, I went to Norwich. The house was extremely crowded in the evening, and the whole congregation appeared to be wounded: consequently many attended in the morning. Tuesday 13, I was desired to preach that evening on, *Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure.* Even the Calvinists were satisfied for the present, and readily acknowledged that we did not ascribe our salvation to our own works, but to the grace of God.

Wednesday 14, To awaken, if possible, the careless ones at Loddon, at two in the afternoon, I opened and enforced those awful words, *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.* In the evening I applied those gracious words, *All things are ready: come unto the marriage.*

After spending Thursday and Friday with the affectionate people at Lowestoffe, on Saturday I returned to Norwich. Here I found about fifty missing out of the two hundred and sixteen whom I left in the society a year ago. Such fickle-

ness I have not found any where else in the kingdom; no, not even in Ireland.

Sunday 18, The chapel was full enough, both in the afternoon and the evening: I declared to them the whole counsel of God, and on Monday returned to London.

Wednesday 21, Being the National Fast, I preached at the new chapel in the morning, and at West-street in the afternoon. At this, as well as the two last public fasts, all places of public worship were crowded: all shops were shut up: all was quiet in the streets, and seriousness seemed to spread through the whole city. And one may hope even this outward acknowledgment of God is in a measure acceptable to him.

Sunday 25, My brother, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Buckingham being ill, I went through the service at Spitalfields alone. The congregation was much larger than usual; but my strength was as my day, both here, the new chapel, and afterwards at St. Antholin's church; the service lasted till nearly nine; but I was no more tired than at nine in the morning.

Friday, March 2, We had our general quarterly meeting, and found the money subscribed this year, for the payment of the public debt, was between fourteen and fifteen hundred pounds.

Sunday 4, At eight in the evening I took coach for Bristol, with Mr. Rankin and two other friends. We drove with two horses as far as Reading. Two more were then added, with a postillion, who knowing little of his business, instead of going forward, turned quite round on a sloping ground, so that we expected the coach to overturn every moment: so it must have done, but that the coachman instantly leaped off, and with some other men held it up, till we got out at the opposite door. The coach was then soon set right, and we went on without let or hindrance.

After spending two or three days at Bath, on Thursday 8, I went forward to Bristol. On Monday the 12th, and the following days, I visited the society, but was surprised to

find no greater increase considering what preachers they had had.

Sunday 18, I preached morning and evening at the room: in the afternoon at Temple-church. The congregation here is remarkably well behaved; indeed so are the parishioners in general: and no wonder, since they have had such a succession of rectors, as few parishes in England have had. The present incumbent truly fears God: so did his predecessor Mr. Catcott, who was indeed as eminent for piety as most clergymen in England. He succeeded his father, a man of the same spirit, who, I suppose, succeeded Mr. Arthur Bedford, a person greatly esteemed fifty or sixty years ago, for piety as well as learning.

Monday 19, For several years the severe weather has begun the very day I set out from Bristol: but the mild weather now continued seven or eight days longer. This evening I preached at Stroud. Tuesday 20, at Stroud, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Worcester. Wednesday 21, at noon, I preached in Bewdly, and at Worcester in the evening. Thursday 23, I preached in Bengeworth-church, and had some conversation with that amiable man, Mr. B. I preached in the evening at Pebworth-church, on those words in the Lesson, *Godliness with contentment is great gain.*

Saturday 24, I was invited to preach at Quinton, five miles from Birmingham. I preached there at noon in the open air to a serious and attentive congregation. Some of them appeared to be very deeply affected. Who knows but it may continue? In the evening I had another comfortable opportunity with our friends at Birmingham.

Sunday 25, I preached at Birmingham, Dudley, and Wednesbury. Monday 26, I preached at noon in Mr. Barker's large parlour, at Congreve, near Penkridge. Many stood in the next room, and many in the garden, near the windows: and I believe all could hear. I brought strange things to the ears of those that had been used to softer doctrines; and I believe not in vain. They seemed to receive the truth in the love thereof.

In the evening I preached at Newcastle-under-Lyme. Mr. Scot, and two or three of his preachers were present: they have lately begun to preach both here and at Burslem. If they would go and break up fresh ground we should rejoice: but we cannot commend them for breaking in upon our labours after we have borne the burden and heat of the day.

Tuesday 27, I went a little out of my way in order to open the new preaching-house at Shrewsbury. I did not so much wonder at the largeness, as at the seriousness of the congregation. So still, and deeply attentive a congregation I did not expect to see here. How apt are we to forget that important truth, *that all things are possible with God.*

Wednesday 28, I returned to Burslem. How is the whole face of this country changed in about twenty years! Since the potteries were introduced, inhabitants have continually flowed in from every side. Hence the wilderness is literally become a fruitful field. Houses, villages, towns have sprung up. And the country is not more improved than the people. The word of God has had free course among them. Sinners are daily awakened and converted to God, and believers grow in the knowledge of Christ. In the evening the house was filled with people, and with the presence of God. This constrained me to extend the service a good deal longer than I am accustomed to do. Likewise at the meeting of the society, many were filled with strong consolation. After preaching at Congleton, Macclesfield, and Stockport, in my way, on Friday the 30th, I opened the new chapel at Manchester, about the size of that in London. The whole congregation behaved with the utmost seriousness. I trust much good will be done in this place.

Sunday, April 1, I began reading prayers at ten o'clock. Our country friends flocked in from all sides. At the communion was such a sight as I am persuaded was never seen at Manchester before: eleven or twelve hundred communicants at once; and all of them fearing God.

Tuesday 3, I took a solemn leave of our affectionate friends

here, and went on to Bolton. The society here are true, original Methodists. They are not conformed to the world, either in its maxims, its spirit, or its fashions; but are simple followers of the Lamb: consequently they increase both in grace and number.

Wednesday 4, I went over to Wigan, and preached a funeral sermon for Betty Brown, one of the first members of this society: one of whom, John Layland, gave me the following artless account of her. "She met with us in a class about twenty years, even to the Sunday before her death, which was on Friday, March 2. Going to market that day in good health, she returned (as she often did) without her husband, ate her supper and went to bed. About midnight he came and found her body; but the spirit was fled! Her love for God, for his cause, and for her brethren and sisters, was truly remarkable: so was her pity for backsliders. At home and abroad she was continually intent on one thing. We cannot forget her tears and prayers, which we doubt not the Lord hath heard.

"A little before her death, sitting with my sisters, she seemed in deep thought, and broke out, 'I will go to God!' One of them being surprised, said, 'Pray, Betty, what do you mean?' She only replied, 'I will go to God.' So that, if I think right, she was the beloved of God, the delight of his children, a dread to wicked men, and a torment to devils."

Thursday 5, I went to Chester. The house was well filled with deeply attentive hearers. I perceived God had exceedingly blest the labours of the preachers. The congregations were much larger than they used to be. The society was increased; and they were not only agreed among themselves, but in peace with all round about them.

Friday 6, I went to Alpringham, and preached the funeral sermon of good old sister Cawley. She has been indeed a mother in Israel; a pattern of all good works. Saturday 7, at noon, I preached at Preston-on-the-Hill, and in the evening at Warrington. Sunday 8, the service was at the usual hours. I came just in time to put a stop to a bad custom,

which was creeping in here. A few men who had fine voices sang a psalm which no one knew, in a tune fit for an Opera, wherein three, four, or five persons sung different words at the same time! What an insult upon common sense! What a burlesque upon public worship! No custom can excuse such a mixture of profaneness and absurdity.

Monday 9, Desiring to be in Ireland as soon as possible, I hastened to Liverpool, and found a ship ready to sail; but the wind was contrary, till on Thursday morning the Captain came in haste, and told us, the wind was come quite fair. So Mr. Floyde, Snowden, Joseph Bradford, and I, with two of our sisters, went on board: but scarcely were we out at sea, when the wind turned quite foul, and rose higher and higher. In an hour I was so affected, as I had not been for forty years before. For two days I could not swallow the quantity of a pea of any thing solid, and very little of any liquid. I was bruised and sore from head to foot, and ill able to turn me on the bed. All Friday, the storm increasing, the sea of consequence was rougher and rougher. Early on Saturday morning the hatches were closed, which, together with the violent motion, made our horses so turbulent, that I was afraid we must have killed them, lest they should damage the ship. Mrs. S— now crept to me, threw her arms over me, and said, "O Sir, we will die together!" We had by this time three feet water in the hold, though it was an exceeding light vessel. Mean time we were furiously driving on a lee shore; and when the Captain cried, "Helm a-lee," she would not obey the helm. I called our brethren to prayers; and we found free access to the throne of grace. Soon after we got, I know not how, into Holyhead harbour, after being sufficiently buffetted by the winds and waves, for two days and two nights.

The more I considered, the more I was convinced, it was not the will of God I should go to Ireland at this time. So we went into the stage-coach without delay, and the next evening came to Chester.

I now considered, in what place I could spend a few days

to the greatest advantage: I soon thought of the Isle of Man, and those parts of Wales which I could not well see in my ordinary course. I judged it would be best to begin with the latter. So after a day or two's rest, on Wednesday 18, I set out for Brecon, purposing to take Whitchurch, (where I had not been for many years) and Shrewsbury in my way. At noon I preached in Whitchurch, to a numerous and very serious audience; in the evening at Shrewsbury, where, seeing the earnestness of the people, I agreed to stay another day.

Here I read over Sir Richard Hill's Letter to Mr. Madan, on his defence of Polygamy. I think it is home to the point; and wish always to write (if I must write controversy) in just such a spirit.

Not knowing the best way from hence to Brecon, I thought well to go round by Worcester. I took Broseley in my way, and thereby had a view of the iron bridge over the Severn: I suppose the first and the only one in Europe. It will not soon be imitated.

In the evening I preached at Broseley, and on Saturday 21, went on to Worcester. I found one of our preachers, Joseph Cole, there; but unable to preach through his ague. So that I could not have come more opportunely.

Sunday 22, I preached at seven in our own room: at three the service began at St. Andrew's: as no notice had been given of my preaching there, only as we walked along the street, it was supposed the congregation would be small; but it was far otherwise. High and low, rich and poor flocked together, from all parts of the city. And truly God spoke in his word; so that I believe most of them were *almost persuaded to be Christians.* Were it only for this hour alone, the pains of coming to Worcester would have been well bestowed.

Monday 23, Being informed it was fifty miles to Brecknock, we set out early; but on trial, we found they were computed miles. However, taking fresh horses at the Hay, I just reached it in time, finding a large company waiting. Wednesday 25, I set out for Caermarthen; but Joseph

Bradford was so ill, that after going six miles, I left him at a friend's house, and went only myself. I came in good time to Caermarthen, and enforced those solemn words on a serious congregation, *Now he commandeth all men every where to repent.*

Thursday 26, I went on to Pembroke, and in the evening preached in the town-hall. Friday 27, I preached at Jefferson, seven miles from Pembroke, to a large congregation of honest colliers. In the evening I preached in Pembroke town-hall again, to an elegant congregation; and afterwards met the society, reduced to a fourth part of its ancient number: but, as they are now all in peace and love with each other, I trust they will increase again. Saturday 18, we had, in the evening, the most solemn opportunity which I have had since we came into Wales: and the society seemed all alive, and resolved to be *altogether Christians.*

Sunday 29, At seven I preached in the room, on *Lazarus, come forth!* and about ten began at St. Daniel's. The church was filled as usual; and the second Lesson gave me a suitable text, *Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!* I applied the words as closely as possible; and, I doubt not, some were more than *almost persuaded.* In the evening I preached at Haverfordwest, to the liveliest congregation I have seen in Wales.

Monday 30, I met about fifty children; such a company as I have not seen for many years. Miss Warren loves them, and they love her. She has taken true pains with them, and her labour has not been in vain: several of them are much awakened; and the behaviour of all is so composed, that they are a pattern to the whole congregation.

Tuesday, May 1, I rode to St. David's, seventeen measured miles from Haverford. I was surprised to find all the land, for the last nine or ten miles, so fruitful and well cultivated. What a difference is there between the most western parts of England, and the most western parts of Wales! The former, (the west of Cornwall) so barren and wild: the latter, so fruitful and well improved! But the town itself is a melancholy spectacle: I saw but one tolerable good house

in it: the rest are miserable huts indeed. I do not remember so mean a town even in Ireland. The cathedral has been a large and stately fabric, far superior to any other in Wales: but a great part of it is fallen down already; and the rest is hastening into ruin: one blessed fruit (among many) of bishops residing at a distance from their See. Here are the tombs and effigies of many ancient worthies; Owen Tudor in particular: but the zealous Cromwellians broke off their noses, hands, and feet, and defaced them as much as possible. But what had the Tudors done to them? Why, they were progenitors of kings.

Thursday 3, About ten I preached at Spittal, a large village about six miles from Haverford. Thence we went to Tracoon, and spent a few hours in that lovely retirement, buried from all the world, in the depth of woods and mountains. Friday 4, about eleven I preached in Newport church, and again at four in the evening. Saturday 5, I returned to Haverford.

Saturday 6, I preached in St. Thomas' church, on *We preach Christ crucified.* It was a stumbling-block to some of the hearers. So the Scripture is fulfilled. But I had amends when I met the society in the evening.

Monday 7, About ten I preached near the market-place in Narberth, a large town ten miles east from Haverford. Abundance of people flocked together; and they were all still as night. In the evening I preached to an equally attentive congregation at Caermarthen.

Tuesday 8, I had a large congregation at Llanelly and at Swansea. Some months since, there were abundance of hearers at Neath; but, on a sudden, one lying tongue set the society on fire, till almost half of them were scattered away: but as all, offended or not offended, were at the town-hall, I took the opportunity of strongly enforcing the apostle's words, *Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice.* I believe, God sealed his word on many hearts; and we shall have better days at Neath.

About three I preached in the church near Bridge-end,

and at six in the town-hall at Cowbridge. Thursday 10, I preached in our room about ten, on *I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ*. May God deliver us from this evil disease, which eats out all the heart of religion! In the evening I preached in the town-hall, at Cardiff: but the congregation was almost wholly new. The far greater part of the old society, Ann Jenkins, Thomas Glascot, Arthur Price, Jane Haswell, Nancy Newell, and a long train, are gone hence and are no more seen. And how few are followers of them, as they were of Christ!

Monday 14, Before I reached Monmouth, one met and informed me, that Mr. C., a justice of the peace, one of the greatest men in the town, desired I would take a bed at his house: of consequence, all the rabble of the town were as quiet as lambs: and we had a comfortable opportunity both night and morning. Surely this is the Lord's doing!

Tuesday 15, We went through miserable roads to Worcester. Wednesday 16, about ten I preached in the large meeting at Kidderminster, to a numerous congregation. With much difficulty we reached Bishop in the evening, and found the people waiting. There has been no tumult since the new house was built. So far God hath helped us.

Thursday 17, I preached at Whitchurch and Nantwich. Friday 18, at eleven, in the chapel near Northwich, and in the evening at Manchester. Sunday 20, I found much enlargement, in applying to a numerous congregation, the lovely account, given by St. James, of *pure religion and undefiled*. In the afternoon I preached a funeral sermon for Mary Charlton, an Israelite indeed. From the hour that she first knew the pardoning love of God, she never lost sight of it for a moment. Eleven years ago, she believed that God had cleansed her from all sin: and she shewed that she had not believed in vain, by her holy and unblamable conversation.

Monday 21, I went over to Warrington, and preached in the evening. Fearing many of the congregation rested in a false peace, I endeavoured to undeceive them, by closely applying those words, *Ye shall know them by their fruits*.

Tuesday 22, about eleven, I preached at Chew-bent, and in the evening at Bolton, where the people seemed to be on the wing, just ready to take their flight to heaven.

Wednesday 23, Having appointed to preach at Blackburn, I was desired to take Kabb in my way. But such a road sure no carriage ever went before! I was glad to quit it, and use my own feet. About twelve I found a large number of plain, artless people, just fit for the gospel. So I applied our Lord's words, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* In the evening I preached in the new house at Blackburn.

Thursday 24, I went on to Preston, where the old prejudice seems to be quite forgotten. The little society has fitted up a large and convenient house, where I preached to a candid audience. Every one seemed to be considerably affected: I hope in some the impression will continue. Friday 25, we went on to Ambleside, and on Saturday to Whitehaven. Sunday 27, I preached morning and evening in the house; in the afternoon in the market-place: but abundance of people went away, not being able to bear the heat of the sun.

Wednesday 30, I embarked on board the pacquet-boat, for the Isle of Man. We had a dead calm for many hours: however, we landed at Douglas on Friday morning. Both the preachers met me here, and gave me a comfortable account of the still increasing work of God. Before dinner, we took a walk in a garden near the town, wherein any of the inhabitants of it may walk. It is wonderfully pleasant; yet not so pleasant as the gardens of the Nunnery, (so it is still called,) which are not far from it. These are delightfully laid out, and yield to few places of the size in England. At six I preached in the market-place, to a large congregation; all of whom, except a few children, and two or three giddy young women, were seriously attentive.

* Sat. June 3, I rode to Castleton, through a pleasant and (now) well cultivated country. At six I preached in the market-place, to most of the inhabitants of the town, on *One thing is needful.* I believe, the word carried conviction

into the hearts of nearly all that heard it. Afterwards I walked to the house of one of our English friends, about two miles from the town. All the day I observed, wherever I was, one circumstance that surprised me. In England, we generally hear the birds singing morning and evening; but here, thrushes and various other kinds of birds were singing all day long. They did not intermit, even during the noon day heat, where they had a few trees to shade them.

Sunday 4, (Whitsunday) I preached in the market-place again about nine, to a still larger congregation than before, on *I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.* How few of the genteel hearers could say so! About four in the afternoon I preached at Barewle, on the mountains, to a larger congregation than that in the morning: the rain began soon after I began preaching, but ceased in a few minutes. I preached on *They were all filled with the Holy Ghost;* and shewed in what sense this belongs to us and to our children.

Between six and seven I preached on the sea-shore at Peele, to the largest congregation I have seen in the island. Even the society nearly filled the house. I soon found what spirit they were of. Hardly in England, (unless, perhaps, at Bolton,) have I found so plain, so earnest, so simple a people.

Monday 5, We had such a congregation at five as might have been expected on a Sunday evening. We then rode through and over the mountains to Beergarrow, where I enforced on an artless, loving congregation, *If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.* A few miles from thence we came to Bishop's Court, where good Bishop Wilson resided nearly threescore years. There is something venerable, though not magnificent, in the ancient palace: and it is undoubtedly situated in one of the pleasantest spots of the whole island.

At six in the evening I preached at Balleugh, but the preaching-house would not contain one half of the congregation; of which, the vicar, Mr. Gilling, with his wife, sister, and daughter, were a part. He invited me to take a

breakfast with him in the morning, Tuesday 5, which I willingly did. He read family prayers before breakfast in a very serious manner. After spending a little time very agreeably, I went on to Kirk Andrews. Here also I was obliged to preach in the open air, the sun being suspended till I had done. In the afternoon we rode through a pleasant and fruitful country to Ramsay, about as large as Peele, and more regularly built. The rain was again suspended, while I preached to well nigh all the town: but I saw no inattentive hearers.

Wednesday 6, We had many of them again at five, and they were all attention. This was the place where the preachers had little hope of doing good: I trust they will be happily disappointed. This morning we rode through the most woody, and far the pleasantest part of the island, a range of fruitful land, lying at the foot of the mountains, from Ramsay, through Sulby, to Kirkmichael. Here we stopped to look at the plain tomb-stones of those two good men, Bishop Wilson and Bishop Hildesly, whose remains are deposited, side by side, at the east end of the church. We had scarcely reached Peele, before the rain increased; but here the preaching-house contained all that could come. Afterwards, Mr. Crook desired me to meet the singers. I was agreeably surprised. I have not heard better singing either at Bristol or London. Many, both men and women, have admirable voices; and they sing with good judgment. Who would have expected this in the Isle of Man!

Thursday 7, I met our little body of preachers. They were two and twenty in all. I never saw in England so many stout, well-looking preachers together. If their spirit be answarable to their look, I know not what can stand before them. In the afternoon I rode over to Dawby, and preached to a very large and very serious congregation.

Friday 8, Having now visited the island round, east, south, north, and west, I was thoroughly convinced that we have no such circuit as this either in England, Scotland, or Ireland. It is shut up from the world; and, having little trade, is visited by scarcely any strangers. Here are no

papists, no dissenters of any kind, no Calvinists, no disputers. Here is no opposition, either from the governor, a mild, humane man; from the bishop, a good man; or from the bulk of the clergy. One or two of them did oppose for a time, but they seem now to understand better; so that we have now rather too little than too much reproach; the scandal of the cross being, for the present, ceased. The natives are a plain, artless, simple people; unpolished: that is, unpolluted: few of them are rich or genteel; the far greater part, moderately poor. And most of the strangers that settle among them, are men that have seen affliction. The local preachers are men of faith and love, knit together in one mind and one judgment. They speak either Manx or English, and follow a regular plan which the assistant gives them monthly.

The Isle is supposed to have thirty thousand inhabitants. Allowing half of them to be adults, and our societies to contain one or two and twenty hundred members, what a fair proportion is this! What has been seen like this, in any part either of Great-Britain or Ireland!

Saturday 9, We would willingly have set sail; but the strong north-east wind prevented us. Monday 11, it being moderate, we put to sea; but it soon died away into a calm; so I had time to read over and consider Dr. Johnson's Tour through Scotland. I had heard that he was severe upon the whole nation; but I could find nothing of it. He simply mentions, (but without any bitterness,) what he approved or disapproved: and many of the reflections are extremely judicious: some of them very affecting.

Tuesday 12, The calm continuing, I read over Mr. Pennant's Tour through Scotland. How amazingly different from Dr. Johnson's! He is, doubtless, a man both of sense and learning. Why has he then bad English in almost every page? No man should be above writing correctly.

Having several passengers on board, I offered to give them a sermon, which they willingly accepted: and all behaved with the utmost decency, while I shewed, *His commandments are not grievous.* Soon after a little breeze

sprung up, which, early in the morning, brought us to Whitehaven.

Thursday 14, I had a design to preach at noon in the town-hall at Cockermouth: but Mr. Lothian offering me his meeting-house, which was far more convenient, I willingly accepted his offer: by this mean I had a much more numerous audience, most of whom behaved well. At seven I preached at Mr. Whyte's, in Ballantyn, a little village, four miles from Cockermouth. Many assembled here who had hardly seen or heard a Methodist before. I believe some of them did not hear in vain. After this, I saw Mr. Whyte no more: God soon called him into a better world. Friday 15, in the evening I preached in the town-hall at Carlisle, and on Saturday 16, reached Newcastle.

Sunday 17, In the morning I preached at the Ballast-hills; in the afternoon at Gateshead; and at five at the Garth-heads. To day I heard a remark at All-Saints church, which I never read or heard before, in confirmation of that assertion of Abraham, *If they hear not Moses and the Prophets.* "The thing has been tried. One did rise from the dead, in the sight of a multitude of people. The namesake of this Lazarus rose from the dead: the very Pharisees could not deny it: yet, who of them that believed not Moses and the prophets, was thereby *persuaded to repent?*"

Wednesday 20, I went over to Sunderland, and preached evening and morning to a lovely congregation. Thursday 21, I read prayers and preached in Monk-Wearmouth church; and Friday 22, returned to Newcastle. Saturday 23, I went over to Hexham, and preached in the market-place to a numerous congregation, on *I saw the dead small and great, stand before God.* None were rude or uncivil in any respect; and very few were inattentive. Sunday 24, I preached in the morning at Gateshead-Fell: about noon at a village called Greenside, ten miles west of Newcastle, to the largest congregation I have seen in the north, many of whom were Roman Catholics. In the evening I preached once more at the Garth-heads, (some thought, to the largest

congregation that had ever been there,) on those words in the Service, *Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.*

After preaching at many places in the way, on Wednesday 27, I preached at York. Many of our friends met me here, so that, in the evening, the house would ill contain the congregation. And I know not when I have found such a spirit among them: they seemed to be all hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

Thursday 28, I preached at eleven in the main street at Selby, to a large and quiet congregation, and in the evening at Thorne. This day I entered my seventy-ninth year; and, by the grace of God, I feel no more of the infirmities of old age, than I did at twenty-nine. Friday 29, I preached at Crowle and at Epworth. I have now preached thrice a day for seven days following; but it is just the same as if it had been but once.

Saturday 30, I went over to Ouston, and found the whole town was moved. One of the chief men of the town had been just buried, and his wife a few days before. In the course of nature they might have lived many years, being only middle aged. He had known the love of God, but had choaked the good seed, by hastening to be rich: but Providence disappointed all his schemes; and, it was thought, he died of a broken heart. I took that opportunity of enforcing, *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might: for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.*

Sunday, July 1, I preached, as usual, at Misterton, at Overthorpe, and at Epworth. Monday 2, I preached at Scotter about eight; at Brigg at noon; and in the evening in the old church-yard at Grimsby, to almost all the people of the town, on *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.* The late proof of it is in the glorious death of Robert Wilkinson, and the behaviour of his widow,

"So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so resign'd,"

I believe, will hardly be forgotten by any that were witnesses of it.

Tuesday 3, I preached at Claythorp, three miles from Grimsby: here likewise there has been an out-pouring of the Spirit. I was reminded here of what I saw at Cardiff almost forty years ago. I could not go into any of the little houses, but presently it was filled with people; and I was constrained to pray with them in every house, or they would not be satisfied. Several of these are renewed in love, and give a plain, scriptural account of their experience. And there is scarcely a house in the village, wherein there is not one or more earnestly athirst for salvation.

Wednesday 4, I called upon an honest man, and I hope, took him out of the hands of an egregious quack, who was pouring in medicines upon him, for what he called, "Wind in the nerves!" In the evening I preached at Louth, now as quiet as Grimsby. When shall we learn "To despair of none?"

Thursday 5, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Brackenbury again, though still exceedingly weak. His chapel was thoroughly filled in the evening; I trust, with sincere hearers.

Friday 6, I crossed over to Langham-Row, where the high wind would not suffer me to preach abroad: but the house tolerably contained the congregation; most of whom attended again at five in the morning.

To-day I finished the second volume of Dr. Robertson's History of America. His language is always clear and srong, and frequently elegant: and I suppose his history is preferable to any History of America, which has appeared in the English tongue. But I cannot admire, first, his intolerable prolixity, in this history, as well as his History of Charles the Fifth. He promises eight books of the History of America, and fills four of them with critical dissertations: true, the dissertations are sensible; but they have lost their way; they are not history: and they are swelled beyond all proportion; doubtless, for the benefit of the author and the bookseller, rather than the reader. I cannot admire, secondly, a Christian divine writing a history, with so very little of Christianity in it: nay, he seems studiously to avoid

saying any thing, which might imply, that he believes the Bible. I can still less admire, thirdly, his speaking so honourably of a professed infidel; yea, and referring to his master-piece of infidelity, "The Sketch of the History of Man;" as artful, as unfair, as disingenuous a book, as even Toland's Nazarenus. Least of all can I admire, fourthly, his copying after Dr. Hawksworth, (who once professed better things) in totally excluding the Creator from governing the world! Was it not enough, never to mention the Providence of God, where there was the fairest occasion? without saying expressly, "The fortune of Cortez," or Chance, did thus or thus? So far as *Fortune* or *Chance* governs the world, God has no place in it.

The poor American, though not pretending to be a Christian, knew better than this. When the Indian was asked, "Why do you think the beloved ones take care of you?" He answered, "When I was in the battle the bullet went on this side and on that side; and this man died, and that man died; and I am alive! So, I know, the beloved ones take care of *me*."

It is true, the doctrine of a particular Providence, (and any but a *particular* Providence is no Providence at all) is absolutely out of fashion in England. And a *prudent* author might write this to gain the favour of his gentle readers: yet I will not say this is real prudence, because he may lose hereby more than he gains; as the majority even of Britons, to this day, retain some sort of respect for the Bible.

If it were worth while to mention a little thing, after things of so much greater importance, I would add, I was surprised that so sensible a writer, in enumerating so many reasons, why it is so much colder in the southern hemisphere than it is in the northern: why it is colder, for instance, at forty degrees south than at fifty north latitude; should forget the main, the primary reason, namely, the greater distance of the sun? For is it not well known, that the sun (to speak with the vulgar) is longer on the north side the line than the south? That he is longer in the six northern signs than the

southern, so that there is a difference (says Gravesande) of nine days? Now, if the northern hemisphere be obverted to the sun longer than the southern, does not this necessarily imply, that the northern hemisphere will be warmer than the southern? And is not this the primary reason of its being so?

Saturday 7, I designed to go from hence to Boston; but a message from Mr. Pugh, desiring me to preach in his church on Sunday, made me alter my design: so, procuring a guide, I set out for Rauceby. We rode through Tattershall, where there are large remains of a stately castle: and there was in the chancel of the old church the finest painted glass, (so it was esteemed) in England; but the prudent owner, considering it brought him in nothing by staying there, lately sold it for a round sum of money.

Here I met with such a ferry as I never saw before. The boat was managed by an honest countryman who knew just nothing of the matter, and a young woman equally skilful. However, though the river was fifty yards broad, we got over it in an hour and a half. We then went on through the fens in a marvellous road, sometimes tracked, and sometimes not, till about six we came to Rauceby, and found the people gathered from all parts; I preached on those words in the second Lesson, *There is neither Jew nor Gentile, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all.*

Sunday 8, The congregation was still larger. Hence I rode over to Welby, and preached in Mr. Dodwell's church in the afternoon and in the evening, to a numerous and serious congregation. Monday 9, I preached at Grantham in the open air, for no house would contain the congregation, and none made the least disturbance, any more than at Newark, (where I preached in the evening,) or in the castle-yard at Lincoln, on Tuesday 10. Wednesday 11, I preached at Newton-upon-Trent, and Gainsborough.

After visiting many other societies, I crossed over into the West-Riding of Yorkshire. Monday 23, I preached at Yeadon, to a large congregation. I had heard the people

there were remarkably dead; if so, they were now remarkably quickened; for I know not when I have seen a whole congregation so moved. Tuesday 24, we had fifty or sixty children at five, and as many or more in the evening; and more affectionate ones I never saw: for the present, at least, God has touched their hearts. On Wednesday and Thursday I preached at Bradforth and Halifax; on Friday, at Greatland chapel and Huddersfield: after preaching, I retired to Longwood-house, one of the pleasantest spots in the county.

Saturday 28, I preached at Longwood-house, at Mirfield, and at Dawgreen. Sunday 29, I preached at eight before the house. I expected to preach at one, as usual, under the hill, at Birstal; but after the church service was ended, the clerk exclaimed, with a loud voice, "The Rev. Mr. Wesley is to preach here in the afternoon." So I desired Mr. Pawson to preach at one. The church began at half an hour past two, and I spoke exceedingly plain to such a congregation as never met there before. In the evening I preached at Bradforth to thousands upon thousands, on *The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

Monday 30, I crossed over to Tadcaster at noon, and in the evening to York: hence I took a little circuit through Malton, Scarborough, Beverly, Hull, and Pocklington, and came to York again.

Sunday, August 5, At the old church in Leeds, we had eighteen clergymen, and about eleven hundred communicants. I preached there at three; the church was thoroughly filled, and I believe most could hear, while I explained the New Covenant, which God has now made with the Israel of God.

Monday 6, I desired Mr. Fletcher, Dr. Coke, and four more of our brethren, to meet every evening, that we might consult together on any difficulty that occurred. On Tuesday our Conference began, at which were present about seventy preachers, whom I had severally invited to come and assist me with their advice, in carrying on the great work

of God. Wednesday 8, I desired Mr. Fletcher to preach. I do not wonder he should be so popular; not only because he preaches with all his might, but because the power of God attends both his preaching and praying. On Monday and Tuesday we finished the remaining business of the Conference, and ended it with solemn prayer and thanksgiving.

Wednesday 15, I went to Sheffield: in the afternoon I took a view of the chapel lately built by the Duke of Norfolk: one may safely say, there is none like it in the three kingdoms, nor, I suppose, in the world. It is a stone building, an octagon, about eighty feet diameter: a cupola, which is at a great height, gives some, but not much light: a little more is given by four small windows, which are under the galleries: the pulpit is moveable: it rolls upon wheels, and is shifted once a quarter, that all the pews may face it in their turns; I presume, the first contrivance of the kind in Europe.

After preaching in the evening to a crowded audience, and exhorting the society to brotherly love, I took chaise with Dr. Coke, and travelling day and night, the next evening came to London. We observed Friday the 17th, as a Fast Day, and concluded it with a solemn watch-night. Having finished my business in town for the present, on Sunday 19, at eight in the evening, I took coach, with my new fellow-traveller George Whitefield, and on Monday evening preached at Bath. Tuesday 21, I went on to Bristol, and after resting a day, on Thursday 23, set out for Cornwall.

Finding, after breakfast, that I was within a mile of my old friend, G. S—, I walked over, and spent an hour with him. He is all-original still, like no man in the world, either in sentiments or any thing about him: but, perhaps, if I had his immense fortune, I might be as great an oddity as he.

About six in the evening I preached at Taunton, to a numerous congregation. I found the letters concerning popery had much abated prejudice here. Friday 24, I preached at

Collumpton, about noon, and at Exeter in the evening. Saturday 28, I preached in the square at Plymouth-Dock, to a quieter congregation than usual. Sunday 26, between one and two, I began in the new house in Plymouth: the large congregation was all attention; and there seemed reason to hope, that even here we shall find some fruit of our labour. In the evening I preached again in the square, on the story of the pharisee and publican, to such a congregation for number and seriousness together, as I never saw there before.

Monday 27, I was desired to preach at Trenuth at noon, *a little way* (they said) out of the road. The little way proved six or seven miles, through a road ready to break our wheels in pieces. However, I just reached St. Austle time enough to preach: and God greatly comforted the hearts of his people.

Tuesday 28, Between nine and ten we had such a storm of rain, as I do not remember to have seen in Europe before. It seemed ready to beat in the windows of the chaise, and in three minutes drenched our horsemen from head to foot. We reached Truro, however, at the appointed time. I have not for many years seen a congregation so universally affected. One would have imagined, every one that was present had a desire to save his soul.

In the evening I preached in the High-street at Helston. I scarcely know a town in the whole county which is so totally changed. Not a spark of that bitter enmity to the Methodists appears, in which the people here for many years gloried above their fellows.

Going through Marazion, I was told that a large congregation was waiting: so I stepped out of my chaise and began immediately; and we had a gracious shower: some were cut to the heart; but more rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

In the evening I preached in the market-place at Penzance. I designed afterwards to meet the society; but the people were so eager to hear all they could, that they quickly filled the house from end to end. This is another of the

towns wherein the whole stream of the people is turned, as it were, from east to west.

We had a happy season, both at St. Just on Thursday evening, and in the market-place at St. Ives on Friday.

Saturday, September 1, I made an end of that curious book, Dr. Parson's "Remains of Japhet." The very ingenious author has struck much light into some of the darkest parts of ancient history. And, although I cannot entirely subscribe to every proposition which he advances, yet I apprehend, he has sufficiently proved the main of his hypothesis: namely,

1, That, after the flood, Shem and his descendants peopled the greatest parts of Asia. 2, That Ham and his children peopled Africa. 3, That Europe was peopled by the two sons of Japhet, Gomer, and Magog: the southern and south-western, by Gomer and his children; and the north and the north-western, by the children of Magog. 4, That the former were called Gomerians, Cimmerians, Cimbrians; and afterwards Celtiæ, Galatæ, and Gauls: the latter were called by the general name of Scythians, Scuiti, Scots. 5, That the Gomerians spread swiftly through the north of Europe, as far as the Cimbrian Chersonesus, (including Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and divers other countries,) and then into Ireland, where they multiplied, very early, into a considerable nation. 6, That some ages after, another part of them who had first settled in Spain, sailed to Ireland, under Milea, or Milesius; and, conquering the first inhabitants, took possession of the land. 7, That about the same time the Gomerians came to Ireland, the Magogians or Scythians came to Britain; so early, that both still spoke the same language, and well understood each other. 8, That the Irish spoke by the Gomerians, and the Welsh spoke by the Magogians, are one and the same language, expressed by the same seventeen letters, which were long after brought by a Gomerian Prince into Greece. 9, That all the languages of Europe, Greek and Latin in particular, are derived from this. 10, That the Antediluvian language, spoken by all till after the flood, and then continued in the

family of Shem, was Hebrew; and from this [the Hebrew] tongue many of the Eastern languages are derived. The foregoing particulars this fine writer has made highly probable: and these may be admitted, though we do not agree to his vehement panegyric on the Irish language; much less receive all the stories told by the Irish poets or chroniclers, as genuine, authentic history.

At eleven I preached in Cambourn church-town, and I believe the hearts of all the people were bowed down before the Lord. After the quarterly-meeting in Redruth, I preached in the market-place, on the first principle, *Ye are saved through faith.* It is also the last point: and it connects the first point of religion with the last.

Sunday 5, About five in the evening I preached at Gwenap: I believe two or three and twenty thousand were present. And I believe God enabled me so to speak, that even those who stood farthest off could hear distinctly: I think this is my *ne plus ultra.* I shall scarcely see a larger congregation, till we meet in the air.

After preaching at Bodmin, Launceston, Tiverton, and Halberton, on Wednesday 5, about noon, I preached at Taunton. I believe it my duty to relate here what some will esteem a most notable instance of enthusiasm. Be it so or not, I aver the plain fact. In an hour after we left Taunton, one of the chaise horses was on a sudden so lame, that he could hardly set his foot to the ground. It being impossible to procure any human help, I knew of no remedy but prayer. Immediately the lameness was gone, and he went just as he did before. In the evening I preached at South-Brent, and the next day went on to Bristol.

Friday 8, I went over to Kingswood, and made a particular enquiry into the management of the school. I found some of the rules had not been observed at all, particularly that of rising in the morning: surely Satan has a peculiar spite at this school! What trouble has it cost me for above these thirty years! I can *plan*, but who will *execute!* I know not; God, help me!

Sunday 9, In the calm, sun-shiny evening, I preached

near King's-square: I know nothing more solemn, than such a congregation, praising God with one heart and one voice. Surely, they who talk of the *indecency* of field-preaching never saw such a sight as this.

Monday 10, I preached at Paulton and Shepton-Mallet, to a lively, increasing people in each place. Tuesday 11, I found the same cause of rejoicing at Coleford, and the next evening at Frome. Thursday 13, I preached at Road and at Bradford. Friday 14, after an interval of thirty years, I preached again in Trowbridge. About two I preached near the church in Freshford, and then spent a day or two at Bath.

On Monday 17, I preached at Chew Magna and Stoke; on Tuesday at Clutton and Pensford: but Pensford is now a dull, dreary place, the flower of the congregation being gone. Thursday 20, I went over to Mangots'-field, a place famous for all manner of wickedness, and the only one in the neighbourhood of Kingswood, which we had totally neglected: but, on a sudden, light is sprung up even in this thick darkness. Many enquire, What they must do to be saved. Many of these have broken off outward sin, and are earnestly calling for an inward Saviour. I preached in the main street, to almost all the inhabitants of the town, on *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Friday 21, I preached at Thornbury, where I had not been before for nearly forty years. It seems as if good might at length be done here also; as an entire new generation is now come up, in the room of the dry, stupid stocks that were there before.

On Monday 24, And the following days, I met the classes at Bristol, and was not a little surprised to find that the society is still decreasing. Certainly we have all need to stir up the gift of God that is in us, and with all possible care, to strengthen the things that remain.

Thursday 27, I preached at Bath and Bradford, and on Friday at Trowbridge. How long did we toil here and take nothing! At length, it seems, the answer of many prayers is come. Friday 28, about noon I preached at Keynsham,

and not without hopes of doing good even here. Since Miss Owen has removed from Publow, Miss Bishop has set up a school here; and it is worthy to be called a Christian school: it *is* what the school at Publow *was!*

Saturday 29, I spent an hour with Mr. Henderson at Hanham, and particularly enquired into his whole method. And I am persuaded, there is not such another house for lunatics in the three kingdoms: he has a peculiar art of governing his patients, not by fear but by love: the consequence is, many of them speedily recover, and love him ever after.

Thursday, October 4, I was importuned to preach the sermon to the condemned at Bristol; I did so, though with little hope of doing good, the criminals being eminently impenitent: yet they were for the present melted into tears; and they were not out of God's reach. Sunday 7, I took my leave of the congregation in the new square, in a calm, delightful evening. Monday 8, I preached at the Devizes about eleven; at Sarum in the evening.

Tuesday 9, I preached at Winchester, whither I went, with great expectation, to see that celebrated painting in the cathedral, The raising of Lazarus but I was disappointed. I observed, 1, There was such a huddle of figures, that had I not been told, I should not ever have guessed what they meant. 2, The colours in general were far too glaring, such as neither Christ nor his followers ever wore. When will painters have common sense!

Wednesday 10, I opened the new preaching-house just finished at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. After preaching I explained the nature of a Methodist Society, of which few had before the least conception. Friday 11, I came to London, and was informed, that my wife died on Monday. This evening she was buried, though I was not informed of it till a day or two after.

Monday 15, I set out for Oxfordshire, and spent five days with much satisfaction among the societies. I found no offences among them at all, but they appeared to walk in love. On Friday 19, I returned to London.

Sunday 21, About ten at night we set out for Norwich, and came thither about noon on Monday. Finding the people loving and peaceable, I spent a day or two with much satisfaction, and on Wednesday went on to Yarmouth. There is a prospect of good here also, the two grand hinderers having taken themselves away. At Lowestoffe I found much life and much love. On Friday I preached at Loddon, and on Saturday returned to Norwich.

Sunday 28, I preached at Bear-street to a large congregation, most of whom had never seen my face before. At half an hour after two, and at five, I preached to our usual congregation, and the next morning commended them to the grace of God.

Monday 29, I went to Fakenham, and in the evening preached in the room, built by Miss Franklin, now Mrs. Parker. I believe most of the town were present. Tuesday 30, I went to Wells, a considerable sea-port, twelve miles from Fakenham, where also Miss Franklin had opened a door by preaching abroad, though at the peril of her life. She was followed by a young woman of the town, with whom I talked largely, and found her very sensible, and much devoted to God. From her I learned, "That, till the Methodists came, they had none but female teachers in this country; and that there were six of these within ten or twelve miles, all of whom were members of the Church of England." I preached about ten in a small, neat preaching-house, and all but two or three were attentive. Here are a few who appear to be in great earnest; and if so, they will surely increase.

At two in the afternoon I preached at Walsingham, a place famous for many generations. Afterwards I walked over what is left of the famous abbey, the east end of which is still standing. We then went to the Friary; the cloisters and chapel whereof are almost entire. Had there been a grain of virtue or public spirit in Henry the Eighth, these noble buildings need not have run to ruin.

Wednesday 31, I went to Lynn, and preached in the evening to a very genteel congregation. I spoke more

strongly than I am accustomed to do, and hope they were not all *sermon-proof*.

Friday, November 2, I returned to London. Monday 5, I began visiting the classes, and found a considerable increase in the society: this I impute chiefly to a small company of young persons who have kept a prayer-meeting at five every morning. In the following week I visited most of the country societies, and found them increasing rather than decreasing. Sunday 18, I preached at St. John's, Wapping, and God was present, both to wound and heal. Monday 19, travelling all night, I breakfasted at Towcester, and preached there in the evening and the following morning. Tuesday 20, we had a pleasant walk to Whittlebury. This is still the loveliest congregation, as well as the liveliest society in the circuit. Thursday 22, we had a large congregation at Northampton. On Friday I returned to London.

Monday 26, I took a little tour through Sussex; and Wednesday 28, I preached at Tunbridge-Wells, in the large Presbyterian meeting-house, to a well-dressed audience, and yet deeply serious. On Thursday I preached at Sevenoaks. Friday 30, I went on to Shoreham, to see the venerable old man: he is in his eighty-ninth year, and has nearly lost his sight; but he has not lost his understanding, nor even his memory, and is full of faith and love. On Saturday I returned to London.

Sunday, December 2, I preached at St. Swithin's-church in the evening. About eight I took coach, and reached St. Neot's in the morning. I preached in the evening to a larger congregation than I ever saw there before. Tuesday 4, about nine I preached for the first time at Bugden, and in the evening at Huntington. Wednesday 5, I was at Bedford. On Thursday 6, our house at Luton was thoroughly filled, and I believe the people felt, as well as heard those words, *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.* On Saturday I was in London.

Monday 10, I went to Canterbury, and preached in the evening, on *Casting all our care on God*: it was a word in

season. Tuesday 14, finding abundance of people troubled, as though England were on the brink of destruction, I applied those comfortable words, *I will not destroy the city for ten's sake.* Wednesday 12, I preached at Chatham, and the next day returned to London.

Friday 21, We observed all over England as a day of fasting and prayer; and surely God will be intreated for a sinful nation. Friday 28, by reading in Thurloe's Memoirs, the original papers of the treaty at Uxbridge, Agnovi fatum Carthaginis; I saw it was then flatly impossible for the King to escape destruction: for the Parliament were resolved to accept no terms, unless he would, 1, Give up all his friends to beggary or death: and, 2, Require all the three kingdoms to swear to the solemn league and covenant: he had no other choice! Who then can blame him for breaking off that treaty?

Tuesday, January 1, 1782, I began the service at four, in West-street chapel, and again at ten. In the evening many of us at the new chapel rejoiced in God our Saviour.

Sunday 6, A larger company than ever before met together to renew their covenant with God. And the dread of God, in an eminent degree, fell upon the whole congregation.

Monday 14, Being informed, that through the ill conduct of the preachers, things were in much disorder at Colchester, I went down, hoping to *strengthen the things which remained, that were ready to die.* I found that part of the class-leaders were dead, and the rest had left the society; the bands were totally dissolved. Morning preaching was given up; and hardly any, except on Sunday, attended the evening preaching. This evening, however, we had a very large congregation, to whom I proclaimed, *The terrors of the Lord.* I then told them, I would immediately restore the morning preaching: and the next morning I suppose an hundred attended. In the day time I visited as many as I possibly could, in all quarters of the town: I then enquired, who were proper and willing to meet in band? and who were fittest for leaders, either of bands or classes? The con-

gregation this evening was larger than the last; and many again set their hands to the plough. O may the Lord confirm the fresh desires he has given, that they may no more look back!

Friday, March 1, We had a very solemn and comfortable watch-night at West-street. Sunday 3, I took coach, and the next evening had a watch-night at Bath. Tuesday and Wednesday, after meeting the classes, I visited as many as I could, chiefly of the sick and poor. Thursday 7, I preached about eleven, at Keynsham, and in the evening at Bristol. Friday 18, and most of the following days, I visited Mr. C——n, just hovering between life and death. What a blessing may this illness be! On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I visited the classes, and found a little increase.

Friday 25, I opened the new house at Freshford. In the afternoon I called at Mr. Henderson's at Hannam, and spent some time with poor, disconsolate Louisa. Such a sight, in the space of fourteen years, I never saw before! Pale and wan, worne with sorrow, beaten with wind and rain, having been so long exposed to all weathers, with her hair rough and frizzled, and only a blanket wrapped round her, native beauty gleamed through all. Her features were small and finely turned: her eyes had a peculiar sweetness: her arms and fingers were delicately shaped, and her voice soft and agreeable: but her understanding was in ruins. She appeared partly insane, partly silly, and childish. She would answer no question concerning herself, only that her name was Louisa. She seemed to take no notice of any person or thing, and seldom spoke above a word or two at a time. Mr. Henderson has restored her health, and she loves him much. She is in a small room by herself, and wants nothing that is proper for her.

Some time since a gentleman called, who said he came two hundred miles on purpose to enquire after her. When he saw her face he trembled exceedingly; but all he said was, "She was born in Germany, and is not now four-and-twenty years old!"

In the evening I preached at Kingswood School, and afterwards met the bands. The colliers spoke without any reserve; I was greatly surprised. Not only the matter of what they spoke was rational and scriptural, but the language, yea, and the manner were exactly proper. *Who teacheth like him?*

Monday 18, I left our friends at Bristol with satisfaction, having been much refreshed among them. In the evening and the next day, I preached at Stroud; Wednesday 20, at Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Worcester.

Friday 22, About two in the morning we had such a storm as I never remember. Before it began, our chamber-door clattered to and fro exceedingly: so it sounded to us; although, in fact, it did not move at all. I then distinctly heard the door open, and having a light, rose and went to it; but it was fast shut. Mean time the window was wide open. I shut it and went to sleep again. So deep a snow fell in the night, that we were afraid the roads would be impassable: however, we set out in the afternoon, and made shift to get to Kidderminster. We had a large congregation in the evening, though it was intensely cold; and another at seven in the morning, Saturday 23, and all of them were deeply serious. It was with a good deal of difficulty we got to Bridgenorth, much of the road being blocked up with snow. In the afternoon we had another kind of difficulty: the roads were so rough and so deep, that we were in danger every now and then, of leaving our wheels behind us. But by adding two horses to my own, at length we got safe to Madeley.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher complained, that after all the pains they had taken, they could not prevail on the people to join in society, no, nor even to meet in a class. Resolving to try, I preached to a crowded audience, on *I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.* I followed the blow in the afternoon, by strongly applying those words, *Awake, thou that sleepest*, afterwards enforcing the necessity of Christian fellowship on all who desired either to awake or keep awake. I then desired those that were willing to join

together for this purpose, to call upon Mr. Fletcher and me after service. Ninety-four or ninety-five persons did so; about as many men as women. We explained to them the nature of a Christian society, and they willingly joined therein.

Monday 25, I spent an agreeable hour at the boarding-school in Sheriff-Hales. I believe the Miss Yeomans are well qualified for their office. Several of the children are under strong drawings. We then went on to Newcastle-under-Lyme. (This is the name of a little river, which runs near the town.) Tuesday 26, I found many at Burslem [illegible] under sad apprehensions of the public danger. So I applied to these also those comfortable words, *I will not destroy it for ten's sake.*

Thursday 28, Coming to Congleton, I found the Calvinists were just breaking in, and striving to make havoc of the flock. Is this brotherly love? Is this doing as we would be done to? No more than robbing on the highway. But if it is *decreed*, they cannot help it: so we cannot blame them.

Good-Friday, March 29, I came to Macclesfield just time enough to assist Mr. Simpson in the laborious service of the day. I preached for him morning and afternoon; and we administered the sacrament to about thirteen hundred persons. While we were administering, I heard a low, soft, solemn sound, just like that of an Æolian harp. It continued five or six minutes, and so affected many, that they could not refrain from tears. It then gradually died away. Strange that no other organist (that I know) should think of this! In the evening I preached at our room. Here was that harmony which art cannot imitate.

Saturday 30, As our friends at Leek, thirteen miles from Macclesfield, would take no denial, I went over, and preached about noon, to a lovely congregation. God bore witness to his word in an uncommon manner, so that I could not think much of my labour.

Easter-Day, March 31, I preached in the church at Macclesfield, morning and evening, where we had about eight

hundred communicants. In the evening we had a love-feast; and such a one as I had not seen for many years. Sixteen or eighteen persons gave a clear, scriptural testimony of being renewed in love. And many others told what God had done for their souls, with inimitable simplicity.

Monday, April 1, We set out in the morning for Chapel-en-le-Frith; but such a journey I have seldom had, unless in the middle of January. Wind, snow, and rain we had in abundance, and roads almost impassable: however, at last we got to the town, and had a good walk from thence to the chapel, through the driving snow, about half a mile. But I soon forgot my labour, finding a large congregation that were all athirst for God.

Tuesday 2, About ten I preached at New-Mills, to as simple a people as those at Chapel. Perceiving they had suffered much by not having the doctrine of Christian Perfection clearly explained, and strongly pressed upon them, I preached expressly on the head, and spoke to the same effect in meeting the society. The spirits of many greatly revived; and they are now *going on to perfection*. I found it needful to press the same thing at Stockport in the evening. Thursday 4, I preached at noon in the new preaching-house at Ashton, to as many as the house would hold. The inscription over the door is, *Can any good come out of Nazareth? Come and see.* In the evening I preached at Manchester.

Friday 5, About one I preached at Oldham, and was surprised to see all the street lined with little children; and such children as I never saw till now. Before preaching they only ran round me and before me; but after it, a whole troop, boys and girls, closed me in, and would not be content, till I shook each of them by the hand. Being then asked to visit a dying woman, I no sooner entered the room, than both she and her companions were in such an emotion as I have seldom seen. Some laughed, some cried; all were so transported, that they could hardly speak. O! how much better is it to go to the poor, than to the rich. And to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting!

About this time I had a remarkable letter; part of it was as follows:

"The work of God prospers among us here: I never saw any thing equal to it. The last time I was at St. Just, the leaders gave me an account of seventy persons, who had found either pardon or perfect love, within the last fortnight. And the night and morning I was there, twenty more were delivered. One-and-twenty likewise were then added to the society, most of whom have found peace with God.

"CHRISTOPHER WATKINS."

Saturday 13, I preached at St. Helen's, a small, but populous town, ten or twelve miles from Liverpool, in Joseph Harris's house, who is removed thither, from Kingswood, to take care of the copper-works. Surely God has brought him thither for good. The people seem to be quite ripe for the gospel.

I was waked at half past two this morning, as was Mr. Broadbent also, by a very loud noise, like a vast crack of thunder, accompanied with a bright flash of light. It made the whole room shake, and all the tables and chairs therein jar. But, what is strange, none in the house, or in the town heard it beside us.

Monday 15, I saw an uncommon sight; the preaching-house at Wigan filled, yea, crowded! Perhaps God will cause fruit to spring up, even in this desolate place.

I had now leisure to transcribe a letter written last May, from Amherst, in Nova-Scotia, by a young man, whose father, some years since, went thither with his whole family.

"In the year 1779, I saw, if I would go to heaven, I must lead a new life. But I did not know I wanted an inward change, or see the deplorable state I was in by nature, till I was at a prayer-meeting, held at Mr. Oxley's. While they were praying, my heart began to throb within me, my eyes gushed out with tears, and I cried aloud for mercy, as did most that were in the room, about fourteen in number. One indeed could not hold from laughing, when we began to cry out; but it was not long before he cried as loud as

any. In a few moments it pleased God to fill Mrs. Oxley with joy unspeakable. After this, we went almost every night to Mr. Oxley's, to sing and pray. Going thence one night, and seeing the Northern Lights, I thought, 'What if the day of judgment be coming!' I threw myself down on the ground, and cried to the Lord for mercy. On Sunday, Mr. Wells, an old Methodist, came to Amherst, and gave us an exhortation, in which he said, 'Sin and repent, sin and repent, till you repent in the bottomless pit.' The words went like a dagger to my heart, and I continued mourning after God, for five weeks and four days, till our monthly meeting. I was then strongly tempted to put an end to my life; but God enabled me to resist the temptation. Two days after, an old Methodist, after praying with me, said, 'I think you will get the blessing before morning.' About two hours after, while we were singing a hymn, it pleased God to reveal his Son in my heart. Since that time, I have had many blessed days, and many happy nights.

"One Sunday night, after my brother Dicky and I were gone to bed, I asked him, 'Can you believe?' He answered, 'No.' I exhorted him to wrestle hard with God, and got up to pray with him: but he was unbelieving still; so I went to sleep again. Yet not being satisfied, after talking largely to him, I got up again, and began praying for him, being fully persuaded, that God would set his soul at liberty: and so he did: he pardoned all his sins, and bade him *Go in peace.*

"It being now between twelve and one, I waked my brothers, John and Thomas, and told them the glad tidings. They got up; we went to prayer; and, when we rose from our knees, Tommy declared, 'God has blotted out all my sins.' I then went to my father and mother, who were both seeking salvation, and told them the joyful news. My father said, 'Willy, pray for *us*.' I did, and earnestly exhorted him to wrestle with God for himself: so he did, and it was not long before God set his soul also at liberty. The next

morning it pleased him to shew my sister Sally his pardoning love. Blessed be his name for all his benefits!

"Not long after, Mr. Oxley's son came to our house, and being in bed with me, complained of his hardness of heart. After I had talked with him a little while, the Lord laid his hand upon him in a wonderful manner, so that he rolled up and down and roared as in the agonies of death: but between one and two in the morning, he likewise could rejoice in God his Saviour. These are a few of the wonderful works of God among us: but he is also working on the hearts of the inhabitants in general.

"WILLIAM BLACK, Junior."

Monday 22, I preached about eleven in Todmorden church, thoroughly filled with attentive hearers: in the afternoon in Heptonstall church; and at the Ewood in the evening. Wednesday 24, the flood caused by the violent rains shut me up at Longwood house; but on Thursday the rain turned to snow; so on Friday I got to Halifax, where Mr. Floyd lay in a high fever, almost dead for want of sleep. This was prevented by the violent pain in one of his feet, which was much swelled, and so sore that it could not be touched. We joined in prayer, that God would fulfil his word, and *give his beloved sleep:* presently the swelling, the soreness, the pain were gone, and he had a good night's rest.

Saturday 27, As we rode to Keighley, the north-east wind was scarcely supportable; the frost being exceedingly sharp, and all the mountains covered with snow. Sunday 28, Bingley church was hot, but the heat was very supportable both in the morning and afternoon. Monday 29, I preached at Skipton, in Craven; at Grassington; and at Patelybridge. Tuesday 30, I found Miss Ritchie at Otley, still hovering between life and death. Thursday, May 2, I met the select society, all but two retaining the pure love of God, which some of them received nearly thirty years ago. On Saturday evening I preached to an earnest congregation at Yeadon. The same congregation was present in the

morning, together with an army of little children; full as numerous, and almost as loving as those that surrounded us at Oldham.

Sunday 5, One of my horses having been so thoroughly lamed at Otley, that he died in three or four days, I purchased another; but as it was his way, to stand still when he pleased, I set out as soon as possible. When we had gone three miles, the chaise stuck fast. I walked for about a mile, and then borrowed a horse, which brought me to Birstal before the prayers were ended. I preached on those words in the Gospel, *Do ye now believe?* which gave me an opportunity of speaking strong words, both to believers and unbelievers. In the evening I preached at Leeds, on St. James's beautiful description of pure religion and undefiled, *To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.*

Thursday 9, I preached at Wakefield in the evening. Such attention sat on every face, that it seemed as if every one in the congregation was on the brink of believing. Friday 10, I preached at Sheffield. Saturday 11, about noon at Doncaster, and in the evening at Epworth. I found the accounts I had received of the work of God here were not at all exaggerated. Here is a country town containing a little more than eight or nine hundred grown people; and there has been such a work among them, as we have not seen in so short a time either at Leeds, Bristol, or London.

Sunday 12, About eight I preached at Misterton; about one at Overthorpe. Many of the Epworth children were there, and their spirit spread to all around them. But the huge congregation was in the market-place at Epworth, and the Lord in the midst of them. The love-feast which followed, exceeded all: I never knew such a one here before. As soon as one had done speaking, another began. Several of them were children; but they spoke with the wisdom of the aged, though with the fire of youth. So out of the mouth of babes and sucklings did God perfect praise. Monday 13, I preached at Thorne. Never did I see such a congregation here before. The flame of Epworth hath

spread hither also: in seven weeks fifty persons have found peace with God.

Tuesday 14, Some years ago, four factories for spinning and weaving were set up at Epworth. In these a large number of young women, and boys, and girls were employed. The whole conversation of these was profane and loose to the last degree: but some of them stumbling in at the prayer-meeting, were suddenly cut to the heart. They never rested till they had gained their companions. The whole scene was changed. In three of the factories, no more lewdness or profaneness were found; for God had put a new song in their mouth, and blasphemies were turned to praise. Those three I visited to-day, and found religion had taken deep root in them: no trifling word was heard among them, and they watch over each other in love. I found it exceedingly good to be there, and we rejoiced together in the God of our salvation.

Wednesday 15, I set out for the other side of Lincolnshire. Thursday 16, I preached in the new house at Barrow. I was well pleased to meet with my old fellow-traveller, Charles Delamot, here. He gave me an invitation to lodge at his house, which I willingly accepted of. He seemed to be just the same as when we lodged together, five and forty years ago: only he complained of the infirmities of old age, which, through the mercy of God, I know nothing of.

Hence I went by Hull, Beverley, Bridlington, and then hastened to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where I preached on Sunday the 26th. Monday 27, I set out for Scotland, and Wednesday 29, reached Dunbar. The weather was exceedingly rough and stormy; yet we had a large and serious congregation. Thursday 30, finding the grounds were so flooded, that the common roads were not passable, we provided a guide to lead us a few miles round, by which means we came safe to Edinburgh.

Friday 31, As I lodged with Lady Maxwell, at Saughton-hall, (a good old mansion-house three miles from Edinburgh,) she desired me to give a short discourse to a few of

her poor neighbours. I did so, at four in the afternoon, on the story of Dives and Lazarus. About seven I preached in our house at Edinburgh, and fully delivered my own soul.

Saturday, June 1, I spent a little time with forty poor children, whom Lady Maxwell keeps at school. They are swiftly brought forward in reading and writing, and learn the principles of religion: but I observe in them all the *ambitiosa paupertas:* be they ever so poor, they must have a scrap of *finery:* many of them have not a shoe to their foot; but the girl in rags is not without her ruffles.

Sunday 2, Mr. Collins intended to have preached on the castle-hill, at twelve o'clock; but the dull minister kept us in the kirk till past one. At six the house was well filled; and I did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. I almost wonder at myself: I seldom speak any where so roughly as in Scotland; and yet most of the people hear and hear, and are just what they were before.

Monday 3, I went on to Dundee. The congregation was large and attentive, as usual: but I found no increase either of the society, or of the work of God. Tuesday 4, the house at Arbroath was well filled with serious and attentive hearers: only one or two pretty flutterers seemed inclined to laugh, if any would have encouraged them. Wednesday 5, we set out early, but did not reach Aberdeen till between five and six in the evening.

The congregations were large both morning and evening, and many of them much alive to God. Friday 7, we received a pleasing account of the work of God in the north. The flame begins to kindle even at poor, dull Keith; but much more at a little town near Frasersburg; and most of all at Newburgh, a small fishing town, fifteen miles from Aberdeen, where the society swiftly increases; and not only men and women, but a considerable number of children, are either rejoicing in God or panting after him.

Saturday 8, I walked with a friend to Mr. Lesley's seat, less than a mile from the city. It is one of the pleasantest places of the kind I ever saw, either in Britain or Ireland. He has laid his gardens out on the side of a hill, which

gives a fine prospect both of sea and land; and the variety is beyond what could be expected within so small a compass. But still

Valeat possessor oportet
Si comparatis bene rebus cogitat uti.

Unless a man has peace within, he can enjoy none of the things that are round about him.

Sunday 9, We had a lovely congregation in the morning, many of whom were athirst for full salvation. In the evening God sent forth his voice, yea, and that a mighty voice: I think few of the congregation were unmoved; and we never had a more solemn parting.

Monday 10, We went to Arbroath. Tuesday 11, to Dundee, and Wednesday 12, to Edinburgh. We had such congregations both that evening and the next, as had not been on a week day for many years: some fruit of our labours here we have had already. Perhaps this is a token that we shall have more.

Friday 14, We travelled through a pleasant country to Kelso, where we were cordially received by Dr. Douglas. I spoke strong words in the evening, concerning a judgment to come; and some seemed to awake out of sleep. But how shall they keep awake, unless they *that fear the Lord, speak often together?*

Saturday 15, As I was coming down stairs, the carpet slipped from under my feet, which, I know not how, turned me round, and pitched me back, with my head foremost, for six or seven stairs. It was impossible to recover myself, till I came to the bottom. My head rebounded once or twice, from the edge of the stone stairs; but it felt to me exactly as if I had fallen on a cushion or a pillow. Dr. Douglas ran out, sufficiently affrighted; but he needed not, for I rose as well as ever, having received no damage, but the loss of a little skin from one or two of my fingers. Doth not God *give his angels charge over us, to keep us in all our ways?*

In the evening, and on Sunday 16, I preached at Alnwick. Monday 17, I preached at Rothbury in the Forest,

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... as quiet a place as any in
... Haugh-house, a lone
... Though it was sultry
... ; and it was a season
... evening I went to Hexham,
... to an immense multitude.
... the morning, and seemed
... spoken.

... about one at Prudhoe, I
... 19, and the following days,
... them increased in grace,
... four in five, at least, were
... more, I divided all the
... places of abode. Another
... tions were larger, morning
... seen these twenty years.
... at eight at Gateshead-Fell;
... and at the Garth-heads in the
... day. I was no more tired
... the morning.
... Darlington just in time, for a
... ly occurred: but my coming
... to talk of; so I trust the *new*

... at Thirsk: Thursday 27, at
... into my eightieth year; but,
... not labour and sorrow: I find
... nities than at five and twenty.
... the power of God, fitting me for
... To my still travelling four or five
... To my sleeping, night or day,
... To my rising at a set hour: and,
... preaching, particularly in the morning.
... to Leeds, and, after preaching, met
... consisting of about sixty members, most
... that *the blood of Jesus cleanseth from*

1. Coming to Sheffield just at the time of

the Quarterly Meeting, I preached on Acts ix. 31, *Then had the Churches peace, and were edified, and, walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied.* This is eminently fulfilled in all these parts; at Sheffield in particular.

Tuesday 2, I found a serious, as well as a numerous congregation at Nottingham. Thursday 4, I preached at Derby. I trust the work of God will now prosper here also: all the jars of our brethren are now at an end, and they strive together for the hope of the Gospel.

Saturday 6, I came to Birmingham, and preached once more in the old, dreary preaching-house. Sunday 7, I opened the new house at eight, and it contained the people well: but not in the evening: many were then constrained to go away. In the middle of the sermon, a huge noise was heard, caused by the breaking of a bench, on which some people stood. None of them were hurt: yet it occasioned a general panic at first: but, in a few minutes, all was quiet.

Wednesday 11, I read prayers and preached in the church at Darlaston, and in the evening returned to Birmingham. Friday 12, I walked through Mr. Bolton's curious works. He has carried every thing which he takes in hand to a high degree of perfection, and employs in the house about five hundred men, women, and children. His gardens, running along the side of a hill, are delightful indeed, having a large piece of water at the bottom, in which are two well-wooded islands. If faith and love dwell here, then there may be happiness too: otherwise all these beautiful things are as unsatisfactory as straws and feathers! Saturday 13, I spent an hour in Hagley Park. I suppose, inferior to few, if any, in England. But we were straitened for time. To take a proper view of it would require five or six hours. Afterwards I went to the Leasows, a farm so called, four or five miles from Hagley. I never was so surprised. I have seen nothing in all England to be compared with it. It is beautiful and elegant all over. There is nothing grand, nothing costly; no temples, so called; no

statues, (except two or three, which had better have been spared:) but such walks, such shades, such hills and dales, such lawns, such artless cascades, such waving woods, with waters intermixed, as exceed all imagination. On the upper side, from the openings of a shady walk, is a most beautiful and extensive prospect: and all this is comprised in the compass of three miles. I doubt if it be exceeded by any thing in Europe.

The father of Mr. Shenston was a gentleman farmer, who bred him at the University, and left him a small estate. This he wholly laid out, in improving the Leasows, living in hopes of great preferment, grounded on the promises of many rich and great friends: but nothing was performed, till he died at forty-eight; probably of a broken heart.

Sunday 14, I heard a sermon in the old church at Birmingham, which the preacher uttered, with great vehemence, against these "hair-brained, itinerant enthusiasts:" but he totally missed his mark, having not the least conception of the persons whom he undertook to describe.

Monday 15, Leaving Birmingham early in the morning, I preached at nine in a large school-room at Coventry. About noon I preached to a multitude of people, in the brick-yard at Bedworth. A few of them seemed to be much affected. In the evening I preached at Hinckley, one of the civilest towns I have seen.

Wednesday 17, I went on to Leicester. Thursday 18, to Northampton, and Friday 19, to Hinxworth, in Hertfordshire. Adjoining to Miss Harvey's house is a pleasant garden: and she has made a shady walk round the neighbouring meadows. How gladly could I repose awhile here! But repose is not for *me* in this world. In the evening many of the villagers flocked together, so that her great hall was well filled: I would fain hope, some of them received the seed in good ground, and will bring forth fruit with patience.

Saturday 20, We reached London. All the following week the congregations were uncommonly large. Wednesday 24, my brother and I paid our last visit to Lewis-

ham, and spent a few pensive hours with the relict of our good friend, Mr. Blackwell. We took one more walk round the garden and meadow, which he took so much pains to improve. Upwards of forty years, this has been my place of retirement, when I could spare two or three days from London. In that time, first Mrs. Sparrow went to rest; then Mrs. Dewall; then good Mrs. Blackwell; now Mr. Blackwell himself: who can tell, how soon we may follow them?

Monday 29, I preached at West-street, on the Ministry of Angels: and many were greatly refreshed, in considering the office of those spirits that continually attend on the heirs of salvation.

Friday, August 2, We observed as a day of fasting and prayer, for a blessing on the ensuing Conference: and, I believe, God clothed his word with power in an uncommon manner throughout the week; so that, were it only on this account, the preachers who came from all parts found their labour was not in vain.

Tuesday 13, Being obliged to leave London a little sooner than I intended, I concluded the Conference to-day, and desired all our brethren to observe it as a day of solemn thanksgiving. At three in the afternoon I took coach. About one on Wednesday morning, we were informed, that three highwaymen were on the road before us, and had robbed all the coaches that had passed, some of them within an hour or two. I felt no uneasiness on the account, knowing that God would take care of us. And he did so: for before we came to the spot, all the highwaymen were taken. So we went on unmolested, and early in the afternoon came safe to Bristol.

Thursday 15, I set out for the West: preached at Taunton in the evening; Friday noon at Collumpton; and in the evening at Exeter. Here poor Hugh Saunderson has pitched his standard, and declared open war: part of the society have joined him, the rest go on their way quietly, to make their calling and election sure.

Sunday 18, I was much pleased with the decent behaviour of the whole congregation at the cathedral: as also

with the solemn music at the post-communion, one of the finest compositions I ever heard. The bishop inviting me to dinner, I could not but observe, 1, The lovely situation of the palace, covered with trees, and as rural and retired as if it were quite in the country: 2, The plainness of the furniture, not costly or showy, but just fit for a christian bishop: 3, The dinner sufficient, but not redundant; plain and good, but not delicate: 4, The propriety of the company, five clergymen and four of the aldermen; and, 5, The genuine, unaffected courtesy of the bishop, who, I hope, will be a blessing to his whole diocese.

We set out early in the morning, Monday 19, and in the afternoon came to Plymouth. I preached in the evening, and at five and twelve on Tuesday, purposing to preach in the square at the Dock in the evening: but the rain prevented: however, I did so on Wednesday evening. A little before I concluded, the commanding-officer came into the square with his regiment: but he immediately stopped the drums, and drew up all his men in order, on the high-side of the square. They were all still as night; nor did any of them stir, till I had pronounced the blessing.

Thursday 22, I preached at St. Austle; Friday 23, at Truro, and in the street at Helston; Saturday 24, I preached in Marazion, at eleven; in the evening at Penzance.

Sunday 25, We prayed that God would *stay the bottles of heaven;* and he heard our prayer. I preached at Mousehole about nine, to a large congregation; to a larger at Beryam, about two: but that at St. Just in the evening exceeded both of them put together. After visiting the other societies, I came to Redruth, on Saturday 31. I preached there in the evening, and at noon, on Sunday, September 1: afterwards I expounded the Parable of the Sower, at Gwenap, to how many thousands, I know not: but all (I was informed) could hear distinctly. *This is the Lord's doing.*

Monday 2, I went on to Port-Isaac. Tuesday 3, I preached in the street at Camelford. Being informed here, that my old friend Mr. Thompson, rector of St. Ginny's,

was near death, and had expressed a particular desire to see me, I judged no time was to be lost; so, borrowing the best horse I could find, I set out and rode as fast as I could. On the way, I met with a white-headed old man, who caught me by the hand and said, "Sir, do you not know me?" I answered, "No." He said, "My father, my father! I am poor John Trembath." I desired him to speak to me in the evening, at Launceston; which he did. He was, for some time, reduced to extreme poverty, so as to hedge and ditch for bread: but in his distress he cried to God, who sent him an answer of peace. He, likewise, enabled him to cure a gentleman that was desperately ill; and afterward several others; so that he grew into reputation, and gained a competent livelihood. "And now," said he, "I want for nothing: I am happier than ever I was in my life."

I found Mr. Thompson just alive, but quite sensible. It seemed to me, as if none in the house but himself was very glad to see me. He had many doubts concerning his final state, and rather feared than desired to die; so that my whole business was to comfort him, and to increase and confirm his confidence in God. He desired me to administer the Lord's-supper, which I willingly did; and I left him much happier than I found him, calmly waiting till his change should come.

NEWINGTON,
January 19, 1786.

AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY'S

JOURNAL,

No. XX.

FROM SEPTEMBER 4, 1782, TO JUNE 28, 1786.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4, I preached in the market-house at Tiverton; Thursday 5, at Halberton, Taunton, and South-Brent. Friday 6, about ten I preached at Shipham, a little town on the side of Mendif, almost wholly inhabited by miners, who dig up lapis calaminaris. I was surprised to see such a congregation, at so short a warning; and their deep and serious attention seemed to be a presage, that some of them will profit by what they hear. In the afternoon we went on to Bristol.

Sunday 8, My brother read prayers, and I preached to a very uncommon congregation: but a far more numerous one met near King's-Square in the evening, on whom I strongly enforced, *Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.* Permit me to observe here, how you may distinguish a genuine small Field's Bible from a spurious one. The genuine reads here, *Ye can serve God and Mammon.* In the spurious the *not* is supplied.

Monday 9, About noon I preached at Paulton, where the flame is abated, but not quenched. The same is the case at Shepton-Mallet, where I preached in the evening. Tues-

day 10, I went on to the simple-hearted colliers at Colesford, abundance of whom met at six in the evening, in a green meadow, which was delightfully gilded by the rays of the setting sun. Wednesday 11, I preached to a large and serious congregation, at the end of the preaching-house at Frome.

After preaching at Road, Pensford, Trowbridge, and Freshford, on Friday 13, I preached at Bath. Sunday 15, I had a far greater number of communicants than usual. Both at this time, and in the afternoon and the evening service, we had no common blessing.

On Monday and Tuesday I preached at Chew-Magna, at Sutton, Stoke, and Clutton: in my way thither, I saw a famous monument of antiquity, at Stanton-Drew, supposed to have remained there, between two and three thousand years. It was undoubtedly a Druid's temple, consisting of a smaller and larger circle of huge stones set up an end, one would think by some power more than human. Indeed such stones have been used for divine service, nearly, if not quite, from the time of the flood. On the following days I preached at many other little places.

Sunday 22, After the service at Bristol, I hastened to Kingswood, and preached a funeral sermon, on Jenny Hall, a lovely young woman, who died in full triumph, and desired a sermon might be preached, on Rev. vii. 13, and following verses.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I visited the classes, and was concerned to find, that for these two last years, the society has been continually decreasing. Thursday 26, and the following days, I visited the rest of the country societies. For a day or two I was not well, but I went on with my work till Sunday, when I preached morning and evening at the new room, and in the afternoon in Temple church.

Tuesday, October 1, I read, among the letters, in the evening, the striking account of Robert Roe's death, a burning and a shining light while alive, but early numbered with the dead. Saturday 5, I visited several that are yet in the

body, but longing to depart and to be with Christ. But many have this year stepped before them. For forty years I do not know, that so many have, in the space of one year, been removed to Abraham's bosom.

Sunday 6, I preached in Temple church, between our own morning and evening service. And I now found how to speak here, so as to be heard by every one: direct your voice to the middle of the pillar fronting the pulpit.

Monday 7, I left Bristol with much satisfaction, firmly believing that God will revive his work there. I preached at the Devizes about eleven, and in the evening at Sarum: Tuesday 8, at Winchester, and at Portsmouth-Common. Wednesday 9, we took a wherry for the Isle of Wight: there was sea enough, which now and then washed over our boat: however, in about an hour we landed safe, and walked on to Newport. This place seems now ripe for the gospel; opposition is at an end. Only let our preachers be men of faith and love, and they will see the fruit of their labours.

Friday 11, I returned to Portsmouth, took chaise the next morning, and in the afternoon came to London. Monday 14, I went to Wallingford. The house was filled in the evening with much affected hearers. Shall all our labour here be in vain? Lord, thou knowest!

Tuesday 15, About noon I preached at Oxford. I have seen no such prospect here for many years. The congregation was large and still as night, although many gentlemen were among them. The next evening the house would not contain the congregation; yet all were quiet, even those that could not come in. And I believe God not only opened their understandings, but began a good work in some of their hearts.

Wednesday 16, I preached at Witney, one of the liveliest places in the circuit, where I always find my own soul refreshed.

I saw such a garden at Oxford, as I verily believe, all England cannot parallel: it is triangular, and I conjecture, contains about an acre of ground; it is filled with fruit trees

of various sorts, and all excellent in their kinds: but it is odd beyond all description, and superlatively whimsical. The owner has crowded together pictures, statues, urns, and antiques of various kinds; for all which why should not Mr. Badcock's name, as well as Mr. Robert's, be consigned to posterity?

Thursday 17, I preached at Tame: this evening and the next at High Wycombe; and on Saturday returned to London.

Monday 21, I preached at Tunbridge-Wells; Tuesday 22, at Sevenoaks; Wednesday 23, I visited the house of mourning at Shoreham, and read the strange account at first hand. Not long after his former wife died, Mr. H. paid his addresses to Miss B. He had been intimately acquainted with her for some years. By immense assiduity, and innumerable professions of the tenderest affection, he by slow degrees gained her's. The time of marriage was fixed: the ring was bought. He came on Thursday, and again on Saturday. He also came on the Wednesday following, and told her, with great composure, that he had changed his mind, and therefore could not think of marrying her. He talked a full hour in the same strain, and then walked away!

Her brother sent a full account of this to Miss Perronet, who read it with perfect calmness, comforted her niece, and strongly exhorted her to continue steadfast in the faith. But the grief, which did not outwardly appear, preyed the more upon Miss Perronet's spirits, till three or four days after, she felt a pain in her breast, lay down, and in four minutes died. One of the ventricles of her heart burst: so she literally died of *a broken heart*.

When old Mr. Perronet heard, that his favourite child, the stay of his old age, was dead, he broke out into praise and thanksgiving to God, who had "taken another of his children out of this evil world!" But Mr. H. meantime has done nothing amiss: so both himself and his friends say!

Friday 25, I returned to London, and was glad to find Mr. Edward Smyth and his family, just come from Dublin. Sunday 27, at ten I took coach, reached Norwich on Monday noon, and preached at six in the evening. I stayed there on Tuesday, and Wednesday 30 went on to Yarmouth, where were the largest congregations I had seen for many years. Thursday 31, I went on to Lowestoffe, which is at present far the most comfortable place in the whole circuit.

Friday, November 1, Mr. Smyth and his wife gave us a strange account. A little before they were married, her brother Samuel was about eight years old. One evening, as she was with Mr. Smyth, in one of the rows at Yarmouth, both of them saw Samuel standing, five or six yards off. She cried out, "Sammy, come hither; I want you," but instantly he was gone: just then he fell into the river. A large water-dog, which was on the bridge, directly leaped off, swam about, and sought him, but could not find him. He then came out, and ran to his mother's house howling: nor would he leave her till he was put out by force.

Saturday 2, About nine I preached at Cove, a village nine or ten miles from Lowestoffe; the poor people presently filled the house, and seemed to devour every word. About one I preached at Loddon, and at Norwich in the evening.

Sunday 3, I administered the Lord's-Supper to about an hundred and forty communicants. I preached at half past two, and again in the evening: after which I requested them to go away in silence, without any one speaking to another. They took my advice. They went away in profound silence, so that no sound was heard but that of their feet.

Monday 4, At five in the morning the congregation was exceedingly large: that in the evening seemed so deeply affected, that I hope Norwich will again lift up its head. At nine we took coach, and before eleven, on Tuesday 4, reached Colchester. In order to strengthen this poor feeble society, I stayed with them till Friday, preaching morning

and evening, and visiting in the day as many as I could, sick or well. I divided the classes anew, which had been strangely and irregularly jumbled together; appointed stewards, regulated temporal as well as spiritual things, and left them in a better way than they had been in for several years. Monday 17, and the following days, I visited the societies in and about London.

Sunday 24, I preached at St. Clement's in the Strand, the largest church I ever preached in at London, except, perhaps, St. Sepulchre's, to an immense congregation. I fully discharged my own soul, and afterwards took coach for Northamptonshire.

On Monday 25, I preached at Towcester; on Tuesday at Whittlebury, so called; but the true name of the town is Whittle; on Wednesday at Northampton, and on Thursday I returned to London. Friday 29, I preached at Highgate, in the palace built in the last century by that wretched Duke of Lauderdale, now one of the most elegant boarding-houses in England.

Monday, December 3, I preached at St. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire: Tuesday 3, at Bugden about one, and in the evening at Huntingdon. Two clergymen were there, with one of whom I had much serious conversation. Wednesday 4, I preached, with great enlargement of spirit, to my old congregation at Bedford. Thursday 5, with some difficulty I crossed the country to Hinxworth, and preached to fifty or sixty plain people, who seemed very willing to learn. In the afternoon, it being impossible to drive a chaise straight round to Luton, I was obliged to go many miles about, and so did not reach it till after six o'clock. So I went directly to the preaching-house, and began without delay, enforcing those solemn words, *To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.*

Friday 6, I could procure no other conveyance to St. Alban's, but in an open chaise. And hence (the frost being very sharp) I contracted a severe cold. Monday 9, I had a better conveyance into Kent. In the evening I preached at Canterbury; on Tuesday at Dover; the next day at Can-

terbury again. On Thursday 12, and on Friday morning, I preached at Chatham, and in the afternoon returned to London.

Saturday 14, I found the cold, which I had contracted in the way to St. Alban's, exceedingly increased, having a deep and violent cough, which continued at intervals, till spring.

Monday 16, I retired to Hoxton for a few days. Thursday 19, about eleven at night, a gun was fired at our chamber window, and at the same time, a large stone thrown through it, (probably in sport, by some that had been drinking.) I presently went to sleep again.

Saturday 21, I visited Mr. Maxfield, struck with a violent stroke of a palsy. He was senseless and seemed near death: but we besought God for him, and his spirit revived, I cannot but think, in answer to prayer. Sunday 29, I buried the remains of Thomas Forfit, a rich, and yet a generous man. He was unwearied in well-doing; and, in a good old age, without any pain or struggle, fell asleep. Tuesday 31, we concluded the year with a solemn watch-night.

Wednesday, January 1, 1783, May I begin to live today! Sunday 5, we met to renew our covenant with God. We never meet on this occasion without a blessing: but I do not know that we had ever so large a congregation before. Friday 10, I paid one more visit to Mr. Perronet, now in his ninetieth year. I do not know so venerable a man. His understanding is little, if at all, impaired, and his heart seems to be all love. A little longer I hope he will remain here, to be a blesssing to all that see and hear him.

Sunday 19, I preached at St. Thomas's church in the afternoon, and at St. Swithin's in the evening. The tide is now turned, so that I have more invitations to preach in churches than I can accept of.

Saturday, February 1, I drank tea at Mr. A——'s, in the Maze-pond, Southwark. But both Mr. A—— and his wife informed me they were determined to quit the house as soon as possible, by reason of strange noises, which they

heard day and night, but in the night chiefly, as if all the tables and chairs had been thrown up and down, in the rooms above and under them.

Sunday 2, Mr. Maxfield continuing ill, I preached this afternoon at his chapel. Prejudice seems now dying away, God grant it may never revive. Tuesday 11, I buried the remains of Sarah Clay, many years a mother in Israel; the last of those holy women, who, being filled with love, forty years ago devoted themselves wholly to God, to spend and be spent in his service. Her death was like her life, calm and easy. She was dressing herself, when she dropped down and fell asleep.

Monday 17, I had an opportunity of attending the lecture of that excellent man, Dr. Conyers. He was quite an original: his *matter* was very good, his *manner* very bad. But it is enough, that God owned him, both in the conviction and conversion of sinners.

Thursday 20, I went to Dorking, and in the afternoon took a walk through the lovely gardens of Lord Grimstone. His father-in-law, who laid them out, is some time since numbered with the dead. And his son-in-law, living elsewhere, has not so much as *the beholding them with his eyes!*

Friday 21, At our yearly meeting for that purpose, we examined our yearly accounts, and found the money received, (just answering the expense) was upwards of three thousand pounds a year. But that is nothing to *me*. What I receive of it yearly, is neither more nor less than thirty pounds.

To-day Charles Greenwood went to rest. He had been a melancholy man all his days, full of doubts and fears, and continually writing bitter things against himself. When he was first taken ill, he said, He should die, and was miserable through fear of death: but, two days before he died, the clouds dispersed, and he was unspeakably happy, telling his friends, "God has revealed to me things, which it is impossible for man to utter." Just when he died, such glory filled the room, that it seemed to be a little heaven; none

could grieve or shed a tear, but all present appeared to be partakers of his joy.

Monday 24, I buried the remains of Captain Cheesement, one, who, some years since, from a plentiful fortune, was by a train of losses utterly ruined. But two or three friends enabling him to begin trade again, the tide turned; he prospered greatly, and riches flowed in on every side. A few years ago he married one equally agreeable in her person and temper: so what had he to do but enjoy himself? Accordingly he left off business, took a large, handsome house, and furnished it in a most elegant manner. A little while after, shewing his rooms to a friend, he said, "All this will give small comfort in a dying hour." A few days after he was taken with a fever: I saw him twice; he was sensible, but could not speak. In spite of all means he grew worse and worse, and in about twelve days died. So within a few days we lost two of our richest, and two of our holiest members; Sarah Clay, and good old George Hufflet, who had been for many years a burning and a shining light. He lay fourteen weeks praising God continually, and had then a triumphant entrance into his kingdom.

Sunday, March 2, In the evening I took coach, and the next evening preached at Bath. Thursday 6, I went on to Bristol, and found a family of love, so united as it had not been for some years. The next week I met the classes, and on Friday had a watch-night at Kingswood: but I was far from being well, the cold which I caught in coming from Luton, rather increasing than decreasing.

Saturday 15, I had a deep, tearing cough, and was exceedingly heavy and weak: however, I made shift to preach at Weaver's-Hall, and to meet the penitents. Sunday 16, I found myself considerably worse: however I preached in the morning, but had such a fever in the afternoon, that I was obliged to take my bed.

I now knew not what to do, having fixed the next morning for beginning my journey into Ireland, and sent notice to Stroud, Gloucester, and various other places, of

the days wherein I purposed to visit them; but Mr. Collins kindly undertook to supply my place at Stroud, and the other places, as far as Worcester.

Lying down in bed, I took part (being able to swallow no more) of a draught which was prepared for me. It gave me four or five and twenty stools, and a moderate vomit, after which I fell fast asleep. Monday 17, Mr. Collins set out. About six in the morning, finding myself perfectly easy, I set out in the afternoon, and overtook him at Stroud: but it was as much as I could do, for I was in a high fever, though without any pain. After giving a short exhortation to the society, I was very glad to lie down. My fever was exactly of the same kind with that I had in the north of Ireland. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, I was just the same: the whole nervous system was violently agitated: hence arose the cramp, with little intermission, from the time I lay down in bed, till morning: also a furious, tearing cough, usually recurring before each fit of the cramp; and yet I had no pain in my back, or head, or limbs, the cramp only excepted: but I had no strength at all, being scarcely able to move, and much less to think. In this state I lay till Friday morning, when a violent fit of the cramp carried the fever quite away. Perceiving this, I took chaise without delay, and reached Worcester in the afternoon. Here I overtook Mr. Collins again, who had supplied all my appointments, and with a remarkable blessing to the people: but being much exhausted, I found rest was sweet. Saturday 22, in the morning I gave a short exhortation, and then went on to Birmingham.

Sunday 23, Finding still some remains of the fever, with a load and tightness across my breast, and a continual tendency to the cramp, I procured a friend to electrify me thoroughly, both through the legs and the breast, several times in the day. God so blessed this, that I had no more fever or cramp, and no more load or tightness across my breast. In the evening I ventured to preach three quarters of an hour, and found no ill effect at all!

Tuesday 25. In the afternoon I reached Hilton-park, about six miles north of Wolverhampton. Here I found my old acquaintance, Miss Freeman, (whom I had known almost from a child,) with Sir Philip Gibbes's lady, and his two amiable daughters, in a lovely recess. With these I spent this evening and the next day, both profitably and agreeably.

Thursday 27, I crossed over the country to Hinckley, and preached in the evening, in the neat, elegant preaching-house: so I did, morning and evening, on the three following days, to a serious, well-behaved people. Here I met with Dr. Horne's Commentary on the Psalms; I suppose, the best that ever was written. Yet I could not comprehend his aggrandizing the Psalms, it seems, even above the New Testament: and some of them he hardly makes any thing of: the eighty-seventh in particular.

Tuesday, April 1, &c. I went through several of the counties, till I reached Holyhead, on Friday 11. We went on board without delay, and on Sunday morning, the 13th, landed at Dunlary: whence, not being able to procure a carriage, I walked on to Dublin.

Here I spent two or three weeks with much satisfaction, in my usual employments. Monday 21, I spent an hour with Mr. Shelton, I think full as extraordinary a man as Mr. Law: of full as rapid a genius, so that I had little to do but *hear*: his words flowing as a river.

Tuesday 29, Our little Conference began and continued to Friday, May 2. All was peace and love, and I trust the same spirit will spread through the nation.

Monday 5, I made a little excursion to a nobleman's seat, about nine miles from Dublin. It may, doubtless, vie in elegance, and in sweetness, with any seat in Great-Britain: but the miserable master of the whole has little satisfaction therein. One has said, "Write this man childless." For whom else does he keep up these things? He is himself growing old.

> And must he leave this paradise? Then leave
> These happy shades, and mansions fit for gods?"

Sunday 4, There was an ordination at St. Patrick's. I admired the solemnity wherewith the archbishop went through the service: but the vacant faces of the ordained shewed how little they were affected thereby. In the evening multitudes met to renew their covenant with God: but here was no vacant face to be seen; for God was in the midst, and manifested himself to many; particularly to a daughter of good William Penington.

Monday 5, We prepared for going on board the packet: but as it delayed sailing, on Tuesday 6, I waited on Lady Arabella Denny, at the Black Rock, four miles from Dublin. It is one of the pleasantest spots I ever saw. The garden is every thing in miniature. On one side is a grove with serpentine walks; on the other a little meadow and a green-house, with a study, (which she calls her chapel) hanging over the sea. Between these is a broad walk, leading down almost to the edge of the water; along which run two narrow walks, commanding the quay, one above the other: but it cannot be long before this excellent lady will remove to a nobler paradise.

The unusually large congregation in the evening, was plentifully watered with the dew of heaven. I found a particular concern for the children, many of whom willingly attended.

Wednesday 7, The packet still delaying, I exhorted a large congregation in the evening, to take care how they *built their house upon the sand:* and then cheerfully commended them to the grace of God.

Thursday 8, We rose at one, went down to the quay at two, and about four went on board the Hillsborough packet. About five the wind turned fair; and between five and six in the evening brought us to Holyhead. About seven we took coach, and the next evening met our friends at Chester. Monday 12, about eight I preached at Preston-on-the-Hill; about twelve in Warrington, and in the evening at Liverpool. Here the scandal of the cross seems to be ceased, and we are grown honourable men.

Thursday 15, I preached about noon at Wigan; and in

the evening at Bolton, to a people much alive to God. Saturday 17, I went on to Manchester. Sunday 18, Mr. Bailey came very opportunely, to assist me in the morning service. Such a sight I believe was never seen at Manchester before. It was supposed there were thirteen or fourteen hundred communicants, among whom there was such a spirit as I have seldom found, and their whole behaviour was such as adorned the gospel.

Tuesday 20, I met the select society, consisting of between forty and fifty members. Several of these were lately made partakers of the great salvation, as several were above twenty years ago. I believe there is no place but London, where we have so many souls so deeply devoted to God. And his hand is not shortened yet, but his work rapidly increases on every side.

About noon I preached at Stockport, and in the afternoon in the new church at Macclesfield. This society seems as lively as even that at Manchester, and increases nearly as fast. Not a week passes wherein some are not justified, and some renewed in love. Wednesday 20, I met a few of these, and found them indeed

"All praise, all meekness, and all love."

In the evening I exhorted them all, to expect pardon or holiness, to-day, not to-morrow. O let their love never grow cold!

Friday 23, I set out for Derby; but the smith had so effectually lamed one of my horses, that many told me, he would never be able to travel more. I thought, "Even this may be made matter of prayer," and set out cheerfully. The horse, instead of growing worse and worse, went better and better: and in the afternoon, after I had preached at Leek by the way, brought me safe to Derby.

Saturday 24, Being desired to marry two of our friends at Buxton, two and thirty miles from Derby, I took chaise at three, and came thither about eight. I found notice had been given of my preaching in the church; and the minister desired me to read prayers. By this means I could not leave Buxton till eleven, nor reach Nottingham till after seven,

whereas I was to have preached at six: but Mr. Brackenbury came to town just in time to supply my place. Sunday 25, I had an easy day's work, as Mr. Bailey assisted me, by reading prayers, and delivering the wine at the Lord's table.

Tuesday 27, I preached at Loughborough in the morning, and at Mountsorrel at one. While I was preaching, the rain, which was so much wanted, began, and continued for eight-and-forty hours. In the evening I preached at Leicester, where I always feel much liberty, and yet see but little fruit. After preaching at Northampton, Bedford, and Hinxworth, on Saturday 31, I returned to London.

Sunday, June 1, I was refreshed by the very sight of the congregation at the new chapel. Monday 2, and the following days, I employed in settling my business, and preparing for my little excursion. Wednesday 11, I took coach with Mr. Brackenbury, Broadbent, and Whitefield; and in the evening we reached Harwich. I went immediately to Dr. Jones, who received me in the most affectionate manner: about nine in the morning we sailed; and at nine on Friday 13, landed at Helvoetsluys. Here we hired a coach for Briel, but were forced to hire a waggon also, to carry a box, which one of us could have carried on his shoulders. At Briel we took a boat to Rotterdam. We had not been long there, when Mr. Bennet, a bookseller, who had invited me to his house, called for me. But as Mr. Loyal, the minister of the Scotch congregation, had invited me, he gave up his claim, and went with us to Mr. Loyal's. I found a friendly, sensible, hospitable, and I am persuaded, a pious man. We took a walk together round the town, all as clean as a gentleman's parlour. Many of the houses are as high as those in the main street at Edinburgh; and the canals running through the chief streets make them convenient as well as pleasant: bringing the merchants' goods up to their doors. Stately trees grow on their banks; and the whole town is encompassed with a double row of elms, so that one may walk all round it in the shade.

Saturday 14, I had much conversation with the two Eng-

glish ministers, sensible, well-bred, serious men. These, as well as Mr. Loyal, were very willing I should preach in their churches; but they thought it would be best for me to preach in the episcopal church. By our conversing freely together, many prejudices were removed, and all our hearts seemed to be united together.

In the evening we again took a walk round the town, and I observed, 1, Many of the houses are higher than most in Edinburgh: it is true, they have not so many stories, but each story is far loftier. 2, The streets, the outside and inside of their houses in every part, doors, windows, well-stair-cases, furniture, even floors are kept so nicely clean, that you cannot find a speck of dirt. 3, There is such a grandeur and elegance in the fronts of the large houses, as I never saw elsewhere; and such a profusion of marble within, particularly in their lower floors and stair-cases, as I wonder other nations do not imitate. 4, The women and children (which I least of all expected) were in general the most beautiful I ever saw: they were surprisingly fair, and had an inexpressible air of innocence in their countenances. 5, This was wonderfully set off by their dress, which was *simplex munditis*, plain and neat, in the highest degree. 6, It has lately been observed, that growing vegetables greatly resist putridity. So there is an use in their numerous rows of trees, which was not thought of at first. The elms balance the canals; preventing the putrefaction, which those otherwise might produce.

One little circumstance I observed, which I suppose is peculiar to Holland. To most chamber-windows a looking-glass is placed on the outside of the sash, so as to shew the whole street, with all the passengers: there is something very pleasing in these moving pictures. Are they found in no other country?

Sunday 15, The episcopal church is not quite so large as the chapel in West-street: it is very elegant both without and within. The service began at half past nine. Such a congregation had not often been there before. I preached on, *God created man in his own image.* The people

"seemed, all but their attention, dead." In the afternoon the church was so filled, as (they informed me) it had not been for these fifty years. I preached on, *God hath given us eternal life; and this life is in his Son.* I believe God applied it to many hearts. Were it only for this hour, I am glad I came to Holland.

One thing which I peculiarly observed was this, and the same in all the churches in Holland: at coming in, no one looks on the right or the left hand, or bows or curtsies to any one; but all go straight forward to their seats, as if no other person was in the place. During the service, none turns his head on either side, or looks at any thing, but his book or the minister. And in going out, none takes notice of any one, but all go straight forward till they are in the open air.

After church an English gentleman invited me to his country-seat, not half a mile from the town. I scarcely ever saw so pretty a place. The garden before the house was in three partitions, each quite different from the others. The house lay between this and another garden, (nothing like any of the others) from which you looked through a beautiful summer-house, washed by a small stream, into rich pastures filled with cattle. We sat under an arbour of stately trees, between the front and the back gardens. Here were four such children (I suppose seven, six, five, and three years old) as I never saw before in one family. Such inexpressible beauty and innocence shone together!

In the evening I attended the service of the great Dutch church, as large as most of our cathedrals. The organ (like those in all the Dutch churches) was elegantly painted and gilded. And the tunes that were sung, were very lively, and yet solemn.

Monday 16, We set out in a track-skuit for the Hague: by the way we saw a curiosity. The gallows near the canal, surrounded with a knot of beautiful trees: so the dying man will have one pleasant prospect here, whatever befals him hereafter!

At eleven we came to Delft, a large, handsome town;

where we spent an hour at a merchant's house; who, as well as his wife, a very agreeable woman, seemed both to fear and to love God. Afterwards we saw the great church, I think, nearly, if not quite, as long as York-Minster. It is exceedingly light and elegant within, and every part is kept exquisitely clean. The tomb of William the First is much admired, particularly his statue, which has more life than one would think could be expressed in brass.

When we came to the Hague, though we had heard much of it, we were not disappointed. It is indeed beautiful beyond expression. Many of the houses are exceedingly grand, and are finely intermixed with water and wood; yet not too close, but so as to be sufficiently ventilated by the air.

Being invited to tea by Madam de Vassenaar, (one of the first quality in the Hague,) I waited upon her in the afternoon. She received us with that easy openness and affability, which is almost peculiar to Christians, and persons of quality. Soon after came ten or twelve ladies more, who seemed to be of her own rank, (though dressed quite plainly,) and two most agreeable gentlemen: one of whom, I afterwards understood, was a Colonel in the Prince's Guards. After tea I expounded the three first verses of the thirteenth of the first epistle to the Corinthians: Captain M. interpreted, sentence by sentence. I then prayed, and Colonel V. after me. I believe this hour was well employed.

Tuesday 17, As we walked over the place, we saw the Swiss Guards at their exercise. They are a fine body of men, taller, I suppose, than any English regiment. And they all wear large whiskers, which they take care to keep as black as their boots. Afterwards we saw the gardens at the old palace, beautifully laid out, with a large piece of water in the middle, and a canal at each end: the open walks in it are pleasant, but the shady, serpentine walks are far pleasanter.

We dined at Mrs. L—'s, in such a family as I have seldom seen. Her mother, upwards of seventy, seemed to be continually rejoicing in God her Saviour. The daughter

breathes the same spirit; and her grand children, three little girls and a boy, seem to be all love. I have not seen four such children together in England. A gentleman coming in after dinner, I found a particular desire to pray for him. In a little while he melted into tears, as indeed did most of the company. Wednesday 18, in the afternoon Madam de Vassenaar invited us to a meeting at a neighbouring lady's house. I expounded Gal. vi. 14, and Mr. M. interpreted as before.

Thursday 19, We took boat at seven. Mrs. L., and one of her relations, being unwilling to part so soon, bore us company to Leyden, a large and populous town, but not so pleasant as Rotterdam. In the afternoon we went on to Haerlem, where a plain, good man and his wife received us in a most affectionate manner. At six we took boat again: as it was filled from end to end, I was afraid we should not have a very pleasant journey. After Mr. Ferguson had told the people who we were, we made a slight excuse and sung a hymn: they were all attention. We then talked a little, by means of our interpreter, and desired that any of them who pleased would sing. Four persons did so, and sung well: after awhile we sung again. So did one or two of them: and all our hearts were strangely knit together, so that when we came to Amsterdam, they dismissed us with abundance of blessings.

Friday 20, We breakfasted at Mr. Ferguson's, near the heart of the city. At eleven we drank coffee, (the custom in Holland) at Mr. J—'s, a merchant's, whose dining-room is covered, both walls and cieling, with the most beautiful paintings. He and his lady walked with us in the afternoon to the Stadt-house, perhaps the grandest building of the kind in Europe. The great hall is a noble room indeed, nearly as large as that of Christ-Church in Oxford. But I have neither time nor inclination to describe particularly this amazing structure.

At five in the evening we drank tea at another merchant's, Mr. G—'s, where I had a long conversation with Mr. de H., one of the most learned as well as popular ministers in the

city; and (I believe what is far more important) he is truly alive to God. He spoke Latin well, and seemed to be one of a strong understanding, as well as of an excellent spirit. In returning to our Inn, we called at a Stationer's, and though we spent but a few minutes, it was enough to convince us of his strong affection, even to strangers. What a change does the grace of God make in the heart! Shyness and stiffness are now no more!

Saturday 21, We breakfasted with a very extraordinary woman, who lamented that she could not talk to us but by an interpreter: however, she made us understand, that she had a little child some years since, three or four years old, that was praying continually: that one morning, having just dressed her, she said, "Will you go kiss your sister!" She said, "Yes, mamma; and I will kiss you too:" and threw her arms about her mother's neck; who said, "My dear, where will you go now?" She said; "I will go to Jesus;" and died.

At eleven I spent an hour with a woman of large fortune, who appeared to be as much devoted to God as she. We were immediately as well acquainted with each other, as if we had known each other for many years. But indeed an easy, good breeding, (such as I never expected to see here) runs through all the genteeler people of Amsterdam. And there is such a child-like simplicity in all that love God, as does honour to the religion they profess.

About two we called upon Mr. V——n, and immediately fell into close conversation. There seems to be in him a peculiar softness and sweetness of temper, and a peculiar liveliness in Mrs. V——n. Our loving dispute, concerning deliverance from sin, was concluded within an hour; and we parted, if that could be, better friends than we met. Afterwards we walked to Mr. J—'s house in the Plantations, a large tract of ground laid out in shady walks. These lie within the city walls; but there are other walks, equally pleasant, without the gates. Indeed nothing is wanting but the power of religion, to make Amsterdam a paradise.

Sunday 22, I went to the New Church, so called still,

though four or five hundred years old. It is larger, higher, and better illuminated, than most of our cathedrals. The screen that divides the church from the choir, is of polished brass, and shines like gold. I understood the psalms that were sung, and the text well, and a little of the sermon; which Mr. de H. delivered with great earnestness. At two I began the service at the English church, an elegant building, about the size of West-street chapel; only it has no galleries, nor have any of the churches in Holland. I preached on Isaiah lv. 6, 7, and I am persuaded many received the truth in the love thereof.

After service I spent another hour at Mr. V——'s. Mrs. V—— again asked me abundance of questions concerning deliverance from sin, and seemed a good deal better satisfied with regard to the great and precious promises. Thence we went to Mr. B—, who had lately found peace with God. He was full of faith and love, and could hardly mention the goodness of God without tears. His wife appeared to be exactly of the same spirit, so that our hearts were soon knit together. From thence we went to another family, where a large company were assembled: but all seemed open to receive instructions, and desirous to be altogether Christians. After dinner Mrs. J— took me in a coach to the Mere, and thence round the country to Zeburg. I never saw such a country before: I suppose there is no such summer country in Europe. From Amsterdam to Mere is all a train of the most delightful gardens. Turning upon the left you then open upon the Texel, which spreads into a sea. Zeburg itself is a little house built on the edge of it, which commands both a land and sea prospect. What is wanting to make the inhabitants happy, but the knowledge and love of God?

Tuesday 24, We took a view of the new work-house, which stands on one side of the Plantations: it much resembles Shoreditch work-house, only it is considerably larger. And the front of it is so richly ornamented that it looks like a royal palace. About four hundred are now in the house, which is to receive four hundred more: just half

as many as are in the poor-house at Dublin, which now contains sixteen hundred. We saw many of the poor people, all at work, knitting, spinning, picking work, or weaving. And the women in one room were all sowing, either fine or plain work. Many of these had been women of the town, for this is a Bridewell and work-house in one. The head keeper was stalking to and fro, with a large silver-hilted sword by his side. The bed-chambers were exceedingly neat; the beds are better or worse, as are those that use them. We saw both the men in one long room, and the women in another, at dinner. In both rooms they sung a psalm and prayed, before and after dinner. I cannot but think the managers in Amsterdam wiser than those in Dublin: for, certainly a little of the form of religion is better than none at all!

Afterwards we spent an hour at Mrs. V——'s, a very extraordinary woman. Both from her past and present experience, I can have no doubt but she is *perfected in love*. She said, "I was born at Surinam, and came from thence, when I was about ten years old. But when I came hither, my guardian would not let me have my fortune, unless I would go back to Surinam. However, I got acquainted with some pious people, and made shift to live, till I was about sixteen: I then embarked for Surinam; but a storm drove us to the coast of England, where the ship was stranded. I was in great distress, fearing I had done wrong in leaving the pious people: but just then God revealed himself to my soul. I was filled with joy unspeakable, and boldly assured the people, who despaired of life, that God would preserve them all: and so he did; we got on shore at Devon, but we lost all that we had.

"After a time I returned to Amsterdam, and lived four years in service: then I married. Seven years after, it pleased God to work a deeper work in my heart: since then I have given myself wholly to Him. I desire nothing else. Jesus is my all. I am always pleased with his will: so I was, even when my husband died. I had not one discontented thought, I was still happy in God."

Wednesday 25, We took boat for Haerlem. The great church here is a noble structure, equalled by few cathedrals in England, either in length, breadth, or height: the organ is the largest I ever saw, and is said to be the finest in Europe. Hence we went to Mr. Van Ka——'s, whose wife was convinced of sin, and justified by reading Mr. Whitefield's sermons.

Here we were at home. Before dinner we took a walk in Haerlem wood. It adjoins to the town, and is cut out in many shady walks, with lovely vistas shooting out every way. The walk from the Hague to Scheveling is pleasant; those near Amsterdam more so; but these exceed them all.

We returned in the afternoon to Amsterdam, and in the evening took leave of as many of our friends as we could. How entirely were we mistaken in the Hollanders, supposing them to be of a cold, phlegmatic, unfriendly temper! I have not met with a more warmly affectionate people in all Europe! No, not in Ireland!

Thursday 26, Our friends having largely provided us with wine and fruits for our little journey, we took boat in a lovely morning for Utrecht, with Mr. Van ——'s sister, who in the way, gave us a striking account. "In that house," said she, (pointing to it as we went by) "my husband and I lived; and that church adjoining to it, was his church. Five years ago, we were sitting together, being in perfect health, when he dropped down, and in a quarter of an hour died: I lifted up my heart and said, 'Lord, thou art my husband now;' and found no will but his." This was a trial worthy of a Christian: and she has ever since made her word good. We were scarcely got to our inn at Utrecht when Miss L—— came; I found her just such as I expected. She came on purpose from her father's country-house, where all the family were. I observe of all the pious people in Holland, that without any rule, but the word of God, they dress as plainly as Miss March did formerly, and Miss Johnson does now! And considering the vast disadvantage they are under, having no connexion with

each other, and being under no such discipline at all as we are, I wonder at the grace of God that is in them.

Friday 27. I walked over to Mr. L.'s country house, about three miles from the city. It is a lovely place, surrounded with delightful gardens, laid out with wonderful variety. Mr. L. is of an easy, genteel behaviour, speaks Latin correctly, and is no stranger to philosophy. Mrs. L. is the pattern of friendliness and hospitality, and young Mr. L. seems to be cast in the same mould. We spent a few hours very agreeably. Then Mr. L. would send us back in his coach.

[illegible]

Saturday 28. We went over to Zeist, the settlement of the [illegible]. It is a small village, [illegible] with woods on every side, [illegible] Jesus. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

asthma, and was extremely ill last night; but this morning, without any visible cause, he was well, and walked across the city to the church. He seemed to be deeply acquainted with religion, and made me promise, if I came to Utrecht again, to make his house my home.

In the evening, a large company of us met at Miss L.'s, where I was desired to repeat the substance of my morning sermon. I did so, Mr. Toydemea, (the Professor of Law in the University,) interpreting it sentence by sentence. They then sung a Dutch hymn, and we an English one. Afterwards, Mr. Regulet, a venerable old man, spent some time in prayer for the establishment of peace and love between the two nations.

Utrecht has much the look of an English town. The streets are broad, and have many noble houses. In quietness and stillness it much resembles Oxford. The country all round is like a garden: and the people I conversed with are not only civil and hospitable, but friendly and affectionate, even as those at Amsterdam.

Monday 30, We hired a coach for Rotterdam, at half a crown per head. We dined at Gouda, at Mr. Van Flooten's, minister of the town, who received us with all possible kindness. Before dinner we went into the church, famous for its painted windows, but we had not time to survey a tenth part of them: we could only observe, in general, that the colours were exceedingly lively, and the figures exactly proportioned. In the evening we reached once more the hospitable house of Mr. Loyal, at Rotterdam.

Tuesday, July 1, I called on as many as I could of my friends, and we parted with much affection. We then hired a yacht, which brought us to Helvoetsluys, about eleven the next day. At two we went on board; but the wind turning against us, we did not reach Harwich till about nine on Friday morning. After a little rest, we procured a carriage, and reached London about eleven at night.

I can by no means regret either the trouble or expense which attended this little journey. It opened me a way into, as it were, a new world, where the land, the buildings,

the people, the customs were all such as I had never seen before: but as those with whom I conversed were of the same spirit with my friends in England, I was as much at home in Utrecht and Amsterdam, as in Bristol and London.

Sunday 6, We rejoiced to meet once more with our English friends in the new chapel; who were refreshed with an account of the gracious work which God is working in Holland also.

Wednesday 9, I spent a melancholy hour with Mr. M., and several others, who charged him with speaking grievous things of me, which he then knew to be utterly false. If he acknowledge his fault, I believe, he will recover; if not, his sickness is unto death.

These four days, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, were as hot as the Midsummer days in Jamaica. The summer heat in Jamaica usually raises the thermometer to about eighty degrees. The quicksilver in my thermometer now rose to eighty-two.

Monday 14, I took a little journey into Oxfordshire, and found the good effects of the late storms. The thunder had been uncommonly dreadful; and the lightning had torn up a field near High-Wycombe, and turned the potatoes into ashes. In the evening I preached in the new preaching-house at Oxford, a lightsome, cheerful place, and well filled with rich and poor scholars, as well as townsmen. Tuesday 15, walking through the city, I observed it swiftly improving in every thing but religion. Observing narrowly the hall at Christ-Church, I was convinced it is both loftier and larger than that of the Stadt-house in Amsterdam. I observed also, the gardens and walks in Holland, although extremely pleasant, were not to be compared with St. John's or Trinity-gardens, much less with the parks, Magdalen water-walks, &c. Christ-church meadow, or the White-walk.

Wednesday 16, I went on to Witney. There were uncommon thunder and lightning here last Thursday; but nothing in comparison of what were there on Friday night. About

ten the storm was just over the town; and both the burst of thunder and lightning, or rather sheets of flame, were without intermission. Those that were asleep in the town were waked, and many thought the day of judgment was come. Men, women, and children, flocked out of their houses, and kneeled down together in the streets. With the flames, the grace of God came down also in a manner never known before: and, as the impression was general, so it was lasting: it did not pass away with the storm; but the spirit of seriousness, with that of grace and supplication, continued. A prayer-meeting being appointed on Saturday evening, the people flocked together, so that the preaching-house was more than filled, and many were constrained to stand without the door and windows. On Sunday morning, before the usual time of service, the church was quite filled. Such a sight was never seen in that church before. The rector himself was greatly moved, and delivered a pressing, close sermon, with uncommon earnestness. When I came on Wednesday, the same seriousness remained on the generality of the people. I preached in the evening at Wood-Green, where a multitude flocked together, on the *Son of man coming in his glory*. The word fell heavy upon them, and many of their hearts were as melting wax. Thursday 17, at five, they were still so eager to hear, that the preaching-house would not nearly contain the congregation. After preaching, four and thirty persons desired admission into the society; every one of whom was, for the present at least, under very serious impressions; and most of them, there is reason to hope, will bring forth fruit with patience. In the evening I preached to a lovely congregation at Stroud, and on Friday afternoon came to Bristol.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I spent at Bath. Thursday 24, I went with a few friends to Blase-Castle. The woods on the side of the hill, cut through various directions, are the pleasantest I ever saw, little inferior to the Leasows, and, by the beautiful prospects, far superior to Stow gardens. Afterwards we took a view of Lord Clifford's woods at King's-Weston. They are amazingly beautiful:

I have seen nothing equal to them in the West of England, and very few in any other parts. In the evening I read to the congregation an account of our brethren in Holland, and many thanksgivings were rendered to God on their account.

Tuesday 29, Our Conference began, at which two important points we considered, first, The case of Birstal-House, and secondly, The state of Kingswood school. With regard to the former, our brethren earnestly desired, that I would go to Birstal myself, believing this would be the most effectual way of bringing the trustees to reason. With regard to the latter, we all agreed, that either the school should cease, or the rules of it be particularly observed: particularly, that the children should never play; and that a master should be always present with them.

Tuesday, August 5, Early in the morning I was seized with a most impetuous flux. In a few hours it was joined by a violent and almost continual cramp: first, in my feet, legs, thighs; then in my side and my throat. The case being judged extreme, a grain and a half of opium was given me in three doses: this speedily stopped the cramp, but, at the same time, took away my speech, hearing, and power of motion, and locked me up from head to foot, so that I lay a mere log. I then sent for Dr. Drummond, who, from that time, attended me twice a day. For some days I was worse and worse, till on Friday I was removed to Mr. Castleman's. Still my head was not affected, and I had no pain, although in a continual fever: but I continued slowly to recover, so that I could read or write an hour or two at a time. On Wednesday 12, I took a vomit, which almost shook me to pieces, but however did me good. Sunday 17, and all the following week, my fever gradually abated; but I had a continual thirst, and little or no increase of strength: nevertheless, being unwilling to be idle, on Saturday 23, I spent half an hour with the penitents; and, finding myself no worse, on Sunday 24, I preached at the new room, morning and afternoon. Finding my strength was now in some measure restored, I determined

to delay no longer; but, setting out on Monday 25, reached Gloucester in the afternoon. In the evening I preached in the town-hall, I believe, not in vain. Tuesday 26, I went on to Worcester, where many young people are just setting out in the ways of God. I joined fifteen of them this afternoon to the society, all of them, I believe, athirst for salvation. Wednesday 27, I preached at Birmingham, and had a comfortable season. Thursday 28, I paid another visit to the amiable family at Hilton-hall. Friday 29, about ten, I preached, for the first time, at Stafford, to a large and deeply attentive congregation. It is now the day of small things here: but the grain of mustard-seed may grow into a great tree.

Hence I rode to Congleton. I had received abundance of complaints against the assistant of this circuit, James Rogers. Saturday 30, I heard all the parties face to face, and encouraged them all to speak their whole minds. I was surprised: so much prejudice, anger, and bitterness, on so slight occasions I never saw: however, after they had *had it out*, they were much softened, if not quite reconciled. Sunday 31, I preached in the new church at Macclesfield, both morning and afternoon. I believe, we had seven hundred communicants.

Monday, September 1, We clambered over the mountains to Buxton. In the afternoon I preached in Fairfield church about half a mile from the town: it was thoroughly filled with serious and attentive hearers. Tuesday 2, we went to Leeds, where I was glad to find several preachers.

Wednesday 3, I consulted the preachers, how it was best to proceed with the trustees of Birstal-House, to prevail upon them to settle it on the Methodist-Plan. They all advised me to begin by preaching there: accordingly I preached on Thursday evening, and met the society. I preached again in the morning. Friday 5, about nine, I met the nineteen trustees, and, after exhorting them to peace and love, said, "All that I desire is, that this house may be settled on the Methodist Plan; and the same clause may be inserted in *your* deed, which is inserted in the deed of

the new chapel in London: viz. 'In case the doctrine or practice of any preacher should, in the opinion of the major part of the trustees, be not conformable to Mr. W.'s Sermons, and Notes on the New Testament; on representing this to the nearest assistants, after a proper hearing, another preacher shall be sent within three months.' "

Five of the trustees were willing to accept of our first proposals: the rest were not willing.

Although I could not obtain the end proposed, and in that respect had only my labour for my pains, yet I do not at all repent of my journey: I have done *my* part; let others bear their own burden. Going back nearly the same way I came, on Saturday 13, I reached Bristol. I had, likewise, good reward for my labour, in the recovery of my health, by a journey of five or six hundred miles.

On Wednesday 17, and the two following days, I visited several of the country societies; and found most of them, not only increasing in number, but in the knowledge and love of God.

Friday 26, Observing the deep poverty of many of our brethren, I determined to do what I could for their relief. I spoke severally to some that were in good circumstances, and received about forty pounds: next I enquired, who were in the most pressing want, and visited them at their own houses. I was surprised to find no murmuring spirits among them, but many that were truly happy in God: and all of them appeared to be exceedingly thankful for the scanty relief which they received.

Sunday 28, It being a fair day, I snatched the opportunity of preaching abroad to twice or thrice as many as the room would have contained. Wednesday, October 1, I preached at Bath to such a congregation as I have not seen there for a long season. All my leisure hours this week I employed in visiting the remaining poor, and in begging for them. Having collected about fifty pounds more, I was enabled to relieve most of those that were in pressing distress.

Monday, October 6, Leaving the society in a more pros-

perous way than it had been for several years, I preached in the Devizes about noon, and at Sarum in the evening. Captain Webb lately kindled a flame here, and it is not yet gone out. Several persons were still rejoicing in God, and the people, in general, were much quickened. Tuesday 7, I found his preaching in the street at Winchester had been blest greatly: many were more or less convinced of sin, and several had found peace with God. I never saw the preaching-house so crowded before, with serious and attentive hearers: so was that at Portsmouth also. Wednesday 8, we took a wherry for the Isle of Wight. Before we were half over, the sea rose, and the water washed over us: however we got safe to Wotten-bridge, and then walked on to Newport. There is much life among the people here, and they walk worthy of their profession.

Thursday 9, I went to Newtown, (two miles from Newport,) supposed to be the oldest town in the isle: but its glory is past: the church lies in ruins, and the town has scarcely six houses remaining: however, the preaching-house was thoroughly filled, and the people appeared to be all of one rank, none rich and none extremely poor; but all were extremely serious and attentive.

Friday 10, I crossed over to Southampton, and found two or three there also who feared and loved God. Then I went to Winchester, and had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Lowth, and supping with Mrs. Blackwell. Her six lovely children are in admirable order: it is a pleasure to see them. A clergyman having offered me his church, I purposed beginning at five; but the key was not to be found: so I made a virtue of necessity, and preached near the Cross-street, probably, to double the congregation which would have been in the church.

Many of the Dutch prisoners remaining here, I paid them a short visit. When they were brought hither first, one of them prayed with as many as desired it, and gave them a word of exhortation. Presently one found peace with God, and joined him in that labour of love. These increased, so that they have now five exhorters: many are justified, and

many more convinced of sin. About two hundred of them were met together when I came. They first sung a hymn in their own language. I then gave them a short exhortation in English, for which they were extremely thankful.

Saturday 11, Just at twelve, (the same hour as at Bristol,) I was taken exceedingly ill, and so continued till three. I then took chaise, as I had appointed, and was better and better every stage, and quite well when I came to London.

Monday 13, I preached at Wallingford. Tuesday 14, I went on to Oxford, and found both the congregation and society increased in zeal as well as in number. Wednesday 15, I came to Witney. The flame which was kindled here by that providential storm of thunder and lightning, is not extinguished, but has continued ever since, with no discernible intermission. The preaching-house is still too small for the congregation. Thursday 16, I preached at High-Wycombe, and on Friday returned to London.

Sunday 19, I took the Diligence for Norwich, and preached there the next evening to more than the house would contain; and both this night and the following, we sensibly felt that God was in the midst of us. Wednesday 22, I went to Yarmouth. Often this poor society had been well nigh shattered in pieces; first by Benjamin Worship, then a furious Calvinist, tearing away nearly half of them; next by John Simpson, turning Antinomian, and scattering most that were left. It has pleased God, contrary to all human probability, to raise a new society out of the dust; nay, and to give them courage to build a new preaching-house, which is well finished, and contains about five hundred persons. I opened it this evening; and as many as could get in seemed to be deeply affected. Who knows but God is about to repair the waste places, and to gather a people that shall be scattered no more?

Thursday 23, We went to Lowestoffe, where the people have stood firm from the beginning. Observing in the evening, that forty or fifty people were talking together, as soon as the service was over, (a miserable custom that

prevails in most places of public worship, throughout England and Ireland,) I strongly warned the congregation against it, as I had done those at Norwich and Yarmouth. They received it in love, and, the next evening, all went silently away. But this warning must be given again and again, in every place, or it will not be effectual.

Saturday 25, I preached in Lowestoffe at five; at eight to an earnest, lively people at Cove; and at one to a more numerous, but not more lively, congregation at Loddon. The most numerous was that at Norwich in the evening, many of whom were truly alive to God.

Sunday 26, I gave the sacrament at seven; at nine I preached at Bear-street, where I am in hopes considerable good will be done. The most serious congregation in our house we had at two; but the most numerous at six; though not above half of those that came could get in. Those that could hear, did not lose their labour; for God *satisfied the hungry with good things.*

Monday, October 27, I talked at large with M. F. Such a case I have not known before: she has been in the society nearly from the beginning. She found peace with God five and twenty years ago, and the pure love of God a few years after. Above thirty years she has been a class and a band leader, and of very eminent use. Ten months since, she was accused of drunkenness, and of revealing the secret of her friend: being informed of this, I wrote to Norwich, (as I then believed the charge,) that she must be no longer a leader, either of a band or a class: the preacher told her further, that, in his judgment, she was unfit to be a member of the society. Upon this she gave up her ticket, together with the band and her class-papers. Immediately all her friends, (of whom she seemed to have a large number,) forsook her at once: no one knew her or spoke to her: she was as a dead thing out of mind.

On making a more particular enquiry, I found, that Mrs. N. (formerly a common woman) had revealed her own secret, to Dr. Hunt, and twenty people besides: so the first accusation vanished into air. As to the second, I verily

believe the drunkenness with which she was charged, was in reality, the falling down in a fit. So we have thrown away one of the most useful leaders we ever had, for these wonderful reasons!

Wednesday 29, I crossed over to Lynn, and found things much better than I expected. The behaviour of Mr. G— (which one would have imagined would have done much harm) had rather done good. People in general cried, "Let that bad man go, they will do better without him." And the house was sufficiently crowded with serious hearers. November 1, I returned to London.

In the two following weeks I visited the classes both in London and the neighbouring societies. Sunday 16, being much importuned, I preached in the evening at Mr. Maxfield's chapel: but I dare not do so again, as it cannot contain one-third of the congregation at the new chapel.

Monday 17, I preached at Sevenoaks, and on Tuesday 18, at Mount Ephraim, near Tunbridge-Wells. Wednesday 19, I came once more to the lovely family at Shoreham. A little longer that venerable old man is permitted to remain here, that the flock may not be scattered.

When I was at Sevenoaks I made an odd remark. In the year 1769, I weighed a hundred and twenty-two pounds. In 1783, I weighed not a pound more or less. I doubt whether such another instance is to be found in Great-Britain.

Monday 24, I preached at Canterbury, and again on Wednesday: on Tuesday 25, at Dover; Thursday 27, at Sheerness, where Mr. Fox read prayers, and I preached on those words in the second lesson, *To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.* Friday 28, I returned to London.

Tuesday, Dec. 2, I married Mr. Rutherford, and Miss Lydia Duplex. Wednesday 3, I took a little journey into Hertfordshire; and having preached at Hinxworth and Wrestlingworth, on Friday 5, I preached at Barnet, and, on Saturday 6, returned to London.

I now enquired more carefully and particularly into the

strange case of poor Mr. M.: but the more I enquired, the worse the matter appeared to be. It was plain, by the evidence of many unexceptionable witnesses, that he had told innumerable lies; affirming, denying, and affirming again! And this man, who has lived above twenty years in a constant course of lying and slandering, tells you, "He enjoys constant communion with God, and that nothing can make him happier, but heaven!"

Thursday 18, I spent two hours with that great man, Dr. Johnson, who is sinking into the grave by a gentle decay. Wednesday 24, while we were dining at Mr. Blunt's, his servant-maid, ill of a sore throat, died. Saturday 27, I dined at Mr. Awbrey's with Mr. Wynantz, son of the Dutch merchant, at whose house I met with Peter Bohler and his brethren, forty-five years ago. Wednesday 31, we concluded the year at the new chapel, with the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

Thursday, Jan. 1, 1784, I retired for two or three days to Peckham. Sunday 4, though it rained violently, we had, I believe, upward of eighteen hundred people, at the renewal of the covenant: many found an uncommon blessing therein. I am sure I did for one.

Tuesday 6, At noon I preached at Barking, and in the evening at Purfleet, to a people that were all alive. Wednesday 7, I went on to Colchester, and on Friday 9, returned to London.

Monday 12, Desiring to help some that were in pressing want, but not having any money left, I believed it was not improper, in such a case, to desire help from God. A few hours after, one, from whom I expected nothing less, put ten pounds into my hands.

Wednesday 21, Being vehemently accused, by a well-meaning man, of very many things, particularly of covetousness and uncourteousness, I referred the matter to three of our brethren: truly, in these articles, *I know nothing by myself: but he that judgeth me is the Lord.*

Saturday 24, I began visiting the classes in the town and country. Sunday 25, I preached in the afternoon in St.

George's, Southwark, a very large and commodious church.

Thursday, Feb. 4, I went down to Nottingham, and preached a charity-sermon for the general hospital. The next day I returned to London. In the following week I visited the country societies. Saturday 14, I desired all our preachers to meet, and consider thoroughly the proposal of sending missionaries to the East-Indies. After the matter had been fully considered, we were unanimous in our judgment, that we have no call thither yet, no invitation, no providential opening of any kind.

Thursday 19, I spent an agreeable hour with the modern Hannibal, Paschal Paoli, probably the most accomplished general that is now in the world. He is of a middle size; thin, well-shaped, genteel, and has something extremely striking in his countenance. How much happier is he now, with his moderate pension, than he was in the midst of his victories!

On Saturday, having a leisure hour, I made an end of that strange book Orlando Furioso. Ariosto had doubtless an uncommon genius, and subsequent poets have been greatly indebted to him: yet it is hard to say, which was most out of his senses, the hero or the poet. He has not the least regard even to probability: his marvellous transcends all conception. Astolpho's shield and horn, and voyage to the moon: the lance that unhorses every one: the all-penetrating sword, and I know not how many impenetrable helmets and coats of mail; leaves transformed into ships, and into leaves again: stones turned into horses, and again into stones, are such monstrous fictions as never appeared in the world before, and one would hope, never will again. O! who that is not himself out of his senses, can compare Ariosto with Tasso!

Monday, March 1, I went to Newbury, and preached in the evening to a large and deeply affected congregation. Tuesday 2, and Wednesday 3, I preached at Bath; and on Thursday 4, went on to Bristol: Friday 5, I talked at large with our masters in Kingswood school, who are now

just such as I wished for: at length the rules of the house are punctually observed, and the children are all in good order.

Saturday 6, I spent a few melancholy minutes at Mr. Henderson's with the lost Louisa. She is now in a far more deplorable case than ever. She used to be mild, though silly; but now she is quite furious. I doubt the poor machine cannot be repaired in this life.

The next week I visited the classes at Bristol. Friday 12, being at Samuel Rayner's in Bradford, I was convinced of two vulgar errors; the one, that nightingales will not live in cages; the other, that they only sing a month or two in the year. He has now three nightingales in cages, and they sing almost all day long, from November to August. Saturday 13, about nine I preached at Trowbridge, where a large congregation quickly attended. Returning to Bristol, I lodged once more at E— J—'s, a genuine old Methodist. God has lately taken away her only brother, as well as her beloved sister. But she was still able to say, "*It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.*"

Monday 15, Leaving Bristol, after preaching at five, in the evening I preached at Stroud, where, to my surprise, I found the morning preaching was given up, as also in the neighbouring places. If this be the case while I am alive, what must it be when I am gone? Give up this, and Methodism too will degenerate into a mere sect, only distinguished by some opinions and modes of worship.

Tuesday 16, I preached in Painswick at noon, and at Gloucester in the evening. The room was full at five in the morning; and both the preachers and people promised to neglect the early preaching no more. Wednesday 17, we went to Cheltenham, which I had not seen for many years. I preached at noon to half a house-full of hearers, most of them cold and dead enough: I expected to find the same at Tewksbury, but was agreeably disappointed. Not only the congregation was much larger, but I admired their teachableness. On my mentioning the impropriety of *standing* at prayer, and sitting while we were singing praise to God,

they all took advice, kneeling while we prayed, and stood up while we sung psalms.

Thursday 18, We crossed over to Bengeworth, where Mr. Cooper read prayers, and I preached. Friday 19, being informed, that my chaise could pass part of the way to Broad Marston, I went boldly for awhile, and then stuck fast: I borrowed a horse and went on. At five I preached in Pebworth church, and at five in the morning in our own chapel at Broad Marston. As we rode back to Bengeworth, the cold was so intense, that it had an effect I never felt before; it made me downright sick: however, I went on, and preached in the church at eleven, and in the evening at Worcester. Sunday 21, I preached to a crowded audience, in St. Andrew's church: the vicar read prayers, and afterwards told me, "I should be welcome to the use of his church, whenever I came to Worcester."

Monday 22, In the evening I preached at Birmingham. Tuesday 23, I preached in the church at Quinton, to a congregation gathered from all parts. Not many appeared to be unaffected; for the power of God was eminently present.

After preaching at various other places, on Saturday 27, I went to Madeley; and at Mr. Fletcher's desire, revised his letters to Dr. Priestley. I think, there is hardly another man in England, so fit to encounter him. Sunday 28, notwithstanding the severe weather, the church was more than filled. I preached on part of the epistle, (Hebrews ix. 13, &c.) in the afternoon, on *The grace of God that bringeth salvation*, and I believe, God applied it to many hearts.

Monday 29, I gave an exhortation at Sheriff-Hales, in my way to Stafford. When I came thither I found no notice had been given; so I had only a small company, in a deplorable hole, formerly a stable. Hence we went to Lane-End, a village two or three miles from Newcastle-under-Lyme. It was still piercingly cold: but the preaching-house would not hold a fourth part of the people, so I preached in the open air; the moon giving us clear light, though not

much heat. The house was filled at five in the morning: and God again applied his word.

Tuesday 30, I preached in the new preaching-house at Henley-Green; but this was far too small to hold the congregation. Indeed this country is all on fire, and the flame is still spreading from village to village. The preaching-house at Newcastle just held the congregation, many being kept away by the election, especially the gentry. But still the poor heard the gospel preached, and received it with all readiness of mind.

Wednesday 31, I reached Burslem, where we had the first society in the country; and it is still the largest and the most in earnest. I was obliged to preach abroad. The house would but just contain the societies at the love-feast; at which many, both men and women, simply declared the wonderful works of God.

I did not find so lively a people at Congleton: although the wounds made by prejudice were nearly healed, yet a faintness and deadness remained. I found the same sad effects of prejudice at Macclesfield: but there are so many here truly alive to God, that his work goes on still, only not in so rapid a manner as it might otherwise have done.

Sunday, April 4, I preached at the new church, morning and evening, to a London congregation. Monday 5, about noon I preached at Alpringham, to an unusually large congregation. I was surprised when I came to Chester, to find, that there also, morning preaching was quite left off, for this worthy reason, "Because the people will not come, or at least, not in the winter." If so, "the Methodists are a fallen people." Here is proof. They have *lost their first love;* and they never will or can recover it till they *do the first works.*

As soon as I set foot in Georgia, I began preaching at five in the morning. And every communicant, that is, every serious person in the town, constantly attended throughout the year; I mean, came every morning, winter and summer, unless in the case of sickness. They did so till I left the province. In the year 1738, when God began his great

work in England, I began preaching at the same hour, winter and summer, and never wanted a congregation. If they will not attend now, they have lost their zeal, and then it cannot be denied, "they are a fallen people."

And in the mean time we are labouring to secure the preaching-houses to the next generation: in the name of God, let us, if possible, secure the present generation from drawing back to perdition! Let all the preachers, that are still alive to God, join together as one man, fast and pray, lift up their voice as a trumpet, be instant, in season, out of season, to convince them they are fallen, and exhort them, instantly to *repent, and do the first works.* This in particular, rising in the morning, without which neither their souls nor bodies can long remain in health.

Wednesday 7, I crossed over the water to Liverpool. Here I found a people much alive to God: one cause of which was, that they have preaching several mornings in a week, and prayer-meetings on the rest; all of which they are careful to attend. On Good-Friday, (April 9,) I went to Warrington. In the morning I read prayers, preached and administered the Lord's-Supper, to a serious congregation. I preached at five again, and believe few were present, who did not feel that God was there of a truth.

Saturday 10, I preached to a large congregation at Manchester, and to a far larger at ten in the morning, being Easter-day. It was supposed, there were nearly a thousand communicants. But hitherto the Lord has helped me in this respect also. I have found no congregation which my voice could not command.

Monday 12, I found a lovely congregation at Stockport, much alive to God. So was that at Oldham the next day, which was not perceptibly lessened, though it blew a storm, and poured down with rain. Here a young woman of unblamable character (otherwise I should not have given her any credit) gave me a remarkable account; she said, "I had totally lost the sight of my right eye, when I dreamed one night, that our Saviour appeared to me: that I fell at his feet, and he laid his hand upon my right eye. Immedi-

ately I waked, and from that moment have seen as well with that eye as with the other."

I applied to a very large congregation, the case of the Rechabites, (Jer. xxxv.) I asked, 1, Does it appear, that these owed to Jehonadab, more than the Methodists owe to me? 2, Are they as observant of *my* advices (although both scriptural and rational: to instance only in dress and rising early) as the Rechabites were of *his* advices (of drinking no wine, and living in tents, which had neither Scripture nor reason to support them?)

I think, every member of the society at Bolton does take my advice, with respect to other things, as well as with respect to dress and rising early; in consequence of which they are continually increasing in number as well as in grace.

Friday 16, I preached about ten at Wingate, a village five or six miles from Bolton. I was constrained by the multitude of people to preach abroad, though it was exceedingly cold, on *All things are ready, come unto the marriage*. Truly the people were ready too. They drank in every word.

In the evening we had a very uncommon congregation at Wigan. Only one gentlewoman behaved "as she used to do at church;" (so several afterwards informed me) talking all the time, though no one answered her! But the rest were deeply attentive; and I trust will not be forgetful hearers. I had designed to go from hence to Blackburn, but hearing that one of our society near Preston, was at the point of death, I turned a little out of my way, to spend half an hour with her. I found Mrs. Nuttal, a lovely, patient creature, praising God continually, though worn away with pining sickness and long-continued pain. Having paid the last office of friendship here, I went to Preston, and preached to a serious congregation. In the evening I preached at Blackburn, where also the society is lively and continually increasing.

Sunday 18, After preaching at five, to a numerous congregation (but not one rich or well-dressed person among

them, either morning or evening! Poor Blackburn!) I hastened on to Gisburn. The church was so full that a few were obliged to stand without the doors. The word was quick and powerful: so it was afterward at Settle. Sufficient for this day was the labour thereof.

Monday 19, I went on to Ambleside, where, as I was sitting down to supper, I was informed, "Notice had been given of my preaching, and that the congregation was waiting." I would not disappoint them, but preached immediately, on *Salvation by faith*. Among them were a gentleman and his wife, who gave me a very remarkable relation. She said, "She had often heard her mother relate, what an intimate acquaintance had told her, that her husband was concerned in the rebellion of 1745. He was tried at Carlisle, and found guilty. The evening before he was to die, sitting and musing in her chair, she fell fast asleep. She dreamed, one came to her and said, "Go to such a part of the wall, and among the loose stones you will find a key, which you must carry to your husband. She waked, but thinking it a common dream, paid no attention to it. Presently she fell asleep again, and dreamed the very same dream. She started up, put on her cloak and hat, and went to that part of the wall, and among the loose stones found a key. Having, with some difficulty, procured admission into the gaol, she gave this to her husband. It opened the door of his cell, as well as the lock of the prison door. So at midnight he escaped for life."

Tuesday 20, We went to Whitehaven, where there is a fairer prospect than has been for many years. The society is united in love, not conformed to the world, but labouring to experience the full image of God, wherein they were created. The house was filled in the evening, and much more the next, when we had all the church ministers, and most of the gentry in the town; but they behaved with as much decency as if they had been colliers.

Thursday 22, I preached in the market-house at Cockermouth. In our way thence, we had some of the heaviest rain I have seen in Europe. The Sessions being at Carlisle,

I could not have the Court-house; but we had a good opportunity in our own house. Friday 23, we travelled through a lovely country to Longtown, the last town in England, and one of the best built in it, for all the houses are new, from one end to the other. The road from hence to Langholm is delightfully pleasant, running mostly by the side of a clear river. But it was past seven before we reached Selkirk.

Saturday 24, We had frost in the morning, snow before seven, piercing winds all day long, and in the afternoon vehement hail; so that I did not wonder we had a small congregation at Edinburgh in the evening.

Sunday 25, I attended the Tolbooth kirk at eleven. The sermon was very sensible; but, having no application, was no way likely to awaken drowsy hearers. About four I preached at Lady Maxwell's, two or three miles from Edinburgh, and at six in our own house. For once it was thoroughly filled. I preached on, *God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.* I am amazed at this people. Use the most cutting words, and apply them in the most pointed manner: still they *hear*, but *feel* no more than the seats they sit upon!

Monday 26, I went to Glasgow, and preached in the evening to a very different congregation. Many attended in the morning, although the morning preaching had been long discontinued both here and at Edinburgh. In the evening many were obliged to go away, the house not being able to contain them.

Wednesday 28, We found the same inconvenience, but those who could get in, found a remarkable blessing. Thursday 29, the house was thoroughly filled at five; and the hearts of the people were as melting wax. Afterwards I returned to Edinburgh, and in the evening the house was well filled: so that we must not say, "The people of Edinburgh love the word of God only on the Lord's-day."

Friday 30, We went to Perth, now but the shadow of what it was, though it begins to lift up its head. It is certainly the sweetest place in all North-Britain, unless perhaps

Dundee. I preached in the Tolbooth, to a large and well-behaved congregation. Many of them were present again at five in the morning, May 1. I then went to Dundee, through the Carse of Gowry, the most fruitful valley in the kingdom. And I observe, a spirit of improvement prevails in Dundee, and all the country round about it. Handsome houses spring up on every side. Trees are planted in abundance. Wastes and commons are continually turned into meadows and fruitful fields. There wants only a proportionable improvement in religion, and this will be one of the happiest countries in Europe.

In the evening I preached in our own ground to a numerous congregation: but the next afternoon to one far more numerous, on whom I earnestly enforced, *How long halt ye between two opinions?* Many of them *seemed* almost persuaded to halt no longer: but God only knows the heart.

Monday 3, I was agreeably surprised at the improvement of the land between Dundee and Arbroath. Our preaching-house at Arbroath was completely filled. I spoke exceedingly plain, on the difference of *building upon the sand*, and building *upon the rock*. Truly these *approve the things that are excellent*, whether they practise them or not. I found this to be a genuine Methodist society: they are all thoroughly united to each other: they love and keep our rules: they long and expect to be perfected in love: if they continue so to do, they will and must increase in number as well as in grace.

Tuesday 4, I reached Aberdeen between four and five in the afternoon. Wednesday 5, I found the morning preaching had been long discontinued: yet the bands and the select society were kept up: but many were faint and weak for want of morning-preaching and prayer-meetings, of which I found scarcely any trace in Scotland. In the evening I talked largely with the preachers, and shewed them the hurt it did both to them and the people for any one preacher to stay six or eight weeks together in one place: neither can he find matter for preaching every morning and

evening; nor will the people come to hear him: hence he grows cold by lying in bed, and so do the people: whereas, if he never stays more than a fortnight together in one place, he may find matter enough, and the people will gladly hear him. They immediately drew up such a plan for this circuit, which they determined to pursue.

Thursday 6, We had the largest congregation at five which I have seen since I came into the kingdom. We set out immediately after preaching, and reached Old Meldrum about ten. A servant of Lady Bamff's was waiting for us there, who desired I would take post-horses to Fortglen. In two hours we reached an inn, which the servant told us was four little miles from her house: so we made the best of our way, and got thither in exactly three hours. All the family received us with the most cordial affection. At seven I preached to a small congregation, all of whom were seriously attentive, and some, I believe, deeply affected.

Friday 7, I took a walk round about the town. I know not when I have seen so pleasant a place. One part of the house is an ancient castle, situated on the top of a little hill. At a small distance runs a clear river, with a beautiful wood on its banks. Close to it is a shady walk to the right, and another on the left hand. On two sides of the house there is abundance of wood: on the other, a wide prospect over fields and meadows. About ten I preached again with much liberty of spirit, on *Love never faileth*. About two I left this charming place, and made for Keith; but I know not how we could have got thither, had not Lady Bamff sent me forward, through that miserable road, with four stout horses.

I preached about seven to the poor of this world. Not a silk coat was seen among them: and to the greatest part of them at five in the morning. And I did not at all regret my labour.

Saturday 8, We reached the banks of the Spey. I suppose, there are few such rivers in Europe. The rapidity of it exceeds even that of the Rhine: and it was now much

swelled with melting snow: however, we made shift to get over before ten; and about twelve reached Elgin. Here I was received by a daughter of good Mr. Plenderleith, late of Edinburgh, with whom, having spent an agreeable hour, I hastened towards Forres: but we were soon at a full stop again; the river Findam also was so swollen, that we were afraid the ford was not passable: however, having a good guide, we passed it without much difficulty. I found Sir Lodowick Grant almost worn out. Never was a visit more seasonable. By free and friendly conversation, his spirits were so raised, that I am in hopes it will lengthen his life.

Sunday 9, I preached to a small company at noon, on *His commandments are not grievous.* As I was concluding, Colonel Grant and his lady came in, for whose sake I began again, and *lectured*, as they call it, on the former part of the 15th chapter of St. Luke. We had a larger company in the afternoon, to whom I preached, on *Judgment to come:* and this subject seemed to affect them most.

Monday 10, I set out for Inverness. I had sent Mr. M'Allum before, on George Whitefield's horse, to give notice of my coming. Hereby I was obliged to take both George and Mrs. M'Allum with me in my chaise. To ease the horses, we walked forward from Nairn, ordering Richard to follow us, as soon as they were fed: he did so, but there were two roads; so as we took one, and he the other, we walked about twelve miles and a half of the way, through heavy rain. We then found Richard waiting for us at a little ale-house, and drove on to Inverness; but, blessed be God, I was no more tired than when I set out from Nairn. I preached at seven to a far larger congregation than I had seen here since I preached in the kirk: and surely the labour was not in vain; for God sent a message to many hearts.

Tuesday 11, Notwithstanding the long discontinuance of morning preaching, we had a large congregation at five. I breakfasted at the first house I was invited to at Inverness, where good Mr. M'Kenzie then lived. His three daughters

live in it now; one of whom inherits all the spirit of her father. In the afternoon we took a walk over the bridge, into one of the pleasantest countries I have seen. It runs along by the side of the clear river, and is well cultivated, and well wooded. And here first we heard abundance of birds, welcoming the return of spring. The congregation was larger this evening than the last; and great part of them attended in the morning. We had then a solemn parting, as we could hardly expect to meet again in the present world.

Wednesday 12, I dined once more at Sir Lodowick Grant's, whom, likewise, I scarcely expect to see any more. His lady is lately gone to rest, and he seems to be swiftly following her. A church being offered me at Elgin in the evening, I had a multitude of hearers, whom I strongly exhorted to *Seek the Lord while he may be found.* Thursday 13, we took a view of the poor remains of the once magnificent cathedral. By what ruins are left, the workmanship appears to have been exquisitely fine. What barbarians must they have been, who hastened the destruction of this beautiful pile, by taking the lead off the roof.

The church was again well filled in the evening, by those who seemed to *feel* much more than the night before. In consequence, the morning congregation was more than doubled, and deep attention sat on every face. I do not despair of good being done even here, provided the preachers be sons of thunder.

Friday 14, We saw at a distance the Duke of Gordon's new house, six hundred and fifty feet in front. Well might the Indian ask, "Are you *white* men no bigger than we *red* men? Then why do you build such lofty houses?" The country between this and Bamff is well cultivated, and extremely pleasant. About two I read prayers and preached in the Episcopal chapel at Bamff, one of the neatest towns in the kingdom. About ten I preached in Lady Bamff's dining-room at Fortglen, to a very serious, though genteel congregation: and afterwards spent a most agreeable evening with the lovely family.

Saturday 15, We set out early, and dined at Aberdeen. On the road I read Ewen Cameron's translation of Fingal. I think, he has proved the authenticity of it, beyond all reasonable contradiction. But what a poet was Ossian! Little inferior to either Homer or Virgil: in some respects superior to both. And what a hero was Fingal! Far more humane than Hector himself, whom we cannot excuse, for murdering one that lay upon the ground: and with whom Achilles, or even pious Æneas is not worthy to be named. But who is this excellent translator, Ewen Cameron? Is not his other name, Hugh Blair?

Sunday 16, I went to Newborough, a small fishing town, fifteen miles north of Aberdeen. Here is at present, according to its bigness, the liveliest society in the kingdom. I preached in a kind of square, to a multitude of people; and the whole congregation appeared to be moved, and ready prepared for the Lord.

At two in the afternoon, Mr. Black read prayers, and I preached in Trinity chapel. It was crowded with people of all denominations. I preached from 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3, in utter defiance of their common saying, "He is a good man, though he has bad tempers." Nay, if he has bad tempers, he is no more a good man, than the devil is a good angel. At five I preached in our own chapel, exceedingly crowded, on *The form and power of godliness*. I am now clear of these people, and can cheerfully commend them to God.

Monday 17, I reached Arbroath, and enquired into that odd event which occurred there in the latter end of the last war. The famous Captain Fell came one afternoon to the side of the town, and sent three men on shore, threatening to lay the town in ashes, unless they sent him thirty thousand pounds. That not being done, he began firing on the town the next day, and continued it till night; but perceiving the country was alarmed, he sailed away the next day, having left some hundred cannon balls behind him; but not having hurt man, woman, or child, or any thing else, save one old barn door.

Tuesday 18, I preached at Dundee. Wednesday 19, I crossed over the pleasant and fertile county of Fife, to Melvell-house, the grand and beautiful seat of Lord Leven. He was not at home, being gone to Edinburgh, as the King's Commissioner: but the countess was, with two of her daughters, and both her sons-in-law. At their desire, I preached in the evening, on *It is appointed unto man once to die;* and, I believe, God made the application. Thursday 10, it blew a storm; nevertheless, with some difficulty, we crossed the Queen's Ferry. Friday 21, I examined the society, and found about sixty members left. Many of these were truly alive to God: so our labour here is not quite in vain. Saturday 22, I had some close conversation with L. M., who appeared to be clearly saved from sin, although exceedingly depressed by the tottering tenement of clay. About noon I spent an hour with her poor scholars, forty of whom she has provided with a serious master, who takes pains to instruct them in the principles of religion, as well as in reading and writing. A famous actress just come down from London, which for the honour of Scotland, just during the sitting of the assembly, stole away a great part of our congregation to-night. How much wiser are these Scots than their forefathers!

Sunday 23, I went in the morning to the Tolbooth kirk: in the afternoon to the old Episcopal chapel: but they have lost their glorying; they *talked* the moment service was done, as if they had been in London. In the evening the octagon was well filled; and I applied, with all possible plainness, *God is a Spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.*

Monday 24, I preached at Dunbar. Tuesday 25, I spent an hour with Mr. and Mrs. F., a woman every way accomplished. Neither of them had ever yet heard a sermon out of the kirk; but they ventured that evening, and, I am in hope, they did not hear in vain. Wednesday 26, we went on to Berwick-upon-Tweed. The congregation in the town-hall was very numerous. So it was, likewise, at five in the

morning. Thursday 27, we travelled through a delightful country to Kelso. Here the two seceding ministers have taken true pains to frighten the people from hearing us, by retailing all the ribaldry of Mr. Cudworth, Toplady, and Rowland Hill. But God has called one of them to his account already, and in a fearful manner. As no house could contain the congregation, I preached in the church-yard: and a more decent behaviour I have scarcely ever seen. Afterwards we walked to the Duke of Roxburgh's seat, about half a mile from the town, finely situated on a rising ground, near the ruins of Roxburgh-castle. It has a noble castle; the front, and the offices round make it look like a little town. Most of the apartments within are finished in an elegant, but not in a costly manner. I doubt whether two of Mr. Lascelle's rooms at Harewood-house did not cost more in furnishing, than twenty of these. But the duke's house is far larger, containing no less than forty bed-chambers: but it is not nearly finished yet, nor probably will be, till the owner is no more seen.

Friday 28, I entered into England once more, and in the evening preached in the town-hall at Alnwick. Saturday 29, I should have preached in the town-hall at Morpeth, but it was pre-engaged by a company of strolling players: so we retired into our own preaching-house. In the afternoon I went on to Newcastle.

May 30, Whitsunday, the rain obliged us to be in the orphan-house both morning and evening. But in the afternoon I was forced to preach abroad at the Fell, by the multitudes that flocked together, partly moved by the death of William Bell and his wife, one so soon after the other.

Tuesday, June 1, About nine I preached to a large number of the poor people at Howdenpans; at noon in North Shields; and in the evening at Newcastle: where I had now great satisfaction, the congregations both morning and evening being larger than they had been for many years, and the society being much alive, and in great peace and harmony. Friday 4, I went over to Sunderland,

and found the work of God here also in a prosperous state. Saturday 5, I saw as many of the people, sick or well, as I could, and was much comforted among them. Sunday 6, I preached at eight in the room. At eleven in Monk-Wearmouth church. I purposed preaching abroad at Newcastle in the evening, but the weather would not permit: so I preached in the house, on *This is the record that God hath given unto us eternal life: and this life is in his Son.*

Monday 7, About noon I preached at Anham, and in the evening in the town-hall at Hartlepool, where I had not been for sixteen years. Tuesday 8, I came to Stockton-upon-Tees. Here I found an uncommon work of God among the children: many of them, from six to fourteen, were under serious impressions, and earnestly desirous to save their souls. There were upwards of sixty who constantly came to be examined, and appeared to be greatly awakened. I preached at noon, on *The kingdom of heaven is at hand*, and the people seemed to feel every word. As soon as I came down from the desk, I was enclosed by a body of children; one of whom and another sunk down upon their knees, until they were all kneeling: so I kneeled down myself and began praying for them. Abundance of people ran back into the house. The fire kindled and run from heart to heart, till few, if any, were unaffected. Is not this a new thing in the earth? God begins his work in children. Thus it has been also in Cornwall, Manchester, and Epworth. Thus the flame spreads to those of riper years; till at length they all know him, and praise him from the least unto the greatest.

Wednesday 9, I went to Barnard-castle. Here I was informed, that my old school-fellow, Mr. Fielding, and his wife, were gone to rest. His son, not choosing to live there, had let his lovely house to a stranger: so, in a little time, his very name and memory will be lost!

Sunday 10, After preaching at five, I took horse for the Dales, and about eight preached at Cutherston. Here I had the pleasure of seeing some of our brethren, who had been long at variance, cordially reconciled. Hence we rode

through rain and wind to Newbiggen in Teesdale. Being but a poor horseman, and having a rough horse, I had just strength for my journey, and none to spare; but after resting awhile, I preached without any weariness.

Having then procured an easier horse, I rode over the great mountain into Weardale: but I found not my old host; good Stephen Watson was removed to Abraham's bosom. So was that mother in Israel, Jane Nattres, (before, Salkeld) the great instrument of that amazing work among the children: but God is with them still: most of the leaders and many of the people are much alive to God; as we found in the evening, when we had such a shower of grace as I have seldom known.

Friday 11, About ten, riding through a village, called Middleton, I was desired to preach there: so I began in the street without delay. A large number of people came together, and received the word with gladness. Afterwards we rode, at leisure, to Barnard-castle; and on Saturday 12, to Darlington.

Sunday 13, We had a sound, useful sermon at church: at eight I preached in our own room, designing to preach abroad in the afternoon, but the rain prevented. Monday 14, about noon I preached at North Allerton, and, I believe, God touched many hearts; as also at Thirsk, where I preached in the evening, to an attentive congregation.

Tuesday 15, I preached once more to my old friends at Osmotherly. About noon I preached at Potto, and in the evening at Hutton-Rudby, where we had a glorious opportunity: some great persons who were present seemed to be struck, and almost persuaded to be Christians. Wednesday 16, I preached in Stokesley about eight; in Gisborough at noon; and in the evening at Whitby.

The morning congregation filled the house. Indeed the society here may be a pattern to all in England. They despise all ornaments but good works, together with a meek and quiet spirit. I did not see a ruffle, no nor a fashionable cap among them, though many of them are in easy circumstances. I preached at the market-place in the evening,

where were at least thrice as many as the house could contain.

Saturday 19, I met such a select society as I have not seen since I left London. They were about forty, of whom I did not find one, who had not a clear witness of being saved from inbred sin. Several of them had lost it for a season, but could never rest till they had recovered it. And every one of them seemed now to walk in the full light of God's countenance.

About one I preached to another congregation of plain people, at Robinhood's-Bay. Here was the first society in all these parts, several years before there was any in Whitby: but their continual jars with each other, prevented their increase either in grace or number: at present they seem to be all at peace. So I hope we shall now have joy over them.

In the evening I preached to a large congregation at Scarborough. Sunday 20, the new vicar shewed plainly, why he refused those who desired the liberty for me to preach in his church. A keener sermon I never heard. So all I have done to persuade the people to attend the church is overturned at once! And all who preach thus, will drive the Methodists from the church, in spite of all I can do. I preached in the evening, on 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3. And God mightily confirmed his word, applying it to the hearts of many of the hearers.

Monday 21, The rain drove us into the house at Bridlington. Tuesday 22, we stopped at a little town, where Mr. Osbaldeston lately lived, a gentleman of large fortune, whose lady was as gay and fashionable as any: but suddenly she ran from east to west. She parted with all her clothes, dressed like a servant, and scarcely allowed herself the necessaries of life. But who can convince her that she is going too far? I fear nothing less than Omnipotence.

About one I preached to a large and remarkably serious congregation at Beverley; about six at Hull. Afterwards I met the society, and strongly exhorted them, *To press on to the prize of their high calling.* Thursday 24, I preached

about one at Pocklington; and in the evening at York, where I enforced, *Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*

Friday 25, Many were in tears, and a fire seemed to run through the whole congregation, while I opened that Scripture, *They shall rest in their beds; each one walking in his uprightness.* Such another opportunity we had in the evening, while I was explaining the words of our Lord to the Centurion, *Go thy way: and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee.*

Saturday 26, About two I preached at Thorn, and enquired what fruit remained of the great work of God there: Some, I found, had drawn back to their sins; but many held fast what they received. Hence I rode to Epworth, which I still love beyond most places in the world. In the evening I besought all them that had been so highly favoured, *Not to receive the grace of God in vain.*

Sunday 27, I preached at Misterton at eight, and at Overthorp, about one. At four I took my stand in Epworth market-place, and preached on those words in the gospel for the day, *There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.* It seemed as if very few, if any, of the sinners, then present, were unmoved.

Monday 28, I enquired into the state of the work of God, which was so remarkable two years ago: it is not yet at an end; but there has been a grievous decay, owing to several causes: 1, The preachers that followed Thomas Tattershall, were neither so zealous nor so diligent as he had been: 2, The two leaders, to whom the young men and lads were committed, went up and down to preach, and so left them in a great measure to themselves, or rather to the world and the devil: 3, The two women, who were the most useful of all others, forsook them; the one leaving town, and the other leaving God: 4, The factories, which employed so many of the children, failed, so that all of them were scattered abroad: 5, The meetings of the children by the preachers were discontinued, so their love soon grew cold;

and as they rose into men and women, foolish desires entered, and destroyed all the grace they had left: nevertheless, great part of them stood firm, especially the young maidens, and still adorn their profession. This day I met the children myself, and found some of them still alive to God. And I do not doubt, but if the preachers are zealous and active, they will recover most of those that have been scattered.

To-day I entered on my eighty-second year, and found myself just as strong to labour, and as fit for exercise of body or mind, as I was forty years ago. I do not impute this to second causes, but to the Sovereign Lord of all. It is he who bids the sun of life stand still, so long as it pleaseth him. I am as strong at eighty-one as I was at twenty-one; but abundantly more healthy, being a stranger to the head-ach, tooth-ach, and other bodily disorders, which attended me in my youth. We can only say, *The Lord reigneth!* While we live, let us live to him!

In the afternoon I went to Gainsborough, and willingly accepted the offer of Mr. Dean's chapel: the audience was large, and seemed to be much affected: possibly some good may be done, even at Gainsborough! Tuesday 29, I preached in the street at Scotter, to a large and deeply attentive congregation. It was a solemn and comfortable season. In the evening I read prayers and preached in Ouston church, and again in the morning. Wednesday 30, in the evening I preached at Epworth. In the residue of the week I preached morning and evening in several of the neighbouring towns.

Sunday, July 4, I read prayers and preached in Ouston church, so filled as probably it never was before: and I believe every one, awakened or unawakened, felt God was there. The congregation in the afternoon at Epworth market-place was thought to be larger than ever it was before. And great was the Holy One of Israel in the midst of them.

Monday 5, At twelve I preached in the elegant house at Doncaster, for once pretty well filled, and spoke more

strongly, indeed more roughly, than I am accustomed to do. It was sultry hot (as it has been once or twice before) while we went to Rotherham, where I preached abroad to a larger congregation, both of rich and poor, than even at Epworth; and earnestly enforced on those who are called believers, *By their fruits ye shall know them.*

Tuesday 6, I joined again the select society, which was fallen in pieces, and prayed them to be wiser for the time to come. I breakfasted at that amiable old man's Mr. Sparrow, elder brother to his twin-soul, whom I knew at Westminster. Thence I went on to Sheffield, where the society is increased to nearly seven hundred members. How swiftly does the work of God spread among those, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow!

Wednesday 7, It was supposed, there were a thousand persons present at five in the morning. A young gentlewoman was with us at breakfast, who was mourning, and refused to be comforted. We prayed for her in faith; and in a few hours she was enabled to rejoice in God her Saviour. In the afternoon the heat was scarcely supportable, and it seemed to increase every hour: but, between two and three in the morning, Thursday 8, came a violent storm, followed by uncommon thunder and a flood of rain, which continued about three hours: this entirely cooled the air; and ceasing just as we set out, left us a pleasant journey to Wakefield.

I recommended to the congregation here, (and afterwards in many other places) the example of the people in Holland (at least wherever I have been) who never *talk* in a place of public worship, either before or after the service: they took my advice. None curtsied or bowed, or spoke to any one, but went out in as decent a manner, and in as deep silence, as any I saw at Rotterdam or Utrecht.

Friday 9, I preached at Huddersfield in the morning, at Longwood-house at noon, and in the evening at Halifax. Sunday 11, I preached in the morning at Greatland-house: at one and in the evening at Halifax. The house would in

no wise contain the people; yet the wind was so high, that I could not preach abroad.

Monday 12, Mr. Sutcliffe read prayers, and I preached at Heptonstall, where many poor souls were refreshed. Between one and two I preached in Todmorden church, and at five in our own preaching-house, boldly situated on the steep ascent of a tall mountain.

Tuesday 13, I went to Burnley, a place which had been tried for many years, but without effect. It seems, the time was now come. High and low, rich and poor, now flocked together from all quarters; and all were eager to hear, except one man, who was the town-crier. He began to bawl amain, till his wife ran to him, and literally stopped his noise: she seized him with one hand, and clapped the other upon his mouth, so that he could not get out one word: God then began a work, which I am persuaded will not soon come to an end.

Wednesday 14, I preached at Colne. Thursday 15, I retired to Otley, and rested two days. Sunday 18, I preached morning and afternoon in Bingley church; but it would not near contain the congregation. Before service I stepped into the Sunday-school, which contains two hundred and forty children, taught every Sunday by several masters, and superintended by the curate. So many children in one parish are restrained from open sin, and taught a little good manners, at least, as well as to read the Bible. I find these schools springing up wherever I go. Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of. Who knows but some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians?

Tuesday 20, Though it rained much, in the morning we had a good congregation at five. Wednesday 21, I met the society, and found but one or two of the original members, most of them being gone to Abraham's bosom. I was a little surprised to find, that only two or three of the rest had stood fast in the glorious liberty: but indeed most of them recovered their loss four years ago.

Thursday 22, Although it rained, we had a pretty large

congregation in the morning, and most of them were athirst for full salvation. Friday 23, abundance of people were present at five in the morning, and such a company of children as I have hardly seen in England.

Saturday 24, In the evening I went to Hanging-Heaton, a little village near Dewsbury. Some months since an uncommon work of God broke out here; the whole town was in a flame. There are now about two hundred in the society, and very few that do not know God. I was obliged to preach abroad, by the multitude that flocked together: and many of them found that God was there, to their unspeakable comfort.

Sunday 25, I preached to several thousands at Birstal, and to at least as many at Leeds. Tuesday 27, our Conference began, at which four of our brethren, after long debate, (in which Mr. Fletcher took much pains) acknowledged their fault, and all that was past was forgotten. Thursday 29, being the public thanksgiving-day, as there was not room for us in the old church, I read prayers, as well as preached at our room. I admired the whole service for the day. The prayers, Scriptures, and every part of it, pointed at one thing. *Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.* Having five clergymen to assist me, we administered the Lord's-Supper, as was supposed, to sixteen or seventeen hundred persons.

Sunday, August 1, We were fifteen clergymen at the old church. Tuesday 3, our Conference concluded in much love, to the great disappointment of many.

END OF VOL. FIFTH.

CONFERENCE-OFFICE, 14, CITY-ROAD;
THOMAS CORDEUX, AGENT.